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THE
BRITISH PLUTARCH,

CONTAINING

THE LIVES

OF THE MOST EMINENT

DIVINES,
PATRIOTS,
STATESMEN,
WARRIORS,

PHILOSOPHERS,
POETS,
AND
ARTISTS,

OF

GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND,

FROM

THE ACCESSION OF HENRY VIII. TO THE PRESENT TIME.

A New Edition,

RE-ARRANGED AND ENRICHED WITH SEVERAL

ADDITIONAL LIVES,

BY THE

REV. FRANCIS WRANGHAM, M.A. F.R.S.

OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

VOL. VI.

Triumph, my Britain! Thou hast *those* to show,
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe. (JONSON.)

—Τῆς ἐκρησσεῖται;

(Æsch. *Æn.* πρὸς Ὀν. 431.)

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THE
BRITISH PLUTARCH.

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE,
EARL OF ORFORD.*

[1676—1745.]



THIS statesman, whose transactions make a conspicuous figure in the annals of the first two Georges, was born at Houghton in August 1676, of a family which had flourished in the county of Norfolk from the time of the Conquest.

After being initiated in the rudiments of learning in his native county, he was placed on the foundation at Eton, and thence in 1696 elected to King's College, Cambridge.† Here he first became known by

* **AUTHORITIES.** Walpole's *Royal and Noble Authors*, the *New General Biographical Dictionary*, and Coxe's *Life of Sir Robert Walpole*.

† A collection being made, after he was Prime Minister, for the New Building at this place, he subscribed 500*l.*; saying, "I deserve no thanks, I have only paid for my board." Neither

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE,

his zeal for Whig principles. He was, originally, designed for the church; but the death of two elder brothers* having rendered him heir to the family-estate, he was in 1698 taken from college, and initiated into all the jovial conviviality of rustic life. In 1700, he married the daughter of Sir John Shorter, Lord Mayor of London, with whose dowry he was enabled to clear the patrimonial property of 2,000*l.* *per ann.* now become his own. In the same year, he was elected Representative of Castle Rising, in which capacity he distinguished himself by his political activity. In Queen Anne's first parliament of 1702, he was returned for Lynn in Norfolk. This borough he continued to represent, till he took his seat in the House of Lords. By accustoming himself to speak frequently upon private occasions, he gradually acquired confidence and fluency, and without any extraordinary splendor of eloquence at his outset, excited in his hearers the hope or the fear of his subsequent ascendancy.† In 1705, under the pa-

did he forget his early intimacies. Of his more particular college-friends, Hare and Bland, he promoted the first to the see of Chichester and the latter to the deanery of Durham. And after-life witnessed in himself and the brilliant St. John the continuation of that rivalry, which began within the walls of Eton.

* He had, originally, eighteen brothers and sisters; of whom, however, two were still-born.

† His first public subject was the celebrated case of the Aylesbury election in 1704, *Ashby versus White*; when the Tories, by a motion of privilege, sought to sanction an injustice, which had been committed by the House. In this debate, conducted with uncommon vehemence and ability, upon the motion of the Solicitor General Sir Simon Harcourt, 'That the sole right of examining and determining all matters relating to the election of members to serve in parliament, except in such cases as were otherwise provided for by an Act of Parliament, is in the House of Commons, and that neither the qualification of the electors

tronage of Lord Treasurer Godolphin, who strongly recommended him to the notice of the Duke of Marlborough, he was nominated one of the Council to Prince George of Denmark, Lord High Admiral of England, in the affairs of the admiralty. In this situation, he exerted himself to correct abuses with so much judgement, that his advice was generally followed. In 1708, he was appointed to succeed St. John (afterward Lord Bolingbroke) as Secretary at War; and, in 1709, he was made for a short time Treasurer of the Navy.

Upon Dr. Sacheverell's impeachment,* he was

nor the right of the persons elected is elsewhere cognisable or determinable,' the principal Tory speakers were Harley, St John, and Sir Edward Seymour; opposed, on the part of the Whigs, by Sir Joseph Jekyll, Cowper, King, the Marquis of Hartington, and Walpole. Ashby had successfully prosecuted White, Constable of Aylesbury, for having refused to admit his vote. The verdict, however, was set aside by the Court of Queen's Bench. This decision was again reversed, upon appeal to the House of Lords. Its final determination was suspended by the perseverance of the latter assembly, who declared that 'a Writ of Error was a matter of right, not of grace,' by the steady resolution of the Queen not to obstruct the course of judicial proceedings, and by the manly opposition of Lord Chief Justice Holt. The quarrel between the two Houses, which followed in consequence of these contrary pretensions, was terminated by a dissolution. From this time, the Commons assumed the prerogative of deciding upon all cases connected with elections into its own body: and disputed returns, seldom regulated by the merits of the case, became questions for the most part of personal or political expediency; till Mr. Grenville's celebrated bill referred them to a Committee, chosen by ballot and acting upon oath.

* In a pamphlet, entitled 'Four Letters to a Friend in North-Britain, &c.,' which he published upon this trial, he with strong reasoning affixed the stigma of Jacobitism on the abettors of that turbulent priest.

chosen one of the Managers of the House of Commons to make good the articles against him ; and, in common with his colleagues, received the thanks of his employers.*

On the change of the ministry † in August 1710, having declined the flattering offers of Harley, who anxiously endeavoured to detach him from his party, he was removed from all his posts for the remainder of the Queen's reign. But mere dismissal did not satisfy his enemies.

In consequence of his opposition to the Tory administration, and his spirited defence of Lord Godolphin, he was charged, by the Commissioners appointed to examine the Public Accounts, with having received while Secretary at War two notes, of five hundred guineas and five hundred pounds respectively, as *douceurs* for granting two advantageous contracts ; ‡ voted guilty of a high breach of trust and notorious

* The result of this trial, says Coxe, was far different from what Godolphin and his friends had expected. By a sentence of great lenity the obnoxious Sermon was only to be burnt, and its author suspended from preaching for three years ; the unpopularity of the ministers was highly increased ; the partiality of the Queen to their opponents ostentatiously manifested ; the populace dangerously inflamed ; and the movers of the ill-judged inquiry precipitated from their offices, which they had hoped by its issue to confirm and to secure.

† This disgraceful and disastrous measure (occasioned by the overbearing temper of a Mistress of the Robes, and effected by the petty intrigues of a Lady of the Bedchamber !) which saved Louis XIV. from being compelled to make his grandson Philip renounce the crown of Spain, and retarded instead of accelerating the peace, by encouraging that Monarch to break up the congress at Gertruydenberg, threw the Queen of England entirely into his power.

‡ To supply forage for the cavalry quartered in Scotland.

corruption,* expelled the House, and committed to the Tower.

Being considered as a martyr to the Whig cause, he was visited during his confinement by several persons of high distinction, the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, Godolphin, Sunderland, Somers, and Pulteney; and his apartment, frequently, exhibited the appearance of a crowded levee. His leisure he employed in writing, if not an unanswerable, an unanswered vindication of his conduct, which he published with the title of ‘The Case of Mr. Walpole, in a Letter from a Tory Member of Parliament to his Friend in the Country.’† He obtained his release in July; and, as he was still incapacitated from sitting in the House, he served his party by maintaining union among them, and directing their councils. He, also, employed his pen in their behalf, joining with Steele in writing several political pamphlets. Parliament was dissolved in 1713; and while the new elections were depending, it was thought by Somers and other Whig leaders, that a history of the preceding

* ‘The successive divisions upon the motions for omitting the words ‘notorious corruption,’ for condemning him, for committing him to the Tower, and for expelling him (in a parliament, upon other subjects sufficiently obsequious) were, 155 to 207, 205 to 148, 168 to 156, and 170 to 148 respectively. The motion of censure against the Duke of Marlborough was carried by a much greater majority, 270 to 165.

† His imprisonment has been called the prelude to his rise; and Lord Lansdowne, who was afterward consigned to the same apartment, subjoined to the name of Walpole on the window the following lines :

• Good unexpected, evil unforeseen,
Appear by turns, as Fortune shifts the scene:
Some, raised aloft, come tumbling down amain,
And fall so hard, they bound and rise again.’

Assembly, and an exposure of the measures of the Tory ministry, would be advantageous to their cause. Walpole was urged to undertake this task, and the pamphlet which he produced on the occasion, entitled ‘A Short History of the Parliament,’ with the motto, *Venalis Populus, venalis Curia Patrum*,* was conceived in a strain of censure deemed so hazardous, that the printing was carried on in his own house. In the new parliament, which met in February, 1714, he warmly opposed the peace, the founding of the South Sea Company, the commercial treaty with France, and the Schism-Bill; and he took a distinguished part in opposition to the Queen’s administration. Among other measures, when Steele was prosecuted in the House for two of his pamphlets (‘The Crisis,’ and ‘the Englishman’) he made an able, though ineffectual, speech in his favour.† During the critical state of affairs at the close of the reign, he was one of those who displayed the greatest zeal for the Protestant succession in the House of Hanover, and who either felt or feigned an alarm for the danger to which it was exposed. The death of Queen Anne in August, 1714, and the tranquil accession of George I., put an end to these apprehensions and entirely changed the state of domestic politics.

A new ministry, formed principally upon the suggestions of Townshend and Walpole, and consisting of course almost entirely of Whigs, was now ar-

* To this was prefixed by Pulteney (at that time his coadjutor, but afterward his bitter opponent) a dedication in a strain of irony and humour peculiarly his own, alluding to the Earl of Oxford.

† Beside this speech, he likewise at Addison’s request suggested another upon the same subject, delivered by Steele in his own defence.

ranged; and the latter received the reward of his services in the lucrative places of Paymaster of the Forces and of Chelsea Hospital, which repaired his shattered fortune.

He was, now, chosen Chairman of the Committee of Secrecy appointed to investigate the conduct of the ministry, which had brought a reproach upon the nation by their dishonourable conclusion of an expensive and successful war. In this business he actively engaged, and upon a report drawn up under his superintendence, the House of Commons ordered Prior and Harley into custody. He, likewise, impeached the celebrated Lord Bolingbroke, who foreseeing the storm had fled into France.*

During the immediately ensuing Rebellion, he displayed so much vigour in the support of government,† that he was raised during that year to the important posts of First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer, vacant by the death of

* Not one member spoke in his defence, upon his impeachment; and, when his flight was reported to the House, the bill of attainder against him passed without a dissenting voice.

† Much severity, it has been alleged, was shown by government upon this occasion: and yet for an extensive rebellion in favour of an expelled Prince asserting the principle of hereditary right, and supported by all the Roman Catholics and the principal Tories against a foreign though a legitimate Sovereign, only three Lords were beheaded on Tower Hill; and, of great numbers found guilty of high treason in Lancashire and London, not more than two and twenty were hanged in the North, and four in the metropolis. These executions some writers, adopting a peevish expression of Lord Somers, have magnified into proscriptions equal to those of Marius and Sylla! Borrowing the elegant, though inapplicable, metaphor of Bolingbroke, they asserted, that ‘the violence of the Whigs dyed the royal ermines in blood!’

the Earl of Halifax, and the removal of the Earl of Carlisle his immediate successor. A dangerous illness, which soon followed, prevented his supporting in parliament the famous Septennial Bill, which however was planned with his full concurrence, and ever afterward received his cordial support; whence his memory must share in either the merit or the disgrace of that measure, accordingly as it is deemed an expedient demanded by the circumstances of the times, or a flagitious violation of principle which no circumstances could justify.

In April 1717, his Majesty sent a message to the House, demanding an extraordinary supply, in order to enable him to secure his kingdoms against the designs of Charles XII. This occasioned a warm debate, in which the friends of the cabinet were divided, some of the minister's immediate dependents voting against the motion. Mr. Walpole himself remained silent; but finding it carried by the inconsiderable majority of four votes, and his friend and brother-in-law Lord Townshend having been dismissed from the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland for his opposition to it, he the next day waited upon the King, and to the great regret of his royal master resigned his employments. His example was followed by the Duke of Devonshire, Mr. Pulteney, and all the principal Whigs in office. On the very day of his resignation, however, he brought into the Lower House the Sinking Fund Bill.

He made a declaration, indeed, of having no intention to embarrass the affairs of government, but to this he did not think it necessary to adhere; never scrupling to join the Tories in opposing measures, of which, as a minister, he would certainly have been

the advocate. Although this inconsistency did no honour to his principles, yet his abilities and experience still gave him considerable influence in parliament; and the rejection in the House of Commons of the noted Peerage-Bill, in 1719, was principally attributed to a speech which he made on the occasion.* He

* Upon this occasion he forsook his usual mode of debating, which was seldom indebted to metaphorical ornament, and with great animation began his speech by the following classical allusion :

‘ Among the Romans, the Temple of Fame was placed behind the Temple of Virtue, to denote that there was no coming to the Temple of Fame, but through that of Virtue. But if this bill is passed into a law, one of the most powerful incentives to virtue will be taken away ; since there will be no arriving at honour, but through the winding-sheet of an old decrepit Lord, or the grave of an extinct noble family : a policy very different from that glorious and enlightened nation, who made it their pride to hold out to the world illustrious examples of merited elevation,

‘ *Patere honoris scirent ut cunctis viam.*’

‘ It is very far from my thoughts to depreciate the advantages, or detract from the respect due to illustrious birth ; for though the philosopher may say with the poet,

‘ *Et genus et proavos, et quæ non fecimus ipsi,
Vix ea nostra voco ;*’

yet the claim derived from that advantage, though fortuitous, is so generally and justly conceded, that every endeavour to subvert the principle would merit contempt and abhorrence. But, though illustrious birth forms one undisputed title to pre-eminence and superior consideration, yet surely it ought not to be the only one. The origin of high titles was derived from the will of the Sovereign to reward signal services or conspicuous merit by a recompence which, surviving to posterity, should display in all ages the virtues of the receiver and the gratitude of the donor. Is merit then so rarely discernible, or is gratitude so small a virtue in our days, that the one may be supposed to be it's own reward, and the other limited to a barren display

was an opposer, in 1720, of the South Sea Scheme for liquidating the national debt, on which subject he

of impotent good will? Had this bill originated with some noble peer of distinguished ancestry, it would have excited less surprise. A desire to exclude others from a participation of honours is no novelty in persons of that class: *Quod ex aliorum meritis sibi arrogant, id mihi ex meis adscribi nolunt.*

‘ But it is matter of just surprise, that a bill of this nature should either have been projected, or at least promoted, by a gentleman (Lord Stanhope) who was not long ago seated among us, and who having got into the House of Peers, is now desirous to shut the door after him !

‘ When great alterations in the constitution are to be made, the experiment should be tried for a short time before the proposed change is finally carried into execution, lest it should produce evil instead of good. But in this case, when the bill is once sanctioned by parliament, there can be no future hopes of redress; because the Upper House will always oppose the repeal of an act, which has so considerably increased their power. The great unanimity, with which this bill has passed the Lords, ought to inspire some jealousy in the Commons: for it must be obvious, that whatever the Lords gain must be acquired by the loss of the Commons, and the diminution of the regal prerogative; and that in all disputes between the Lords and Commons, when the House of Lords is immutable, the Commons must sooner or later be obliged to recede.

‘ The view of the ministers, in framing this bill, is plainly nothing but to secure their power in the House of Lords. The principal argument, on which the necessity of it is founded, is drawn from the mischief occasioned by the creation of Twelve Peers during the reign of Queen Anne for the purpose of carrying an infamous peace through the House of Lords. That was only a temporary measure, whereas the mischief to be occasioned by this bill will be perpetual. It creates thirty one Peers by authority of parliament; so extraordinary a step cannot be supposed to be taken without some sinister design in future. The ministry want no additional strength in the House of Lords for conducting the common affairs of government, as is sufficiently proved by the unanimity, with which they have carried through this bill. If, therefore, they think it necessary to acquire addi-

wrote a pamphlet. The Earl of Sunderland at length, finding his ministry involved in great difficulties, made overtures to Townshend and Walpole; in consequence of which, a partial coalition of parties took place, and the former became once more Paymaster General of his Majesty's Forces. He had, previously, been instrumental in effecting a reconciliation between the King and the Prince of Wales.

The year 1721 was that of the unprecedented disasters arising from the bursting of the South Sea bubble. In the midst of the national distress, Walpole's high reputation as a financier caused all eyes to be turned upon him for a remedy. The measures which he proposed, and which were ultimately carried into effect, were marked with the moderation and prudence of his character; and the restoration of public credit, after such a shock, was an important service done to his country. Lord Sunderland's implication in the affairs of the South Sea

tional strength, it must be done with views and intentions more extravagant and hostile to the constitution, than any which have yet been attempted. The bill itself is of a most insidious and artful nature. The immediate creation of nine Scotch Peers, and the reservation of six English Peers for a necessary occasion, is of double use; to be ready for the House of Lords if wanted, and to engage three times the number in the House of Commons by hopes and promises, &c. &c.'

The effect of this speech on the House exceeded the most sanguine expectation: it fixed those who had before been wavering and irresolute, brought over many who had been tempted by the speciousness of the measure to favour it's introduction, and procured it's rejection by a triumphant majority of 269 against 177.

Company cost him his place as First Lord of the Treasury, in which Walpole was re-established.* Among his first acts in this situation was a judicious measure for advancing the trade and manufactures of England, by abolishing the duties upon the exportation of a number of British articles and the importation of various raw materials, and by encouraging the introduction of naval stores from the colonies.† His exertions in this respect have caused him to be represented by a copious writer on commercial subjects, Dean Tucker, as one of those, who have conferred the greatest benefits on their country. ‡

In 1722, a new parliament opened, composed of a majority of Whigs. This was the year, in which the plot chiefly conducted by Bishop Atterbury in favour of the Pretender was discovered; and Walpole took an active share in the prosecution of that Prelate, which ended in his banishment. He, also, brought in a bill of a partial tax on the estates of Catholics,

* His friend Lord Townshend also, upon the death of Earl Stanhope, was re-appointed Secretary of State.

† The speech delivered from the throne at the opening of the seventh session of this ever-memorable parliament, as Mr. Coxe observes, was drawn up by Walpole; and has been justly praised by Uztariz, an eminent Spanish writer, as a model of good sense and liberality of spirit.

‡ “Impartial posterity (he adds) will, I am persuaded, acknowledge that, if ever a statesman deserved well of the public, Sir Robert Walpole was that man.” The advances, indeed, which have been made in shipping, commerce, manufactures, and every species of national industry, are prodigious. The immediate result of the speech was, that one hundred and six articles of British manufacture were allowed to be exported, and thirty eight articles of raw materials to be imported, duty-free.

which to the discredit of the liberality and justice of that period was adopted.

In 1723, the King having announced that some extraordinary affairs required his presence abroad, nominated Walpole sole Secretary of State during the absence of Viscount Townshend and Lord Carteret, who accompanied their Royal Master to Hanover.

In May 1725, his Majesty revived the military Order of the Bath, in honour of his second son, William Duke of Cumberland; the Duke of Montagu being appointed Grand Master, and Mr. Walpole and his eldest son Lord Walpole* two of the Knights. The whole number was thirty eight,† including the Sovereign, by whom they were invested with great solemnity on the twenty seventh of May.

In 1726, he was installed Knight of the Garter; an honour enhanced by the consideration that, with the exception of Admiral Montagu (subsequently, Earl of Sandwich) he was the only Commoner, who since the reign of James I. had been dignified with that order.‡

* A singular mark of royal favour had been conferred upon Walpole in 1723, by creating this son a Baron; his own importance, as a minister of finance, not permitting his removal from the House of Commons.

† This number has since been increased by two successive regulations; and consists at present of three classes, Knights Grand Crosses, Knights Commanders, and Knights Companions.

‡ Upon this occasion Dr. Young, with his too-habitual strain of panegyric, in his poem entitled ‘The Instalment,’ invoked the shades of the deceased Knights to assist at his inauguration:

‘Ye mighty Dead! ye garter’d sons of praise,
Our morning stars, our boasts in former days:

He might now, indeed, be considered as at the head of the ministry, and for the details of his administration therefore we must refer to the history of the reign, with which it is nearly identified. Suffice it to state briefly that, in 1725, he promoted the bill for the restoration of Lord Bolingbroke to his country and estate, still keeping however his attainder hanging over him: a partial grace, with which its object was so much offended, that he joined the confederacy of Walpole's enemies, and became by the powers of his pen one of his most formidable antagonists. The disturbances in Ireland occasioned by Wood's patent for a copper-coinage, and the tumults in Scotland on account of the malt-tax, gave ample exertion to his prudent and accommodating policy. The principal feature of his foreign system was, to preserve the nation in peace, in which he was seconded by the views of Cardinal Fleury, the Prime Minister of France; and the hostilities with Spain in 1727, proceeding from the engagements between the Courts of Madrid and Vienna, were shortly terminated by a separate peace with the Emperor, to which the Spanish Sovereign was obliged to accede.

The measures of his administration, however, not

Which hovering o'er your purple wings display,
Lured by the pomp of this distinguish'd day!
Stoop, and attend. By one the knee be bound;
One throw the mantle's crimson folds around:
By that the sword on his proud thigh be placed;
This clasp the diamond girdle round his waist:
His breast with rays let just Godolphin spread;
Wise Burleigh plant the plumage on his head;
And Edward own, since first he fix'd the race,
None press'd fair glory with a swifter pace;

being always defensible, the press teemed with invectives against him. He was stiled 'the Father of Corruption,' and a strong party was formed to displace him; but having secured an interest, beyond the favour of the existing Monarch, in the heir apparent, his adversaries had the mortification to see him enjoy an increased degree of power upon the accession of George II.*

The new King had, originally, been prepossessed against Walpole by the artifices of Pulteney; and Bolingbroke with the Tories had, also, been intriguing for a return to power by his dismissal: but in Queen Caroline he possessed a steadfast friend, attached by his prudent attentions to her when Princess, and partly also (it is said) by his offers of procuring for her from parliament a larger jointure than that proposed by Sir Spencer Compton, who stood first in the favour of her royal consort. At the time, therefore, when the fall of Walpole was regarded as certain, and he had experienced all the desertion which attends a sinking minister, he was suddenly re-appointed First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer; and his levee instantaneously recovered its former numbers. His power became greater than ever; and though Lord Townshend still retained the name of Prime Minister, the post of Walpole at the head of the finances, and his sway in

* It was a remarkable circumstance, that George I. being unable to talk English with fluency, and Walpole being equally unskilled in French, the conversations between the Sovereign and his minister were carried on in a classical language, not however very classically spoken. Hence Walpole used to say, that 'during that reign, he governed the kingdom by means of bad Latin.'

the House of Commons (the centre of the national business) placed the administration of affairs virtually in his hands. But he had to encounter an opposition, formidable from its strength, talents, and animosity; and, notwithstanding its discordant materials, united in hostility against his person and measures. It consisted of some eminent Whigs headed by Pulteney, a man of abilities, who from an associate was converted to a bitter enemy of Walpole; of a large body of Tories, among whom the most conspicuous was Sir William Wyndham; and of a numerous squadron of Jacobites, then, and long afterward, almost indistinguishably blended with the Tories. To contend with this host of foes, the minister was provided with the two weapons, of argument and corruption; and though he wielded the former with great force and skill, it is allowed that he placed the greatest reliance upon the latter: so that the period of the Walpole administration is usually regarded as that, in which the system of governing by means of the principle of venality acquired its full perfection. Educated as he was amidst contending factions, and early made acquainted with the mercenary motives of their principal leaders, it was natural that he should adopt an opinion of the general corruptibility of public men; and being of a frank disposition, without either enthusiasm or delicacy in his own feelings, he made no scruple of avowing his opinion of mankind.*

* Lord Chesterfield says, "He laughed at and ridiculed all notions of public virtue, and the love of one's country; calling them 'the chimerical school-boy flights of classical learning,'" and declaring himself at the same time 'no Saint, no Spartan, no Reformer.' He would frequently ask young fellows, at their

In 1730, Lord Townshend resigned his office as Secretary of State. He had long been dissatisfied with the superiority, which his colleague and kinsman Walpole was gradually assuming. Their tempers were radically different, and the time arrived, in which a separation was unavoidable. Townshend, however, did not join the ranks of opposition, but passed the remainder of his days in a dignified and honourable retreat. The session of parliament, in 1733, was distinguished by two financial measures of Walpole. The first was, that of taking half a million from the sinking fund for the service of the current year. This, though warmly opposed by all who adhered to the principle of the fund, was carried through a co-operation of the landed, monied, and popular interests; all swayed by motives of temporary advantage. In the following year, the whole produce of the fund was seized, and in the two succeeding years it was even mortgaged! No one at present denies, that this was one of the great stains on Walpole's administration.

The other was the famous Excise-Scheme, the purpose of which was to abolish the land-tax; and, in order to prevent frauds on the revenue and simplify

first appearance in the world, while their honest hearts were yet untainted; 'Well, are you to be an old Roman, a Patriot? You'll soon come off that. and grow wiser.' And thus he was more dangerous to the morals, than to the liberties of his country, to which I am persuaded that he meant no ill in his heart. The means were, undoubtedly, odious (it is somewhat amusing, to hear Lord Chesterfield advocating the cause of *morality*); but we must remember, as some little extenuation of them, that the throne was then ill-assured, and the great part of the nation was to be bribed into the support of it's own best interests.

the collection of the taxes, to convert the customs into duties of excise, and to meliorate the excise-laws by obviating their abuses and oppressions. The experiment was first tried by a proposal of subjecting the duties on wine and tobacco to the excise: but so odious was the very word 'Excise' at that time, that the most violent opposition was kindled; and notwithstanding all the arguments and influence of the minister, his majorities in the House were so inconsiderable, and the clamor abroad was so loud, that it was found expedient to drop the bill. Notwithstanding this defeat, however, by the firm support of the crown he was enabled to dismiss from their places several persons of high rank, who had resisted his measures.*

In 1737, the death of Queen Caroline deprived him of one, who had chiefly sustained his interest with his royal master. Under this disadvantage, coupled with the hostile disposition of the Prince of Wales, he had soon afterward to combat the remonstrances of the court of Spain on account of the commerce in South America; where the pertinacity of British adventurers in carrying on an illicit traffic and the arbitrary rigour of the Spaniards in repressing it, occasioned mutual complaints. The dissatisfactions at home were violently inflamed by the opposition: a convention, procured by the moderation of Walpole, proved ineffectual to settle the matters in dispute; and war was declared against Spain, in 1739. in the midst of the most indecent rejoicings. Divisions

* It is scarcely necessary to remark, that the Excise has subsequently been extended far beyond any idea entertained at that time; and that, though its name still continues unpopular, it has been strenuously defended by many high financial authorities.

EARL OF ORFORD.

now took place in the cabinet; and Walpole, thwarted by the King, ineffectually requested permission to resign. The remainder of his ministry he passed in trouble and perplexity, pressed upon by inveterate enemies, and ill-supported by jarring friends. The resistance which he encountered in the Council, provoked him once to exclaim; "I oppose nothing, I give into every thing, am said to do every thing, and to answer for every thing: and yet, God knows, I dare not do what I think right." In 1740, a direct attack was made upon him in the House of Commons, ending in a motion for his removal from the King's councils and presence; but, as the Tories disapproved it's principle, it was negatived by a large majority. The clamors against him, however, increased: his majorities grew less and less, and at length became minorities; and in February, 1742, he was created Baron Houghton, Viscount Walpole, and Earl of Orford, and resigned.

His first object after he had been divested of power was, by dividing his enemies, to secure himself. With this view he employed his influence, which was still considerable, to form a Whig ministry with Pulteney at it's head, in which he succeeded. A parliamentary inquiry was then instituted into his conduct. In March, 1742, Lord Limerick moved the Lower House, that 'a Committee might be appointed to investigate the management of affairs, at home and abroad, for the preceding twenty years' (the space, during which Sir Robert had presided at the helm); but his motion being thought too general, both as to time and matter, was rejected after a long debate by a majority of two voices. Not discouraged by his disappointment, the same nobleman

a few days afterward moved that ‘ a Committee should be appointed to inquire into the conduct of Robert Earl of Orford, during the last ten years of his administration.’ This second proposition was carried by a majority of seven; and a Committee of Secrecy, consisting of twenty one members, was elected by ballot.

On the thirteenth of April, his Lordship reported from the Committee, that ‘ they had been greatly obstructed in their proceedings by the obstinacy of Mr. Gwynn Vaughan and of Paxton and Scroop, late Solicitor and Secretary to the Treasury, who refused to answer interrogatories.’ Upon which, the House committed Paxton to Newgate; and as he and his associates had pleaded in their defence, that ‘ the laws of England did not compel any man to reveal matters tending to their own crimination,’ passed a bill of indemnity for such persons as should upon examination make discoveries concerning the disposition of public money or offices, or any payment or agreement in respect thereof, or concerning other matters relating to the conduct of Robert Earl of Orford. This bill however, after a long debate, was rejected in the House of Lords;* no man op-

* This Inquisition-Bill, which (as Mr. Coxe remarks) held up the ex-minister as a public felon and converted the Lower House into a tribunal of blood, had been carried in the Commons after a severe struggle by only a majority of twelve, 228 against 216. The debates upon the subject, in that assembly, were never given to the public. Bathurst, we find, applauded it, as ‘ the natural consequence of new schemes of villainy and new schemes of evasion;’ and by Chesterfield it was asserted to be ‘ no new thing in the constitution, because rewards were daily offered to highwaymen and murderers for the discovery of their accomplices:’ but it encountered the

posing it more strenuously than Lord Carteret, the professed enemy of Orford, as he thought it would tempt the subordinate servants of the crown to ac-

severe reprobation of Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, as 'calculated to make defence impossible, to deprive innocence of it's guard, and to let loose oppression and perjury upon the world; to dazzle the wicked with a prospect of security, and to incite them to purchase an indemnity for one crime by the perpetration of another; to confound, in short, the notions of right and wrong, to violate the essence of our constitution, and to leave us without any certain security for our property or rule for our actions.'

Mr. Coxe does not admit that the large majority, by which this bill was thrown out in the Upper House (109 against 57) was, in any respect, owing to the influence of the crown in consequence of a compromise with Pulteney, or that the prosecution was only a collusion. The Secret Committee, he observes, were eager to establish the guilt of Walpole, and the new administration as violent in their assertion of it as the Tories and disaffected Whigs, who by Pulteney's arrangement had been excluded. The charges against him were reducible to three general heads:

- 1. Undue influence in elections;
- 2. Granting fraudulent contracts; and
- 3. Peculation and profusion in the expenditure of Secret Service-Money.

As proofs, however, that he did not (to adopt Chesterfield's bitter expressions) retire 'to his country-seat, loaded with the spoils and the hatred of the public,' his biographer gives a minute statement of what estate he possessed in 1700 (upward of 2,000*l. per ann.* clear) which could not have been less than doubled before his resignation in 1712, of the places which he and his family held during that interval, of his fortunate sale of South Sea Stock at 1,000*l. per cent.* before the bursting of the bubble—in which his friend Lord Pembroke, more ductile than Mrs. Walpole, by following his advice participated—and of his purchase of pictures for Houghton, which collectively cost him 40,000*l.* (the dearest, Guido's Doctors, being bought for six hundred guineas) and sold for nearly double that price: all concurring to demonstrate, that he was neither a needy adventurer at his outset, in his progress a profligate plunderer, nor an overburthened miser at the conclusion.

cuse their superiors upon every change of ministry with impunity, under the hope of securing the favour of the new administration.

The friends of the bill in the Commons now complained of an obstruction of public justice. They examined the journals of the Peers for precedents of such a rejection: and the misunderstanding between the two Houses would probably have been carried to violent lengths, if the King had not by proroguing the parliament saved his old servant, as the cry of vengeance without doors extended even to his life.

In the next session of parliament, indeed, the motion was revived for appointing a Committee with the same object as that of the preceding year; but it was rejected by a majority of sixty seven votes.

Walpole was subsequently consulted by the King, who retained a high regard for him, respecting ministerial arrangements; and it was through his advice, that Pelham was placed at the head of the treasury. But his prospects either of personal ambition, or of public utility, were now brought to a close. He had long been afflicted with severe calculous complaints, which were so much aggravated by a journey from Norfolk to London, undertaken at the King's command in November 1744, that he thenceforth found relief from extreme agony only in large doses of opium. On March 18, 1745, he expired, in the sixty ninth year of his age, having displayed through the whole of the concluding scene the most exemplary fortitude and resignation. His remains were interred in the parish-church at Houghton, without monument or inscription:

‘ So peaceful rests without a stone, a name,
Which once had ‘honours,’ titles, *weakh*, and fame.’

His contemporaries, however they may differ about his public character, invariably agree in bestowing the highest encomiums upon his private conduct.

His political character will have shown itself in the preceding sketch of his life. The desire of preserving peace abroad, and avoiding all subjects of contention at home, of promoting gradual improvements in the trade and finances* of the country, and pursuing useful rather than splendid objects, joined with a sincere zeal for the Protestant succession, were the leading principles of his government: and the means which he employed were prudence, moderation, vigilance, and (it must be allowed) corruption, though it may well be doubted, whether he left public men more corrupt than he found them. He was an excellent man of business, methodical and diligent: an artful, says Lord Chesterfield, rather than an eloquent speaker; who saw, as by intuition, the disposition of the House, and pressed or receded accordingly. So clear in stating the most intricate matters, especially in the finances, that whilst he was

* Lord Chatham himself said, "The more I reflect on my conduct, the more I blame myself for opposing his Excise-Bill:" concluding with his accustomed energy, as he observed several members smile, "Let those, who are ashamed to confess their errors, laugh out. Can it be deemed adulation to praise a minister, who is no more?" The Duke of Newcastle, even while censuring his measures in other respects with the greatest asperity, bore evidence to his parsimony of the public money: "As this is a demand of money," he observed in a letter to Lord Hardwicke, "we shall find Sir Robert more difficult to comply, than upon former occasions." And it has been affirmed (in language nearly parallel to that, which Augustus used of Rome, "*Lateritiam inveni, marmoream relinquo*") that 'he found the Book of Rates the worst, and left it the best in Europe.'

speaking, the most ignorant thought that they understood what they really did not. He was a man not of genius, but of sound sense, and of great quickness of apprehension.

His eloquence, generally plain, perspicuous, and manly, was occasionally brilliant, classical, and impassioned. In sharpness of reply, he was singularly happy. The tone of his voice, though he never entirely lost the provincial accent, was highly melodious. Luminous in his arrangement even of the most complicated subjects, he was able to impart interest even to the dry topic of finance. His speeches on the Peerage-Bill, on relinquishing the Excise-Scheme, and against Sir William Wyndham on the Secession, were commended by Speaker Onslow, Lord Cornbury, the Duke of Argyle, and Lord Chatham respectively, in the highest terms. Of a ready and tenacious memory, and eminently distinguished for his method and despatch in transacting public business, he is characterised by Chesterfield himself as ‘never seen in a hurry,’ whereas the Duke of Newcastle was never out of one, from the opposite cause: and Lord Hervey represents him, as ‘doing every thing with the same ease and tranquillity, as if he was doing nothing.’

To these valuable qualities and habits, however, he must have superadded signal industry: as he seems very seldom to have employed a secretary; and yet he not only wrote all his own letters, but also constantly noted the substance of the foreign correspondence, and made numerous extracts from the despatches of the foreign ministers. His great principle seems to have been expressed by his favourite motto, *Quæta non movere*; with this interpretation however, not rashly, or at once, to overturn things at rest: for

even a superficial observer of his regulations in commerce, finance, and jurisprudence must confess, that his entire system was a system of cautious and gradual improvement.

He was, in short, if we may trust Mr. Burke, “an honourable man, and a sound Whig.” He was not, as the Jacobites and discontented Whigs of his own time have represented him, and as ill-informed men still represent him, a prodigal and corrupt minister. They charged him in their libels and seditious conversations, as ‘having first reduced corruption to a system.’ Such was their cant. But he was far from governing by corruption. He governed by party-attachments. The charge of systematic corruption is less applicable to him, perhaps, than to any one who ever served the crown for so great a length of time. He gained over very few from the opposition. Without being a genius of the first class, he was an intelligent, prudent, and safe minister. He loved peace; and he helped to communicate the same disposition to nations at least as warlike and restless as that, in which he had the chief direction of affairs. Though he served a master, who was fond of martial fame, he kept all the establishments very low. The land-tax continued at two shillings in the pound for the greater part of his administration. The other impositions were moderate. The profound repose, the equal liberty, the firm protection of just laws, during the long period of his power, were the principal sources of that prosperity, which took such rapid strides toward perfection, and which furnished to this nation ability to acquire the military glory which it has since obtained, as well as to bear the burthens, the cause and the consequence of that warlike reputa-

tion. With many virtues, public and private, he had his faults : but his faults were superficial. A careless, coarse, and over-familiar stile of discourse, without sufficient regard to persons or occasions, and an almost total want of political decorum, were the errors by which he was most hurt in the public opinion, and those through which his enemies obtained the greatest advantage over him. But justice must be done. The prudence, steadiness, and vigilance of that man, joined to the greatest possible lenity in his character and his politics, preserved the crown to this royal family ; and, with it, their laws and liberties to this country.

In his person tall and well proportioned, he was in his youth and opening manhood so comely, that he and his wife were called ‘the handsome couple ;’ and in the procession at the installation of the Knights of the Garter, in 1725, he was, next to the Duke of Grafton and Lord Townshend, most distinguished for his appearance. But, in advanced life, he became corpulent and unwieldy. His stile of dress was usually plain and simple, his address frank and open, and his manner so fascinating that while he was all but adored by his friends, even by his most virulent opponents he was not hated.* His generous rival, Pulteney, pronounced him ‘of a temper so calm and equal, and so hard to be provoked, that he was very

* Pope, his political adversary, and the intimate of his principal foes, has eulogised his private qualities in lines, which compensate all the bitterness of his satire :

‘ Seen him I have, but in his happier hour
Of social pleasure, ill-exchanged for power ;
Seen him, uncumber’d with the venal tribe,
Smile without art, and win without a bribe.’

sure he never felt the bitterest invectives against him for half an hour.' Affable and gay* in his deportment, and in his conversation animated and facetious (occasionally, to an unpardonable degree of ribaldry) he was liberal, even to prodigality, in his expenditure: and his passion for the diversions of the field was only allayed by the infirmities of age.†

It must be recorded, to his discredit, that he was very sparing in his patronage of science and literature. An almost solitary exception to this remark is furnished in the instance of Young, for whom he procured a pension from George I., increased on his suggestion by George II. to 200*l. per ann.* He was often, indeed, heard to say, that 'Poets were fitter for speculation than for action;' and he could appeal to the negotiations of Prior, and the secretaryship of Addison, in justification of his opinion.

On the whole, though he cannot rank among the great and exalted characters of his nation, he will always be conspicuous as an able minister, in which quality his reputation seems rather to have gained

* Sir Charles Hanbury Williams says of him, that 'he laughed the heart's laugh;' and N. Hardinge notices its peculiarity in his, *proprioque vivit seria risu*. His levity, however, in his conversation with the sex, with whom (like Richelieu) he affected to be extremely popular, was too often boisterous or licentious. His reputed axiom, 'All men have their price,' changes its character, if it is to be corrected (as Mr. Coxe contends) *All those men*, the pretended patriots, *have their price*: and that it should be so corrected, may perhaps be inferred by the terms of affection and respect in which he always named the Duke of Devonshire, his unqualified assertion of the incorruptness of Shippen, and his own consistent and uniform conduct.

† Of his daily packet of letters, he usually opened his gamekeeper's the first.

than lost by being committed to the estimate of impartial history.

Mr. Horace Walpole, his son, has given him a place in his ‘Catalogue of Noble Authors;’ but it is proper to observe, that his Lordship’s literary abilities seem to have been confined to the sphere of life in which he moved: for all, that he is known to have written or published, are political tracts on temporary and local subjects.

The list of them, confessedly defective and inaccurate, which Mr. Walpole introduces with saying, “Sixteen unfortunate and inglorious years since his removal have already written his elogium!” contains the following articles:

1. ‘The Sovereign’s (Duke of Somerset, so called by the Whigs) Answer to a Gloucestershire Address.’

2. ‘Answer to the Representation of the House of Lords on the State of the Navy,’ 1709.

3. ‘The Debts of the Nation stated and considered, in four Letters,’ 1710; printed in the Somers’ Tracts.

4. ‘The Thirty Five Millions accounted for,’ 1710.

5. ‘Four Letters to a Friend in Scotland, upon Sacheverell’s Trial.’

6. A pamphlet upon the Vote of the House of Commons, with relation to the Allies not furnishing their Quotas.

7. ‘A short History of the Parliament;’ republished by Almon from party-motives, 1763.

8. ‘The South Sea Scheme considered.’

9. ‘The Report of the Secret Committee, June 9, 1715.’

10. ‘A private Letter to General Churchill, after Lord Orford’s Retirement.’

To these Mr. Coxe adds, ‘ Thoughts of a Member of the Lower House, &c. on Limiting the Creation of Peers,’ 1719; and some ‘ Considerations on the Public Revenues,’ 1735: but he doubts Nos. 2, 4, 9, and 10.

JAMES THOMSON.*

[1700—1748.]

JAMES THOMSON, one of the nine children of a divine of the church of Scotland, was born at Ednam near Kelso in Roxburghshire, September 11, 1700. The rudiments of scholastic education he received at Jedburgh, where he was not distinguished among his schoolfellows for any superiority of parts; though a neighbouring minister of taste and learning discovered, and encouraged, his early propensity to poetry.

According to Lord Buchan, he was occasionally invited to spend his vacations at the seat of Sir William Bennet, an accomplished country-gentleman: was favourably noticed by Sir Gilbert Elliot of Minto (subsequently, Lord Justice Clerk), and frequently visited at Lord Cranston's. Thus patronised, he amused himself and his friends with many copies of verses; which he regularly, however, committed every ensuing New Year's Day to the flames. 1747 1/4

From school, he was sent to the University of Edinburgh. In the second year of his admission, his proficiency was greatly interrupted by the death of

* AUTHORITIES. Murdoch's *Memoirs of Thomson*, prefixed to his Works, ed. 1762.

his father ; * but his mother (whose maiden name was Beatrix Trotter) with her numerous family removing to the Scottish capital, he was enabled to complete his academical labours, and began to acquire distinction as a youth possessed of an extraordinary poetic vein. The study of poetry, about this time, was much extended in Scotland : the ‘ *Edinburgh Miscellany* ’ had been published, consisting chiefly of contributions from Callander, Symmers, and Mitchell, young men of his acquaintance ; and Mallett, his steadfast friend, and himself had probably here first tried their youthful wing. But a just taste, and true criticism, were yet wanting : rigid rules and forms received more respect than a lively imagination and genuine fire. Thomson saw this, and therefore determined to settle in London, in which resolution he was confirmed soon afterward by the following incident : The divinity-chair at Edinburgh was filled at this period by Professor Hamilton, who prescribed to the young bard, for the subject of an exercise, the illustration of a psalm celebrating the power and the majesty of God. Of this he gave a paraphrase, in a stile so highly poetical, that his auditors were struck with astonishment. The Professor however, after complimenting him upon the performance, added with a smile, that ‘ if he thought of being useful in the ministry, he must keep a stricter rein upon his fancy, and express himself in language more intelligible to an ordinary congregation.’ Hence Thomson, who foresaw the impossibility of complying with the injunction, rightly

* He arrived, to his unutterable grief, too late to receive the paternal benediction ; and his sorrow upon the occasion was exhibited by instances of conduct, which his surviving relations afterward delighted to recollect.

concluded that his expectations from the study of *divinity must be very precarious*: and, therefore, he declined entering into the church.* To this an invitation, which he received from Lady Grizzel Baillie (of the family of Jerviswood) a friend of his mother, not a little contributed. In the autumn of 1725, he embarked at Leith, leaving his pious and tender parent ‘on the margin of the briny flood,’ never to see her again. Her Ladyship’s patronage however, although it furnished him with an apology for the imprudence of leaving his native country, and entrusting himself in a great measure to chance for his subsistence, extended no farther than to a general introduction among her acquaintance.

But his merit did not long lie concealed in the English metropolis. He quickly found a zealous patron in Mr. Forbes, afterward Lord President of the Court of Session in Scotland. This gentleman strongly recommended him to his friends, and in particular to Mr. Aikman, whose premature death Thomson has affectionately commemorated in a copy of verses. Under their encouragement, he published his ‘Winter,’ in March 1726.† It was dedicated to Sir Spencer Compton, Earl of Wilmington, who however

* It is said, he lived some time in the family of Lord Binning, as tutor to his son, afterward Earl of Haddington.

† This, upon his arrival in London, he had shown in detached scraps to Mallett, at that time tutor to the sons of the Duke of Montrose, who advised him to form them into one connected piece, and to publish it immediately. For some time, he could find no purchaser. His friend, at last, persuaded Millar to give him a low price for it: and even that price, from the slowness of it’s early sale, the buyer was disposed to regret; till Mr. Whateley, a man of taste and learning, by his strong commendations ushered it into universal notice.

took no notice of it, till Hill (whom Thomson had courted with too obsequious a degree of adulation) awakened his attention by some verses addressed to the author in the newspaper, censuring the great for their neglect of ingenious men. This elicited a present of twenty guineas. It made him known, likewise, to Pope.

Henceforward, his acquaintance was courted by all men of taste. Dr. Rundle, Bishop of Derry, more especially exerted himself in his behalf; and at length introduced him to Chancellor Talbot, whose son Thomson subsequently accompanied as travelling tutor. His love and gratitude to the friendly prelate are finely expressed in his 'Poem to the memory of Lord Talbot.'

The favourable reception given by the public to the first of his Seasons induced him to study with great assiduity, that he might be enabled in his progress rather to excel, than to fall short of, this specimen of his talents for pastoral poetry. His 'Summer' was published in 1727;* his 'Spring,' in 1728; and his 'Autumn,' in a 4to. edition of his works, in 1730.

In 1727, likewise, he produced his Poem upon Sir Isaac Newton, then recently deceased: and the British merchants beginning loudly to complain of the interruption of their commerce in South America

* This he would have dedicated to Lord Binning: but that nobleman, with true zeal for the poet's interest, advised him to transfer the compliment to Mr. Doddington (subsequently Lord Melcombe), as one who had more power to advance his reputation and his fortune. His 'Spring' was inscribed to the Countess of Hartford, afterward Duchess of Somerset; and his 'Autumn' to Mr. Onslow.

by the Spaniards, he composed also his '*Britannia*,' with a view of rousing the spirit of national vengeance. His friends now advised him to turn his thoughts to the drama, observing that, 'if he succeeded in this walk, it would be the readiest road to fame and fortune.' In conformity to their suggestion, he wrote his tragedy of '*Sophonisba*,' which was acted with great applause in 1729.*

Being summoned soon afterward to make the tour of Europe with the Hon. Charles Talbot, his poetical studies underwent a considerable interruption: but even his travels furnished him with rich materials for gratifying his darling passion on his return. For having visited most of the courts and capital cities of Europe, and made observations upon their government, manners, and customs, he wrought his remarks with admirable skill into a poem on '*Liberty*,' divided into five parts, with the more general title of '*Ancient and Modern Italy compared; Greece, Rome, Britain, and the Prospect*.' This,† which he regarded as his noblest work, was less popular than he had expected, and has never been a very general favourite. While he was composing it's first part, he received a severe shock by the death of his noble fellow-traveller, followed (perhaps, as a consequence) by the much

* Such was the expectation excited by this drama, that it's mere rehearsals were dignified by splendid audiences, who invariably rose however with the apathy, which might have more probably followed a moral lecture. The waggish parody upon one of it's lines ("Oh, Sophonisba! Sophonisba, oh!") viz. 'Oh, Jamie Thomson! Jamie Thomson, Oh!' was for a considerable time echoed throughout London.

† Lord Lyttelton having assumed the unjustifiable licence of curtailing it, we no longer have it in it's original state.

heavier loss of his father, justly stiled the 'Great Lord Talbot.' *

Such was the noble patron, by whose death Thomson found himself reduced from a genteel competency to a state of precarious dependence; as he now lost his Secretaryship of Briefs,† a place of little duty or attendance, suited to his retired way of living, and affording an income sufficient for his moderate demands. Yet was not his genius depressed, or his temper hurt, by this reverse of fortune. After paying the tribute of grief to the memory of his deceased benefactor, he resumed his natural vivacity: and the profits arising from the sale of his works, with the liberality of new patrons, enabled him not only to continue his simple and elegant mode of living, but also to assist occasionally the narrow circumstances

* Of him it has been recorded, that when his merit and the unanimous suffrage of his country induced his Sovereign to reward him with the Great Seal, his universal affability, his easiness of access, his humanity to the distressed, his impartial administration of justice, and his rapid despatch of business engaged the affection and veneration of all who approached him. By constantly delivering his reasons for every decree he made, the Court of Chancery became an instructive school of equity; and his decisions were generally attended with such conviction to the parties, against whose interest they were given, that their acquiescence usually prevented the expense and the trouble of appeals. As no servile expedient raised him to power, his countrymen knew he would make use of none to support himself in it. His private life was the mirror of every virtue: his piety was exalted, rational, and unallected. In his conversation was united the utmost freedom of debate with the highest good-breeding, and the vivacity of mirth with primitive simplicity of manners.

† The new Chancellor, Lord Hardwicke, after some delay gave it to another; because Thomson either through pride, or modesty, or ignorance did not ask for it.

of his sisters. In 1738, his 'Agamemnon' was acted, and produced him a considerable sum. Like most mythological stories, indeed, it was rather endured, than applauded. But the endurers were numerous. Pope, who had favoured the author when in Italy with a poetical epistle, coming to this tragedy on it's first night, was welcomed to the theatre by a general clap. Mr. Quin, likewise, was very kind to him upon all occasions.

But his chief resource he found in the protection of Frederick Prince of Wales, who on the recommendation of his new friend Lyttelton assigned him a pension of 100*l. per ann.*, and always received him with the utmost courtesy. This distinguished patronage, however, proved in one instance prejudicial to it's object. When Thomson's 'Edward and Eleonora' was ready for the stage, the Chamberlain withheld his licence. This was, naturally, considered as an affront intended to the Prince; as there was not a single passage in the play, which could render it exceptionable.

His next dramatic performance was the Masque of 'Alfred,' in which he was assisted by Mr. Mallett. It was composed, by command of his royal patron, for the summer-entertainment of a select party at Cliefden House on the birthday of the Princess Augusta; and was subsequently exhibited, with great success, upon the public stage.

In 1745, his 'Tancred and Sigismunda,' founded upon a story in Gil Blas, made it's appearance. This was the most successful of all his dramas, and still keeps it's place in the theatre. It wants novelty of character, however, and variety of incident;

and the diction is in general, too flowery and sentimental.

Soon afterward, he wrote the following letter to his sister Jean Thomson, the wife of the Master of the Grammar School at Lanark, which affords a pleasing proof of fraternal tenderness :

‘ *Hagley in Worcestershire,*
October the 4th, 1747.

‘ MY DEAR SISTER,

‘ I thought you had known me better than to interpret my silence into a decay of affection; especially as your behaviour has always been such, as rather to increase than diminish it. Don’t imagine, because I am a bad correspondent, that I can ever prove an unkind friend and brother. I must do myself the justice to tell you, that my affections are naturally very fixed and constant; and if I had ever reason of complaint against you (of which, by the bye, I have not the least shadow) I am conscious of so many defects in myself, as to dispose me to be not a little charitable and forgiving.

‘ It gives me the truest heartfelt satisfaction to hear you have a good kind husband, and are in easy circumstances; but, were they otherwise, they would only awaken and heighten my tenderness toward you. As our good and tender-hearted parents did not live to receive any material testimonies of the highest human gratitude I owed them (than which nothing could have given me equal pleasure) the only return I can make them now is, by kindness to those they left behind them. Would to God poor Lizzy * had lived longer, to have been a farther witness of the truth of what I say, and that I might have had the

* His sister Elizabeth, married to Mr Bell, had died some time before the date of this letter.

pleasure of seeing once more a sister who so truly deserved my esteem and love! But she is happy, while we must toil a little longer here below: let us however do it cheerfully and gratefully, supported by the pleasing hope of meeting again on a safer shore, where to recollect the storms and difficulties of life will not perhaps be inconsistent with that blissful state. You did right to call your daughter by her name: for you must needs have had a particular tender friendship for one another, endeared as you were by nature, by having passed the affectionate years of your youth together, and by that great softener and engager of hearts, mutual hardship. That it was in my power to ease it a little, I account one of the most exquisite pleasures of my life. But enough of this melancholy, though not unpleasant, strain.

‘I esteem you for your sensible and disinterested advice to Mr. Bell, as you will see by my letter to him. As I approve entirely of his marrying again, you will readily ask me, ‘Why I don’t marry at all?’ My circumstances have, hitherto, been so variable and uncertain in this fluctuating world, as induce to keep me from engaging in such a state: and now, though they are more settled, and of late (which you will be glad to hear) considerably improved, I begin to think myself too far advanced in life for such youthful undertakings; not to mention some other petty reasons, that are apt to startle the delicacy of difficult old bachelors. I am, however, not a little suspicious that, was I to pay a visit to Scotland (which I have some thought of doing soon) I might possibly be tempted to think of a thing not easily repaired, if done amiss. I have always been of opinion, that none make better wives than the ladies of Scotland; and yet, who more for-

saken than they, while the gentlemen are continually running abroad all the world over? Some of them, it is true, are wise enough to return for a wife. You see, I am beginning to make interest already with the Scots ladies. But no more of this infectious subject.—Pray let me hear from you now and then; and, though I am not a regular correspondent, yet perhaps I may mend in that respect. Remember me kindly to your husband, and believe me to be

‘ Your most affectionate brother,

‘ JAMES THOMSON.’

His ‘Castle of Indolence,’ an allegorical poem in two cantos, esteemed by the best critics the most perfect and pleasing of all his compositions, had appeared in 1746. In the following five stanzas of its first canto are given the characters of Lyttelton, whom he also gratefully commemorates as the Moralist, the Philosopher, the Patriot, the Poet, and the Husband (in all, most accomplished) in the close of his ‘Spring,’ of Quin, of himself written by Armstrong, and of his friend and eventually his biographer the Rev. Patrick Murdoch, F. R. S.

‘ Another guest there was of sense refined,
 Who felt each worth, for every worth he had;
 Serene yet warm, humane yet firm his mind,
 As little touch’d as any man’s with bad.
 Him through their inmost walks the Muses lad,
 To him the sacred love of nature lent;
 And sometimes would he make our valley glad
 When as we found he would not here be pent,
 To him the better sort this friendly message sent:

“ Come, dwell with us! True son of Virtue, come!

“ But if alas! we cannot thee persuade

“ To lie content beneath our peaceful dome,

“ Ne evermore to quit our quiet glade:

" Yet when, at last, thy toils but ill apaid
 " Shall dead thy fire and damp it's heavenly spark,
 " Thou wilt be glad to seek the rural shade,
 " There to indulge the Muse and nature mark;
 " We then a lodge for thee will rear in Hagley Park."

Here whilom ligg'd th' Æsopus of the age;
 But call'd by Fame, in soul ypricked deep,
 A noble pride restored him to the stage,
 And roused him like a giant from his sleep.
 Even from his slumbers we advantage reap:
 With double force th' enliven'd scene he wakes,
 Yet quits not nature's bounds. He knows to keep
 Each due decorum: now the heart he shakes,
 And now with well-urged sense th' enlighten'd judgement takes.

A bard here dwelt, more fat than bard beseems,
 Who void of envy, guile, and lust of gain,
 On virtue still and nature's pleasing themes
 Pour'd forth his unpremeditated strain.
 The world forsaking with a calm disdain,
 Here laugh'd he, careless in his easy seat;
 Here quaff'd, encircled with the joyous train
 Of moralising sage: his ditty sweet
 He lothed much to write, ne cared to repeat.

Full oft by holy feet our ground was trod:
 Of Clerks good plenty here you mote espy.
 A little, round, fat, oily man of God
 Was one I chiefly mark'd among the fry:
 He had a roguish twinkle in his eye,
 And shone all glittering with ungodly dew,
 If a tight damsel chanced to trippen by;
 Which when observed, he shrunk into his mew,
 And straight would recollect his piety anew.

Lyttelton was now in power, and procured him the place of Surveyor General of the Leeward Islands, from which after his deputy was paid, he received about 300*l. per ann.* That deputy was his friend Paterson, whose tragedy of 'Arminius' had been prohibited by the Lord Chamberlain soon after the pub-

lication of 'Edward and Eleonora,' and who succeeded him shortly afterward as principal.

This was the last work, which he lived to publish ; * his 'Coriolanus' being only just completed, when a violent fever occasioned by a neglected cold prematurely deprived his country of the author. His death happened August 27, 1748. His executors were Sir George Lyttelton, and Mr. afterward Sir Andrew Mitchel, by whose interest the orphan tragedy was brought forward: and from it's profits, combined with the sale of his manuscripts and other effects, they were enabled not only to liquidate all his debts, but also to remit a handsome surplus to his two surviving sisters Mrs. Jean Thomson and Mrs. Mary Craig.† Lyttelton‡ supplied the prologue; and Quin, who had long

* It is said, on the authority of Floyer Sydenham, the translator of Plato, that Thomson was the author of a version of the work of the Emperor Marcus Antoninus, published in 8vo. in 1747. (*Gent. Mag.* lxxxvi. Feb. 1816. p. 104.)

† Of these, the first died in 1782 without issue; and the latter in 1792 leaving a son, Mr. James Craig, the ingenious architect who drew the plan of the new town of Edinburgh. His other sister, Mrs. Bell, left two children; and a brother, who had followed him to England, and lived with him as his amanuensis, being seized with a consumption returned to Scotland, and died there.

‡ Lyttelton, who was pardonably ambitious of being transmitted to posterity as the friend of genius, and who had consecrated an urn

ALEXANDRO POPE,
Poetarum Anglicanorum
Elegantissimo dulcissimoque,
Vitiorum castigatori acerrimo,
Sapientiæ doctore suavissimo,
Sacra esto.

Ann. Dom. M DCC XLIV.

now inscribed on an a handsome building, called 'Thomson's Seat,'

lived with Thomson in fond intimacy,* did it true justice in the delivery of it. As it contains a vivid sketch of his character, it is here inserted :

‘ I come not here your candor to implore
 For scenes, whose author is, alas ! no more :
 He wants no advocate his cause to plead ;
 You will yourselves be patrons of the dead.
 No party his benevolence confined,
 No sect : alike it flow’d to all mankind.
 He loved his friends—forgive this gushing tear ;
 Alas ! I feel I am no actor here—
 He loved his friends with such a warmth of heart,
 So clear of interest, so devoid of art,
 Such generous friendship, such unshaken zeal ;
 No words can speak it, but our tears may tell.—
 O candid truth, O faith without a stain,
 O manners gently firm and nobly plain,
 O sympathising love of others’ bliss !
 Where will you find another breast like his ?
 Such was the Man. The Poet well you know :
 Oft has he touch’d your hearts with tender woe.
 Oft in this crowded house, with just applause,
 You heard him teach fair virtue’s purest laws :
 For his chaste Muse employ’d her heaven-taught lyre.
 None but the noblest passions to inspire ;

Legenſis immortalis
JACOBUS THOMSON,
Poetae ſublimis,
Viri boni,
Ædiculam hanc quam virus dilexit
Post mortem ejus constructam
Dicit dedicatque
GEORGIUS LYTTELTON.

* The origin of this friendship is highly honourable to the actor. He is said to have rescued the poet (then known to him only through his productions) from an arrest, by a present of a hundred pounds.

Not one immoral, one corrupted thought,
One line which dying he could wish to blot.

Oh! may to-night your favourable doom
Another laurel add, to grace his tomb!
Whilst he, superior now to praise or blame,
Hears not the feeble voice of human fame.
Yet if to those whom most on earth he loved,
From whom his pious care is now removed,
With whom his liberal hand and bounteous heart
Shared all his little fortune could impart;
If to those friends your kind regard shall give,
What they no longer can from his receive:
That, that even now above yon starry pole
May touch with pleasure his immortal soul.*

His remains, as some time before his death he occupied a small villa in Kew Lane, were deposited in Richmond Church, under a plain stone, without any inscription; and a decent monument was erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey, in 1762,* out of the profits arising from a splendid edition of his works published by Millar. A tablet also, with a memorial inscription, was placed on the wall in Richmond Church in 1791. The Earl of Buchan likewise, with a view of raising to him a monument on Ednam Hill, collected a large party of gentlemen to celebrate the anniversary of his birthday in the years 1790 and 1791: but his eager enthusiasm, it may be feared, defeated it's own purpose. He has been more successful in the more recent instance of Burns.

* Inscribed with part of his own beautiful address to Philosophy, at the conclusion of his 'Summer;'

'Tutor'd by thee, sweet Poetry exalts
Her voice to ages: and informs the page
With music, image, sentiment, and thought
Never to die!'

But his most honourable memorial is to be found
in the subjoined threnody of Collins.

Scene, On the Thames near Richmond.

‘ In yonder grave a Druid lies,
Where slowly winds the stealing wave :
The year’s best sweets shall dutcous rise,
To deck it’s Poet’s sylvan grave.

In yon deep bed of whispering reeds
His airy harp shall now be laid ;
That he, whose heart in sorrow bleeds,
May love through life the soothing shade.

Then maids and youths shall linger here,
And while it’s sounds at distance swell,
Shall sadly seem in Pity’s ear
To hear the woodland pilgrim’s knell.

Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore,
When Thames in summer-wreaths is drest,
And oft suspend the dashing oar
To bid his gentle spirit rest.

And oft, as ease and health retire
To breezy lawn or forest deep,
The friend shall view yon whitening spire,
And ’mid the varied landscape weep.

But thou, who own’st that earthly bed,
Ah! what will every dirge avail?
Or tears, which Love and Pity shed,
That mourn beneath the gliding sail?

Yet lives there one, whose heedless eye
Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimmering near?
With him, sweet bard, may Fancy die,
And joy desert the blooming year!

But thou, worn stream, whose sullen tide
No sedge-crown’d sisters now attend,
Now wait me from the green hill’s side,
Whose cold turf hides the buried friend.

And see, the fairy valleys fade ;
Dun night has veil’d the solemn view :
Yet once again, dear parted shade,
Meek nature’s child, again adieu!

The genial meads, assign'd to bless
 Thy life, shall mourn thy early doom :
 There hinds and shepherd-girls shall dress,
 With simple hands, thy rural tomb.

Long, long thy stone and pointed clay
 Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes :
 " O vales and wild woods," shall he say,
 " In yonder grave your Druid lies ! " * *

His person, as he himself acknowledges, though above the middle size, was not the most promising : he was, indeed, rather robust than graceful, " more fat (according to Armstrong) than bard beseems," and of a countenance far from being pleasing. His worst appearance was, when he was seen walking alone in

* To this may, not unfitly, be attached in a note the following address to the shade of Thomson by his highly-gifted and wretchedly-fated countryman, Burns :

' While virgin Spring, by Eden's flood,
 Unfolds her tender mantle green ;
 Or pranks the sod in frolic mood,
 Or tunes Æolian strains between :
 While Summer, with a matron pace,
 Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade :
 Yet oft, delighted, stops to trace
 The progress of the spiky blade :
 While Autumn, benefactor kind,
 By Tweed erects her aged head ;
 And sees, with self-approving mind,
 Each creature on her bounty fed :
 While maniac Winter rages o'er
 The hills, where classic Yarrow flows ;
 Rousing the turbid torrent's roar,
 Or sweeping wild a waste of snows—
 So long, sweet Poet of the year,
 Shall bloom that wreath thou well hast won ;
 While Scotia, with exulting tear,
 Proclaims that Thomson was her son.'

a pensive mood ; but when his friends accosted him, and entered into conversation, he would instantly assume a more amiable aspect. His taste in poetry had improved upon the best originals, ancient and modern. What he borrows from his classical predecessors, he gives us in an avowed and faithful paraphrase ; as may be observed in a few Virgilian passages of his ‘ Seasons,’ and in his beautiful picture from the Elder Pliny, where the course and gradual increase of the Nile are figured by the successive stages of human life :

‘ The treasures these, hid from the bounded search
Of ancient knowledge ; whence, with annual pomp,
Rich king of floods ! o’erflows the swelling Nile.
From his two springs in Gojan’s sunny realm
Pure-welling out, he through the lucid lake
Of fair Dambea rolls his *infant* stream.
There, by the Naiads nursed, he sports away
His playful *youth* amid the fragrant isles,
That with unfading verdure smile around.
Ambitious, thence the *manly* river breaks ;
And gathering many a flood, and copious fed
With all the mellow’d treasures of the sky,
Winds in progressive majesty along :
Through splendid kingdoms now devolves his maze,
Now wanders wild o’er solitary tracts
Of life-deserted sand ; ’till, glad to quit
The joyless desert, down the Nubian rocks
From thundering steep to steep he pours his urn,
And Egypt joys beneath the spreading wave.’ *

(‘ *Summer.*’)

The autumn was his favourite season for poetical composition ; and the deep silence of the night the time, which he commonly chose for such studies : so

* The eloquent parallel occurs in Pliny, N. H. V. ix.

that he was frequently heard walking in his study till near morning, humming over what he was to correct and transcribe the next day. The amusements of his leisure-hours were, civil and natural history, voyages, and the best relations of travellers; and had his situation favoured it, he would certainly have excelled in gardening, agriculture, and every rural improvement and exercise.

Although he did not perform upon any instrument, he was passionately fond of music, and would sometimes listen a full hour at his window to the nightingales in Richmond Gardens. Nor was his taste less exquisite in the arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture. In his travels he had seen many of the most celebrated monuments of antiquity, and the best productions of modern art; and had studied them so minutely, and with so true a judgement, that some of the descriptions in his 'Liberty' place the masterpieces in a stronger light, perhaps, than if we saw the originals.

As for the more distinguishing qualities of his mind and heart, they are better represented in his writings, than they can be by the pen of any biographer. There his love of mankind, of his country, and of his friends, and his devotion to the Supreme Being, founded on the most elevated and just conceptions of his operations and providence, shine out in every page. His tenderness of heart comprehended even the brute creation; and to his fellow-mortals he was so uniformly affectionate, that he never intentionally inflicted pain by either his compositions or his conduct. His benevolence however, though fervent, was not active. He would bestow, upon all

JAMES THOMSON.

occasions, what his purse could supply; but offices of intervention and solicitation he was too sluggish to perform. Of such indolence his own affairs sensibly felt the effect: yet he could never shake it off. He was so conscious, indeed, of this part of his character, that he meditated writing an Eastern Tale, to be entitled ‘The Man who loved to be in Distress.’

By Savage, if we may trust his suspicious evidence, he was represented to Johnson, as ‘possessing little of the delicacy of sentiment diffused over his writings.’ But that he was susceptible of the purest love, is evident as well from his strong attachment to his ‘Amanda’ (Miss Young), as from his description of the effect of the tender passion in his ‘Spring,’ and the pathetic commemoration of Miss Stanley in his ‘Summer:’ and Savage himself always recorded the constancy of his friendship, even for those of his early acquaintance whom the advancement of his reputation had left far behind him with the most eager and deserved praise.

Among his peculiarities was, a very inarticulate manner of reciting lofty or solemn composition. Doddington, himself a most accomplished reader, provoked by his strange utterance, once snatched a poem out of his hand, telling him that ‘he did not understand his own compositions.’ His mode of thinking and of expressing his thoughts (says Johnson) is original. His blank verse is no more the blank verse of Milton, or of any other poet, than the rhymes of Prior are the rhymes of Cowley. His numbers, his pauses, his diction, are of his own growth; without transcription, without imitation. He thinks in a peculiar strain, and he thinks, always, as a man of

genius. And blank verse seemed especially adapted to his subject, which would have been embarrassed by the frequent intersection of the sense necessarily arising out of rhyme. His diction is, in the highest degree, fluid and luxuriant, though from its exuberance it may sometimes be charged with filling the ear more than the mind.

He took no part in literary disputes, and was therefore respected and unmolested, even by rival poets. This divine temper of mind did not fail of its due reward. The best and greatest men of his time honoured him with their friendship and protection: their applause attended all his productions: his friends loved him with an enthusiastic ardor, and the public sincerely lamented his premature death.

His works, particularly ‘The Seasons,’ have been frequently reprinted; and in 1762, an edition of them both in quarto and in octavo, with his last corrections and improvements, was published by the Rev. Patrick Murdoch, who prefixed an Account of his Life and Writings.

HENRY SAINT JOHN, VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE.*

[1678—1751.]

THIS celebrated statesman was the son of Sir Henry St. John, of Lydiard Tregoze in Wiltshire, by Mary second daughter and heiress of Robert Rich, Earl of Warwick. He was born at Battersea in Surrey, in 1678; and his mother dying young, he passed his infant years under the care of his grandmother (the daughter of St. John, Chief Justice under the Republic) a strict Presbyterian, whose spiritual guide was the well-known Daniel Burgess. But the impression, which he received from this circumstance, was a rooted aversion to that austere party. At a proper age he was sent to Eton, and thence removed to Christ Church, Oxford. In both these places, his genius and understanding won him the admiration of his contemporaries; but his love of pleasure prevented him from giving his talents their fair range of exertion. Notwithstanding this however, such was the general impression of their brilliance, that when he

* **AUTHORITIES.** *Memoirs of Lord Bolingbroke*, prefixed to his Works, Rapin's *History of England*, and *Annals of George I.*

left the University, he was considered as one who would infallibly make a shining figure in active life.

United with the graces of a handsome person, he had a manner and address irresistibly engaging, a quick apprehension, great strength of memory, peculiar subtilty in reasoning, and a masterly elocution: but, for some years, all these extraordinary endowments were lavished in finishing the character of a complete rake. Yet, even then, he is said daily to have dedicated some time to the acquisition of knowledge. He was the friend and protector of Dryden in his declining years, and prefixed a copy of verses to his translation of Virgil in 1697.

In 1700, by an alliance in all respects suitable to his expectations, he united himself with the daughter and coheirress of Sir Henry Winchescomb, of Bucklebury in Berkshire, Bart.; and, the same year, made his first appearance in the House of Commons, as member for Wotton Bassett in Wiltshire, which borough his father had several times previously represented in parliament.

In this assembly he presently chose his party, which was that of Harley, now for the first time chosen Speaker; and by persevering steadily in the same connexion, he established such an interest, that in April 1704, he was appointed Secretary at War and of the Marines. This post involving a constant correspondence with the Duke of Marlborough, he became perfectly acquainted with the worth of that illustrious general.*

* The battles of Blenheim and Ramillies, and the several glorious attempts which the Duke made to shorten the struggle by some decisive action, occurred while St. John was Secretary at War.

Upon Harley's removal from the Seals, in 1707, St. John following his friend's fortune resigned his employments: he also followed his example, and behaved, during the whole session, with the utmost temper and decorum. In the parliament, which was elected in 1708, he had no seat: but upon it's dissolution in 1710, Harley being made Chancellor and Under Treasurer of the Exchequer, St. John was appointed to the important office of Secretary of State. About the same time, he wrote the celebrated 'Letter to the Examiner.'

This accession of power placed him in a sphere of action, which elicited all his abilities. The English annals do not exhibit a more trying juncture; and he appeared equal to every occasion of trial.

He sustained* almost the whole weight of the difficulties incurred in negotiating the peace of Utrecht;† and, in July 1712, was created Baron St. John of Lydiard Tregoze in Wiltshire, and Viscount Bolingbroke. He was also, in the same year, appointed Lord Lieutenant of the county of Essex.

But these honours by no means satiating his ambition, he formed the design of supplanting his old friend Harley, then Earl of Oxford, in the management of public affairs; a project, which proved in the issue unfortunate to them both.

It was not indeed to be expected, that two such

* In the new parliament, he sat as Knight for the county of Berks.

† During his embassy at Paris, he was suspected of having betrayed the secrets of the English cabinet; in consequence, probably of his connexion with Madame Tencin, a lady equally celebrated for her beauty and her political intrigues, who on the instigation of Torcy contrived to steal from him several important despatches.

opposite characters, as Mr. Coxe has observed, should long or cordially agree. Abounding in wit and fancy, and perfect master of polite learning, which he knew how to draw forth on all occasions, Bolingbroke in his private character was without morals and without principles; not only not concealing, but rather proud of, his profligacy. He was fond of pleasure, yet never suffered his amusements to interfere with affairs of importance: affecting to resemble the characters of Alcibiades and Petronius by mixing pleasure and business, in which, when necessity required his attendance, he was so indefatigable that he would drudge like a common clerk. Quick in apprehension, easy of access; not less artful in negotiation than decisive and vigorous in action; clear and perspicuous in his stile, but too fond of declamation and metaphor; adopting and enforcing all the violent measures of the Tories, and scorning to temporise, he caballed with the friends of the Pretender, either with a view to place him on the throne, or to obtain the removal of Oxford by their assistance.

Oxford was unimpeached in his private character, never offending against morality, either in conversation or in action, a tender husband and a good father; highly disinterested, and generous. He prided himself on his high descent, was stiff and formal in his deportment, and so forbidding in his manner, as not to attract or conciliate those with whom he acted. Learned and pedantic; embarrassed and inelegant, both in speaking and writing; equally an enemy to pleasure and business; extremely dilatory, and fond of procrastination; timid in public affairs, yet intrepid when his person only was concerned; jealous of

power, indefatigable in promoting the petty intrigues of the Court, but negligent in things of importance; a Whig in his heart, and a Tory from ambition; too ready, for temporary convenience, to adopt measures which he disapproved, yet unwilling wholly to sacrifice his real sentiments to interest or party; affecting the most profound secrecy in all political transactions, and mysterious in the most trifling occurrences; liberal in making promises, yet breaking them without scruple (a defect which arose more from facility of temper, than from design), he corresponded at the same time with the dethroned family and the House of Hanover, and was therefore neither trusted nor respected by either party. The only point, in which these two ministers agreed, was the love of literature and the patronage of learned men; this rendered their administration eminently illustrious.

The disagreement, naturally consequent upon such a discordance of tempers and principles, was heightened by a perpetual struggle for power, and the views of disappointed ambition. A farther cause of disgust, also, occurred upon the following occasion:

By the death of an Earl of Bolingbroke, his distant kinsman, a short time before his creation the barony of Bletso had devolved upon Sir Andrew St. John. But the extinct earldom was promised to Mr. St. John: and though with a view to his important services in the Lower House he had been prevailed upon to wave his claim during the current session, upon a promise that his rank should be reserved for him at it's conclusion, he very naturally resented the offer of a viscountship; particularly, as

the Treasurer took care to procure an earldom for himself.*

His own account of the transaction may be admitted, perhaps, to justify in some measure the manœuvres, to which it led :

“ I continued,” says he, “ in the House of Commons during that important session which preceded the peace, and which by the spirit shown through the whole course of it, and the resolutions taken in it, rendered the conclusion of the treaties practicable. After this, I was dragged into the House of Lords in such a manner as to make my promotion a punishment, not a reward, being there left to defend the treaties alone.

“ It would not have been hard (continues he) to have forced the Earl of Oxford to use me better. His good intentions began to be very much doubted of: the truth is, no opinion of his sincerity had ever taken root in the party; and, which was worse perhaps for a man in his station, the opinion of his capacity began to fall apace. He was so hard pushed in the House of Lords in the beginning of 1712, that he had been forced, in the middle of the session, to persuade the Queen to make a promotion of Twelve Peers at once; which was an unprecedented and invidious measure, to be excused by nothing but the necessity, and hardly by that. In the House of Commons, his credit was low, and my reputation very high. You know the nature of that assembly: they grow, like hounds, fond of the man who shows them game, and by whose halloo they are used to be en-

* Bolingbroke was, also, refused the Order of the Garter, although six vacant ribands were conferred, among which Oxford was not forgotten.

couraged. The thread of the negotiations, which could not stand still a moment without going back, was in my hands : and before another man could have made himself master of the business, much time would have been lost, and great inconveniences would have followed. Some, who opposed the Court soon afterward, began to waver then : and, if I had not wanted the inclination, I should have wanted no help to do mischief. I knew the way of quitting my employments, and of retiring from court when the service of my party required it : but I could not bring myself up to that resolution, when the consequence of it must have been the breaking of my party, and the distress of the public affairs. I thought my mistress treated me ill ; but the sense of that duty which I owed her came in aid of other considerations, and prevailed over my resentment. These sentiments, indeed, are so much out of fashion, that a man who avows them is in danger of passing for a bubble in the world : yet they were, in the conjuncture I speak of, the true motives of my conduct ; and you saw me go on as cheerfully in the troublesome and dangerous work assigned me, as if I had been under the utmost satisfaction. I began, indeed, in my heart to renounce the friendship, which till that time I had preserved inviolable, for Oxford. I was not aware of all his treachery, nor of the base and little means which he employed then, and continued to employ afterward, to ruin me in the opinion of the Queen, and everywhere else. I saw, however, that he had no friendship for any body ; and that with respect to me, instead of having the ability to render that merit, which I endeavoured to acquire, an additional strength to himself, it became the ob-

ject of his jealousy and a reason for undermining me."

These animosities at length terminated, on Bolingbroke's side, in thorough aversion.*

His Lordship's conduct, during the four last years of the reign of Queen Anne, brought in question both his religious and his political principles: for, though educated among the Dissenters, and (as it has since appeared) attached to no system of religion whatever, he became a zealous High Churchman; and, while he openly professed an inclination to serve the House of Hanover, was secretly occupied in promoting the interest of the Pretender. Hence it is evident, that he humoured the temper of his royal mistress at that time, with a view of being made Premier.

In 1714, soon after the accession of George I., the Seals were taken from him, and all his papers secured. During the short session however which succeeded, he applied himself with his usual vigour to keep up the spirit of those, who had been friends to the ex-administration, without omitting any proper occasion of testifying his respect and duty to his Majesty; in which spirit he assisted in settling the Civil List, and other necessary points. But soon after the meeting of the new parliament, finding an impeachment of that ministry resolved upon, he privately withdrew to France, in the latter end of March, 1715.

Upon his arrival at Paris, he received an invitation from the Pretender, then at Bar, to engage in his

* "I abhorred Oxford," says he (in his 'Letter to Sir W. Wyndham') "to that degree, that I could not bear to be joined with him in any case."

service. This he absolutely refused, with the hope of preventing the prosecution against him in England from being carried to extremities. But on receiving intimation from his friends at home of a projected revolution, he accepted the offered Secretaryship of State at Commercy, and proceeding from Dauphiné for Paris, instantly set about soliciting from the French Court the succours necessary for the meditated invasion of England.

The vote for impeaching him had passed the House of Commons in the June preceding; and six Articles* had been sent up by them to the Lords: proclamations were, in due course, issued for him to surrender; and, upon his non-appearance, he was in September attainted of high treason.

Upon this occasion Sir Joseph Jekyl, a gentleman

* The Articles of Impeachment, carried into the Lower House by Mr. Robert Walpole, were in substance as follows:

‘1. That whereas he had assured the ministers of the States General in 1711, by order from her Majesty, that she would make no peace but in concert with them, he had sent Mr. Prior to France that same year with proposals of a separate treaty;

‘2. That he had advised and promoted the making of a separate treaty or convention with France, which was signed in September;

‘3. That he had disclosed to M. Mesnager, the French Minister at London, this convention, which was the preliminary instruction to her Majesty’s Plenipotentiaries at Utrecht in October;

‘4. That her Majesty’s final instructions to her said Plenipotentiaries were imparted by him to the Abbé Gualtier, an emissary of France;

‘5. That he had discovered to the French the manner, in which they might make themselves masters of Tournay; and

‘6. That he had advised and promoted the yielding up of Spain and the West Indies to the Duke of Anjou, at that time an enemy to her Majesty.’

of great legal knowledge and of the most unbiassed integrity (a member of the Secret Committee) observed, that 'there was matter more than enough to prove the charge against Lord Bolingbroke, though nothing in his judgement appeared to justify a charge against the Earl of Oxford.' *

It is remarkable, that Bolingbroke's disloyal engagement with the Pretender had the same unfortunate issue; for the year 1715 had scarcely expired, when the seals and papers of his new office were demanded, and by an accusation divided into seven Articles, he was impeached of treachery,† incapacity, and neglect.

Thus discarded abroad, he resolved to make his

* There does not now, however, remain a doubt, that both these noblemen, in connivance with the Queen, had concerted a plan to place the Pretender on the throne of Great Britain: that Oxford, in particular, had caballed with the Jacobites chiefly in order to overturn the Whig ministry, and to facilitate the peace; and that the real cause of his dismissal from office was, his refusal to continue those points, which Bolingbroke offered still to pursue. The whole plan and progress of the conspiracy is detailed in the most unequivocal manner by Marshal Berwick, who was principally concerned in the correspondence

† For this imputation there does not appear to have been the least ground. He even refused, in his subsequent negotiation with the Earl of Stair, then Ambassador at the French court, to disclose any confidential secrets, or to betray his Tory friends. The real cause of his dismissal was, some scurrilous expressions uttered, in a state of intoxication, against the Pretender: in consequence of which, after supping with that Personage one night, and receiving from him assurance of his unalterable kindness, he was required to surrender the Seals to the Duke of Ormond at nine the next morning. The Queen-Mother in vain attempted to sooth, and to detain, him. He told her, in reply, that 'he was a freeman; and that he wished his right arm might rot off, if ever he drew his sword, or employed his pen, in their service.'

peace, if possible, at home; and in a short time, with his characteristic activity, he procured, through the mediation of Lord Stair (who declared himself perfectly convinced of his sincerity) a conditional promise of pardon. As a pledge of his partial reconciliation, in 1716 his Majesty created his father Baron of Battersea and Viscount St. John, with the reversion to his other sons. He himself was, however, not restored in blood.

These events drew from him, by way of relief, the '*Consolatio Philosophica*,' which he composed the same year under the title of '*Reflexions upon Exile*.' He had, also, written about the same period several letters in answer to the charge brought against him by the Pretender and his adherents; and, in 1717, he published a vindication of his whole conduct with respect to the Tories, in the form of '*A Letter to Sir William Wyndham*.' In this, he drew so striking a picture of the Jacobite counsels abroad, and of the bigotry of their Prince, as must have had a great effect in detaching the respectable English Tories from their cause. He now, likewise, married for his second wife the niece of Madame de Maintenon, widow of the Marquis de Villette, with whom he received a very large fortune, encumbered however by a long and troublesome law-suit.

With this lady he passed his time in France till 1723; when, on the breaking up of the parliament, his Majesty was pleased to grant him a full pardon. Upon the first notice of this favour, the expectation of which had guided his political conduct for several years, he returned to his native country.*

* Bishop Atterbury, who was banished at this very juncture, learning on being set ashore at Calais that Bolingbroke was

He now wrote letters of thanks to the King, Lord Townshend, and the Duchess of Kendal at Hanover, and behaved in the most servile manner to Walpole. Why the latter, usually so prudent, should at last have concurred in a project enabling Bolingbroke to settle in England, and (as was, eventually, the case) to harass his administration, it has usually been a perplexing problem to determine. He had known the exile from his early youth, and was fully aware of his talents, his turbulence of temper, and his fawning and faithless character. It is now ascertained, on the authority of Sir Robert himself, that the bill for his restoration was brought forward by the express commands of his Sovereign, in obedience to the wishes of the Duchess of Kendal, to whom Bolingbroke had made a present of 11,000*l*. Arduous, however, as the affair was (being opposed among others by Mr. Methuen, at that time Comptroller of the Household, and several members who almost uniformly supported the measures of government) it was carried by 230 votes against 113.

This act has been pronounced the most unpopular, as well as the most indecent, in which Walpole ever engaged. The very person, for whom he consented to incur so much obloquy, was himself exasperated by it: "Here I am," he observed, in an epistle to

there on his return to England, exclaimed, "Then I am exchanged." And, from the following circumstances, it may be concluded, that the prelate's conjecture was well founded: Bolingbroke's pardon was granted immediately after the act for banishing Atterbury had received the royal assent; and both these measures had been most strenuously urged by the same individual, Lord Harcourt. Sir Robert Walpole, likewise, who displayed no particular hostility against the Bishop, had warmly opposed the return of the Ex-Secretary.

Swift, "two thirds restored, my person safe (unless I meet hereafter with harder treatment, than even that of Sir Walter Raleigh) and my estate, with all the other property I have acquired or may acquire, secured to me. But the attainder is kept carefully and prudently in force, lest so corrupt a member should come again into the House of Lords, and his bad leaven should sour that sweet untainted mass." About the same time, likewise, he addressed a letter to the King relative to the promise which had been made to him of a full restitution, and throwing all the blame of the failure upon the Minister, whom he accused of meanness and treachery, declared himself his decided enemy,* effected a reconciliation with the Tories whom he had recently reviled, and joined Pulteney and the discontented Whigs.

After some time, dissatisfied and disgusted, he settled with his lady at Dawley near Uxbridge, in Middlesex, which he rendered highly interesting by rural and elegant embellishments.

Of his mode of life, in this retirement, we have a sketch in a letter from Pope to Dean Swift, dated "Dawley, June 8, 1728:"

"I now hold the pen for my Lord Bolingbroke, who is reading your letter between two haycocks: but his attention is somewhat diverted by casting his eyes on the clouds, not in admiration of what you say, but for fear of a shower. He is pleased with

* Bolingbroke, it has been remarked, too frequently falls into the error of which he has accused Clarendon, that of drawing characters of persons incompatible with their actions. In his portrait of Walpole, Mr. Coxe declares him 'guilty of the grossest misrepresentation and the most exaggerated malice.' It is sketched as not containing a single virtue.

your placing him in the triumvirate between yourself and me; though he says, that ‘he doubts he shall fare like Lepidus: while one of us runs away with all the power, like Augustus; and another with all the pleasure, like Antony.’ It is upon a foresight of this, that he has fitted up his farm; and you will agree, that this scheme of retreat is not founded upon weak appearances.’ And he himself thus addresses the Dean: “I am in my farm, and here I shoot strong and tenacious roots: I have ‘caught hold of the earth,’ to use the gardener’s phrase; and neither my enemies, nor my friends, will find it an easy matter to transplant me again.”

Happy would it have been for him, if he could have verified his anticipations! But the seeds of ambition were too deeply rooted in his constitution. Pining after the recovery of his seat in the House of Lords, and some share in the government, under the visitation of disappointment about the year 1726 he became a warm anti-ministerial writer, and distinguished himself for several years by a multitude of pieces drawn up with great vigour and freedom.

In the height of these political disputes, however, he found occasional leisure for the meditations of philosophy, and composed some essays upon metaphysical subjects. His state-polemics finally terminated in 1735, upon a disagreement with his principal coadjutors Pulteney and others, whom he charged with private views: and he again retired into France, with the full resolution of never more engaging in public business. “Plato,” he observes, “ceased to act for the commonwealth, when he ceased to persuade: and Solon laid down his arms before the public magazines, when Pisistratus grew

too strong to be opposed any longer with hopes of success." These examples he followed, not however without collecting his utmost force to give a parting blow to the minister; which, of all his masterly compositions, is generally accounted the best.

He had, now, passed his sixtieth year; had pushed matters as far toward reinstating himself in the full possession of his former honours, as mere talents and application could go; and was at length satisfied that the decree was irreversible, and that the doors of the cabinet were finally shut against him.

If, in the decline of his life, he became less conspicuous, he became more amiable; and he was far from suffering the hours to slide away unimproved, or unproductive.

He had not been long at his retreat near Fontainebleau, when he began a course of 'Letters on the Study and Use of History.' It was obvious, however, that a person of his active ambition must lie strikingly open to ridicule, in assuming an air of philosophical contemplation. He saw it; and to obviate the sneer, addressed a 'Letter to Lord Bathurst, upon the true Use of Retirement and Study;' in which he defends himself in the following able manner:

"To set about acquiring the habits of meditation and study late in life, is like getting into a go-cart with a grey beard, and learning to walk when we have lost the use of our legs. In general, the foundation of a happy old age must be laid in youth; and in particular he, who has not cultivated his reason young, will be utterly unable to improve it old. *Manent ingenia senibus, modò permancant studium et industria.*

“ Not only a love of study, and a desire of knowledge, must have grown up with us ; but such an industrious application likewise, as requires the whole vigour of the mind to be exerted in the pursuit of truth through long trains of ideas and all those dark recesses wherein man, not God, has hid it.

“ This love, and this desire, I have felt all my life ; and I am not quite a stranger to this industry and application. There has been something always ready to whisper in my ear, while I ran the course of pleasure and business, *Solve senescentem maturè sanus equum*. But my genius, unlike the demon of Socrates, whispered so softly, that very often I heard him not in the hurry of those passions by which I was transported. Some calmer hours there were : in them I hearkened to him. Reflexion had often it's turn ; and the love of study, and the desire of knowledge, have never quite abandoned me. I am not, therefore, entirely unprepared for the life I will lead ; and it is not without reason, that I promise myself more satisfaction in the latter part of it, than I ever knew in the former.”

Upon the death of his father in 1742, he returned to England, and settling at Battersea (the ancient seat of his family) passed the remainder of his days in retirement.

After the conclusion of the war in 1748, the measures taken in the administration seem to have been less repugnant to his notions of political prudence. What these were, may be partly inferred from his reflexions written in 1749, ‘ On the present State of the Nation, principally with regard to her Taxes and Debts, and on the Causes and Consequences of them.’ His last work published during his life was.

‘ Letters on the Spirit of Patriotism, and the Idea of a Patriot King,’ 1749; at which period, the prospect of the succession of a Prince, indebted to no party for his crown, seemed to him a proper opportunity for inculcating the noble lesson of governing upon pure patriotic principles.

This undertaking was left unfinished, nor did he long survive it. He had often wished to breathe his last at Battersea; an event, which happened to him November 15, 1751, on the verge of fourscore.* His remains were interred, with those of his ancestors, in the parish-church at that place; and a marble monument was erected to his memory, with the following inscription :

Here lies
HENRY ST. JOHN;
In the reign of Queen Anne
Secretary of War, Secretary of State,
And Viscount BOLINGBROKE.
In the days of King George I.
And King George II.;
Something more and better.
His attachment to Queen Anne
Exposed him to a long and severe persecution.
He bore it with firmness of mind:
The enemy of no national party,
The friend of no faction;
Distinguished under the cloud of a proscription,
Which had not been entirely taken off,
By zeal to maintain the liberty
And to restore the ancient prosperity
Of Great Britain.

As he left no children, and survived all his brothers, the estate and honour descended to his nephew, whom he constituted likewise his testamentary heir.

* His second wife died some years before him.

The political character of Lord Bolingbroke is sufficiently elucidated by the history of his life. It was, manifestly, that of a confident and ambitious man, who could ill brook a superior; and was little scrupulous in the pursuit of power, or the gratification of resentment. As a conspicuous figure in the literary annals of his time, he demands a more particular consideration. It is agreed, that among the prose-writers of his age (indeed, of any age of English literature) scarcely any one can be found, who has united more excellences of style; his elegance, perspicuity, and strength being accompanied with a graceful ease rarely to be met with in those, who have not been conversant with business and the world. When he appears as the correspondent of Swift and Pope amidst a constellation of wits, he is distinguished by a polished freedom and air of good company, which constitute the perfection of epistolary writing; and, in his more elaborate compositions, he is equally free from the marks of effort or constraint. "Whatever subject (says Lord Chesterfield) he either speaks or writes upon, he adorns with the most splendid eloquence; not a studied or laboured eloquence, but a flowing happiness of diction, which is become so habitual to him, that even his most familiar conversations would bear the press without the least correction as to method or style."

With respect to the matter of his writings, those on political subjects are in a great measure of temporary interest, and tinged with his own particular views; but the 'Letters on History,' and those on 'Patriotism,' are of more general import. In the opinion of some critics, however, they are rather superficial and decla

matory, than solid and profound. As a philosophical moralist, his sentiments are displayed with great brilliancy in Pope's 'Essay on Man,' of which celebrated poem the plan and design are avowedly his; and some of the finest illustrations, which are most admired in their poetical dress, have been found sketched by him in prose. To Pope he was, indeed, for many years, a "guide, philosopher, and friend;" the object of his highest admiration, and warmest attachment; nor is there a more finished passage in all that poet's works, than the encomiastic address to St. John, which concludes the Essay.

The care and advantage of his manuscripts he bequeathed to Mallett, who published one volume 8vo. in 1753, and four more in the following year: * in which the trustee consulted his own profit rather than his noble benefactor's reputation, if we may argue from a presentment of these works by the Grand Jury of Westminster, in 1754, 'as tending, in the general scope of several pieces therein contained, as well as many particular expressions which had been laid before them, to the subversion of religion, government, and morality; and being, also, against his majesty's peace.' His writings, however, met with a still more effectual and appropriate refu-

* The wild and pernicious ravings under the name of 'Philosophy,' which were thus ushered into the world, gave great offence to all well-principled men. Johnson hearing of their tendency, which nobody disputed, was roused with a just indignation, and pronounced this memorable sentence upon the author and his editor: "Sir, he was a scoundrel and a coward: a scoundrel, for charging a blunderbuss against religion and morality; a coward, because he had not resolution to fire it off himself, but left half a crown to a beggarly Scotchman to draw the trigger after his death." (Boswell's *Life of Johnson*.)

tation from the public, who justly appear to have paid them very little attention.*

* Warburton to Hurd, 1751. "I believe I have lost an enemy in Lord Bolingbroke. I am sure, Religion and the State has. I question whether we shall see any of his MSS. His 'Apology for his Public Conduct,' which I have seen, affects too many parties to see the light; and his 'Apology for his private Opinions' would shock the people too much, dissolute as they are now grown. His 'Letters concerning the Use of reading History' (the best of his works, as his 'Patriot King' I think is the worst) I suppose we shall see, because there are printed copies in several hands. It is in two volumes, 8vo. It was this work, which occasioned his aversion to me. There is a dissertation in it against the Canon of Scripture, which I told Mr. Pope was full of absurdities and false reasoning, and would discredit the work: and, at his desire, I drew up a paper of Remarks upon it, which Lord Bolingbroke never forgave. He wrote an answer to it in great wrath and much acrimony; but, by the persuasion of a great man, suppressed it."

GEORGE BERKELEY,

BISHOP OF CLOYNE.*

[1684—1753.]

DR. GEORGE BERKELEY was the son of William Berkeley of Thomas Town, in the county of Kilkenny, whose father after the Restoration (the family having suffered greatly for their loyalty to Charles I.) was appointed to the Collectorship of the Customs at Belfast. He was born March 12, 1684, at Kilerin, near Thomas Town; received the first part of his education at Kilkenny, under Dr. Hinton; and was admitted a pensioner of Trinity College, Dublin, at the age of fifteen, under the tuition of Dr. Hall. In June, 1707, he was admitted a Fellow of the society; having previously sustained with honour the very trying examination, which the candidates for that preferment are by the statutes required to undergo.

The first proof, which he gave of his literary abilities, was his '*Arithmetica absque Algebra aut Euclide demonstrata*;' which, from the preface, he appears to have written before he was twenty years old though he did not publish it till 1707. It is followed

* **AUTHORITIES.** Life prefixed to his 'Works.

by a Mathematical Miscellany, containing some very ingenious observations and theorems.

His 'Theory of Vision' was published in 1709. This, as Dr. Reid observes, was the first attempt to distinguish the immediate operations of the senses from the conclusions we habitually deduce from our sensations. The author clearly shows, that the connexion between the sight and the touch is the effect of habit : insomuch that a person born blind, and suddenly made to see, would at first be utterly unable to foretell how the objects of sight would affect the sense of touch, or indeed whether they were tangible or not ; and that until experience had repeatedly taught him, what events were concomitant with his sensations, he would be incapable of forming any notion of proximity or distance. These, and other interesting positions have since been experimentally verified ; more especially in the instance of the young man (couched at fourteen years of age, in 1720) whose case is recorded at the end of Cheselden's 'Anatomy,' which has since been quoted and copied by numerous writers on the science of the human mind.*

His 'Principles of Human Knowledge' appeared in the ensuing year. Addicted to the reading of romances, disgusted with the metaphysics then received in the University, and inquisitively attentive to the operations of the mind, which had been explored about that time by Malebranche and Locke, he derived probably from these sources his disbelief of the existence of matter.† In the introduction to this

* A vindication of the 'Theory of Vision' was published by Dr. Berkeley in 1733.

† When his 'Principles of Human Knowledge' were first

work, he objected to Locke's doctrine of Abstract Ideas. Locke had asserted, that 'the mind is

published, he sent copies of the work to Dr. Clarke and Mr. Whiston. What effect it produced upon the latter, the reader may possibly be entertained with learning from his own words: 'And perhaps it will not be here improper, by way of caution, to take notice of the pernicious consequence such metaphysical subtilties have sometimes had, even against common sense and common experience; as in the cases of those three famous men, Mons. Leibnitz, Mr. Locke, and Mr. Berkeley. [The first, in his pre-established Harmony: the second, in the dispute with Limborch about Human Liberty.]—And as to the third-named, Mr. Berkeley, he published, A. D. 1710, at Dublin this metaphysic notion, that "*matter was not a real thing; nay, that the common opinion of it's reality was groundless, if not ridiculous.*" He was pleased to send Dr. Clarke and myself, each of us, a book. After we had both perused it, I went to Dr. Clarke, and discoursed with him about it to this effect; that I, not being a metaphysician, was not able to answer Mr. Berkeley's subtile *premises*, though I did not at all believe his absurd *conclusion*. I therefore desired that he, who was deep in such subtilties, but did not appear to believe Mr. Berkeley's conclusions, would answer him: which task he declined. I speak not these things with intention to reproach either Mr. Locke, or Dean Berkeley. I own the latter's great abilities in other parts of learning; and to his noble design of settling a College in or near the West Indies, for the instruction of the natives in civil arts and in the principles of Christianity, I heartily wish all possible success. It is the pretended metaphysic science itself, derived from the sceptical disputes of the Greek philosophers, not those particular great men who have been unhappily imposed on by it, that I complain of. Accordingly, when the famous Milton had a mind to represent the vain reasonings of wicked spirits in Hades, he described it by their endless train of metaphysics, thus:

'Others apart sat on a hill retired, &c.'

Par. Lost, II. 557—561.

Many years afterward, at Mr. Addison's instance, there was a meeting of Drs. Clarke and Berkeley to discuss this speculative point; and great hopes were founded upon the conference.

capable of leaving out of the complex idea of an individual whatever constitutes it's peculiarity, and thus obtaining an abstract idea, wherein all the particulars of the same kind equally partake.' Berkeley affirmed, that 'we had no abstract ideas; but that, in cases where such ideas have been supposed to exist, the object of attention is some general proposition or truth, which being applicable to a great number of individuals may be used for their classification.'

In 1712, the principles inculcated in Mr. Locke's 'Two Treatises of Government' seem to have turned his attention to passive obedience; in support of which, he printed the substance of three Common-places, delivered by him that year in the college-chapel; a work, which had subsequently nearly done him some injury in his fortune. Lord Galway, to whom he had been recommended by their late Majesties for preferment in Ireland, having heard of those sermons, represented him as a Jacobite. His friend Mr. Molyneux, however, removed this impression by producing the work in question, and showing that it contained nothing but principles of loyalty to the existing establishment. This was the first introduction of Dr. Berkeley to the acquaintance of Queen Caroline.

In February 1713, he published in London a farther defence of his celebrated system of imma-

The parties, however, separated without being able to come to any agreement. Dr. B. declared himself 'not well satisfied with the conduct of his antagonist on the occasion, who though he could not answer, had not candor enough to own himself convinced.' But the complaints of disputants against each other, especially on subjects of this abstruse nature, should be heard with suspicion.

terialism,* in ‘Three Dialogues between Hylas and Philonöus.’ Acuteness of parts, and a beautiful imagination, were so conspicuous in his writings, that his reputation was now established; and his company was courted, even where his opinions did not find admission. Two gentlemen of opposite principles concurred in making him known to the learned and the great; Sir Richard Steele, and Dr. Swift. For the former he wrote several papers, in the *Guardian*,† and at his house became acquainted

* These works, according to Hume, “form the best lessons of scepticism, which are to be found either among the ancient or modern philosophers, Bayle not excepted.” Beattie, also, considers them as having a sceptical tendency. If Berkeley’s argument be conclusive, he adds, it ‘proves that to be false, which every man must necessarily believe, every moment of his life, to be true; and that to be true, which no man since the foundation of the world was ever capable of believing for a single moment.’ Berkeley’s doctrine attacks the most incontestable dictates of common sense, and pretends to demonstrate that the clearest principles of human conviction, and those which have determined the judgement of men in all ages (and by which the judgements of all reasonable men must be determined) are, certainly, fallacious. It ought to be remembered, that the author broached his opinions upon this abstruse subject, before he was twenty seven. They are explained, and confuted, at great length by Dr. Reid (*Intellect. Powers*, x. xi.)

† He had a guinea and a dinner with Steele, for every paper which he contributed. The Nos. claimed for him by his son and others, are 3, 27, 35, 39, 49, 55, 62, 69, 70, 77, 88, 88, 89, and 126; of most of which the principal design is, to explain and defend some branch of the evidences of Christianity against the ‘freethinkers’ of the age, as they were somewhat improperly called, or to elucidate its peculiar doctrines in a popular manner. The style is, therefore, plain and perspicuous, and the arguments such as are easily comprehended and remembered. In Nos. 35 and 39 a humorous turn is given to the subject of free-thinking by a very ingenious device. Of No. 3, however, the first publication opposed to Collins’ superficial and illiberal ‘Discourse,’ some have claimed the merit for Steele.

with Mr. Pope, with whom he continued to live in strict friendship during his life: and Swift, beside introducing him to Lord Berkeley of Stratton (to whom he dedicated his last-published ‘Dialogues between Hylas and Philonöus’) and other valuable characters, recommended him to the celebrated Earl of Peterborough, Ambassador to the King of Sicily and the other Italian States, as Chaplain and Secretary.

At Leghorn, his Lordship’s well-known activity induced him to leave Berkeley with the greater part of his retinue behind him for upward of three months, while he discharged the business of his embassy in Sicily. In this city a little incident befel the new Chaplain, with the relation of which he used sometimes to amuse his friends. Basil Kennett, Chaplain to the English factory at Leghorn, the only place in Italy where the English service was tolerated by the government,* had requested him to preach for him one Sunday. The day following, as Berkeley was sitting in his chamber, a procession of priests in surplices, attended by other formalities, entered the room, and without taking the least notice of the wondering inhabitant marched quite round it, muttering certain prayers. His fears immediately suggested to him, that this must be a visit from the Inquisition, who had heard of his having officiated before heretics without licence the day before: he was therefore delighted to learn that this was the season appointed by the Romish Calendar for so-

* This favour had recently been obtained from the Grand Duke, at the particular instance of Queen Anne.

lemnly blessing the houses of all good catholics from rats and other vermin!

In August 1714,* he returned to England with Lord Peterborough; and his hopes of preferment through this channel expiring with the fall of Queen Anne's ministry, he some time afterward embraced an advantageous offer made him by Dr. St. George Ashe, Bishop of Clogher, of accompanying his son in a tour through Europe.

At Paris, having now more leisure than when he first passed through that city, he paid his respects to his rival in metaphysical sagacity, the illustrious Malbranche. He found him in his cell, cooking in a small pipkin a medicine for an inflammation upon his lungs. The conversation naturally turned on Berkeley's system of immaterialism, of which the other had received some knowledge from a translation recently published. But the issue of their debate proved tragical to Malbranche. In the heat of disputation, with the natural impetuosity of a man of parts and a Frenchman, he raised his voice so high, that he brought on a violent increase of his disorder, which carried him off in a few days. †

In this second excursion, Mr. Berkeley employed upward of four years; and, beside all the places

* Toward the close of this year, Berkeley had a fever; in describing the event of which to his friend Swift, Dr. Arbuthnot could not forbear indulging a little pleasantry on his system. 'October 19, 1714.—Poor philosopher Berkeley has now *the idea of health*, which was very hard to produce in him; for he had *an idea* of a strange fever on him so strong, that it was very hard to destroy it by introducing a contrary one.'

† He died October 13, 1715.

usually visited by travellers in what is called the Grand Tour, explored some which are less frequented. In particular, he traversed Apulia (whence he addressed an accurate and entertaining account of the *tarantula* to Dr. Freind), Calabria, and the whole island of Sicily. This last country, indeed, engaged his attention so strongly, that he had industriously compiled very considerable materials for a Natural History of it: but unfortunately these, with a Journal of his transactions, were lost in the passage to Naples; nor could he be prevailed upon afterward to commit them a second time to paper. What an injury the literary world has sustained by this mischance, may in part be collected from the specimens still extant of his talent for lively description, in his letter to Mr. Pope concerning the island of Inarime,* dated Naples, October 22, 1717; and in another from the same city to Dr. Arbuthnot, giving an account of an eruption of Mount Vesuvius,†

* Now Ischia, in the Bay of Naples

† His theory on the cause of volcanic phenomena, as communicated in conversation to his friends, was the following: ‘All the remarkable volcanoes in the world,’ he observed, ‘were near the sea. It was his opinion, therefore, that a vacuum being made in the bowels of the earth by a vast body of inflammable matter taking fire, the water rushed in, and was converted into steam; a simple cause, indeed, but sufficient (in his apprehension) to produce all the effects he assigned to it, as appears from Savery’s fire-engine for raising water, and from the *Æolipile*. To subterraneous fires, also, he ascribed other great effects. These constantly burning, but altering their operation according to the various quantities or kinds of combustibile materials they happen to meet with, send up exhalations more or less of this or that species, which diversely fermenting in the atmosphere produce uncertain variable winds and tempests,” (Letter, dated Feb. 20, 1747). In another paper he quotes Count Tezzani of Catania, as

which he had the good fortune to have more than one opportunity of examining very minutely.

On his way homeward, he drew up at Lyons a curious tract *De Motu*, which he sent to the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris, the subject being proposed by that assembly; and committed it to the press, shortly after his arrival in London, in 1721. But from these abstruse speculations he was drawn away for a while by the humanity of his temper, and his concern for the public welfare, during the operation of the fatal South Sea Scheme in 1720. Upon this occasion, he employed his talents in writing ‘An Essay toward preventing the Ruin of Great Britain,’ which was printed at London in 1721.

Upon his return, Mr. Pope introduced him to Lord Burlington, who conceived a high esteem for him on account of his taste and skill in architecture; and recommended him to the Duke of Grafton, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. This Nobleman took him over to his native island as one of his Chaplains, in 1721, after he had been absent thence upward of six years. He had been elected a Senior Fellow of his College, in 1717; and he now took the accumulated degrees of B. D. and D. D.

having referred to this cause the memorable earthquake of 1692, which of the 25,000 inhabitants of that city swallowed up 18,000: *terra bollente di sotto in supra*, “a sort of subsultive motion ever accounted the most dangerous.” This paper he concludes with the following impressive paragraph: “Britain is an island—*maritima autem maximè quatuntur*, saith Pliny; and in this island are many mineral and sulphureous waters. I see nothing in the *natural* constitution of London, or the parts adjacent, that should render an earthquake impossible, or improbable. Whether there be any thing in the *moral* state thereof, that should exempt it from that fear, I leave others to judge.”

The year following, his fortune received a considerable increase from a very unexpected event. On his first visit to London, in 1713, Swift had introduced him to the family of Mrs. Esther Vanhomrigh (the celebrated 'Vanessa'), and frequently took him to dine at her house. Some years before her death, this lady had removed to Ireland, and fixed her residence at Celbridge, a pleasant village in the neighbourhood of Dublin; probably, with a view of frequently enjoying the company of Dr. Swift. But finding herself disappointed in this expectation, and discovering the Dean's connexion with Stella, she cancelled the will which she had made in his favour, and left the whole of her fortune, amounting to nearly 8000*l.* to be divided equally between her two executors, Mr. afterward Justice Marshal, and Dr. Berkeley. The Doctor received the news of this bequest from Mr. Marshal with great surprise; as he had never once seen the lady, who had honoured him with this proof of her esteem, from the time of his return to Ireland till her death.

In the discharge however of his trust as executor, he had an opportunity of showing that he by no means adopted the sentiments of his benefactress with regard to her original favourite. Several letters, which had passed between Cadenus * and Vanessa, falling into his hands, he immediately committed them to the flames: not, because there was any thing criminal in them, for he frequently assured Dr. Delany and others of the contrary; but he observed a warmth

* The anagram of Decanus, or Dean; as Vanessa alludes to Vanhomrigh.

in the lady's communications, which delicacy therefore, he thought, required him to suppress.*

In 1724, Dr. Berkeley resigned his fellowship; being promoted by his patron, the Duke of Grafton, to the deanery of Derry, worth 1,100*l.* *per ann.* In the interval between this removal and his return from abroad, his mind had been employed in conceiving a benevolent Scheme for converting the savage Americans to Christianity, by a College to be erected in the Summer Islands, otherwise called the Isles of Bermuda. He published a proposal † for this purpose

* See Delany's Observations on Orrery's Remarks. He was not apprised of a strong proof, which this exasperated female had herself recently given of the little regard she herself retained for this virtue. On her death-bed, she delivered to Mr. Marshal a copy, in her own hand-writing, of the entire correspondence between herself and the Dean; with a strict injunction to publish it immediately after her decease. What prevented the execution of this request, cannot now be affirmed with certainty. Possibly, the executor did not care to draw upon himself the lash of that pen, from which his friend Bettesworth had so severely smarted. Some years after the Dean's death, Mr. Marshal had serious thoughts of fulfilling her commands: but the affair was from various causes protracted, till his death finally put a stop to it. The letters, it is said, are still in being; and, whenever curiosity or avarice shall draw them into public light, they will not improbably be found as trifling and as innocent as those, which our author saw and suppressed. The whole executorship was for four years a source of considerable trouble to the Doctor, particularly as it occurred in the midst of his Bermuda project; and he most earnestly and repeatedly entreated his friend Mr. Prior to aid him in "disentangling those matters."

† 'A Proposal for converting the savage Americans.' With this proposal he carried a letter of recommendation from Dean Swift to Lord Carteret, Lieutenant of Ireland, which is here inserted, both because it contains a number of particulars of Dr.

at London, in 1725; and offered to resign his own opulent preferment, and to dedicate the remainder of

Berkeley's life, and is besides a proof, as well of the friendly temper of the writer, as of his politeness and address.

' September 3, 1724.—There is a gentleman of this kingdom just gone for England: it is Dr. George Berkeley, Dean of Derry, the best preferment among us, being worth about 1,100*l.* a year. He takes the Bath in his way to London, and will of course attend your Excellency, and be presented, I suppose, by his friend my Lord Burlington: and because I believe you will choose out some very idle minutes to read this letter, perhaps you may not be ill entertained with some account of the man and his errand. He was a Fellow in the University here; and, going to England very young, about thirteen years ago, he became the founder of a sect there called the 'Immaterialists,' by the force of a very curious book on that subject. Dr. Smalridge, and many other eminent persons, were his proselytes. I sent him Secretary and Chaplain to Sicily, with my Lord Peterborough; and, upon his Lordship's return, Dr. Berkeley spent above seven years in travelling over most parts of Europe, but chiefly through every corner of Italy, Sicily, and other islands. When he came back to England, he found so many friends, that he was effectually recommended to the Duke of Grafton, by whom he was lately made Dean of Derry. Your Excellency will be frighted when I tell you, all this is but an introduction; for I am now to mention his errand. He is an absolute philosopher, with regard to money, titles, and power; and, for three years past, hath been struck with a notion of founding an University at Bermuda, by a charter from the Crown. He hath seduced several of the hopefullest young clergymen and others here, many of them well provided for, and all of them in the fairest way of preferment: but in England his conquests are greater, and I doubt will spread very far this winter. He showed me a little tract, which he designs to publish; and there your Excellency will see his whole scheme of a life academico-philosophical (I shall make you remember, what you were) of a College founded for Indian scholars and missionaries, where he most exorbitantly proposeth a whole hundred pounds a year for himself, forty pounds for a Fellow, and ten for a Student. His heart will break, if his deanery be not taken from him, and left to your Excellency's disposal. I dis-

his life to the instructing of youth in America, on the moderate subsistence of 100*l.* *per ann.* Such was the force of this disinterested example, and of the eloquence of the enthusiast by whom it was displayed, that three Junior Fellows of Trinity College, Dublin, the Reverend William Thompson, Jonathan Rogers, and James King, Masters of Arts, consented to exchange for a settlement in the Atlantic Ocean, and ‘the passing wealth of forty pounds a year,’ all their prospects at home; at a time, too, when their fellowships might be supposed to have placed them in a very fair point of view for attracting the notice of their superiors, both in the Church and in the State.

Berkeley, however, was not so ill acquainted with the world, as to rest the success of his application to the ministry entirely on the hope, which his scheme afforded, of promoting national honour and the cause of Christianity: his arguments were drawn from the more alluring topic of present advantage to the government. Having, with much industry, acquired an accurate knowledge of the value of certain lands *

courage him by the coldness of courts and ministers, who will interpret all this as impossible, and a vision; but nothing will do. And therefore I do humbly entreat your Excellency, either to use such persuasions, as will keep one of the first men in this kingdom for learning and virtue quiet at home; or assist him by your credit to compass his romantic design, which however is very noble and generous, and directly proper for a great person of your excellent education to encourage.’

* ‘The Island of St. Christopher’s,’ says Anderson (‘History of Commerce,’ vol. II.) ‘having been settled on the very same day and year by both England and France, A.D. 1625, was divided equally between the two nations. The English were twice driven out thence by the French, and as often re-possessioned themselves of it. But at length, in the year 1702, General Codrington, Governor of the Leeward Islands, upon advice received that

in the island of St. Christopher's, which were then to be sold for the public use, he undertook to raise from them a much greater sum than was expected; and proposed, that a part of the purchase-money should be applied to the erecting of his college. By the assistance of a Venetian of distinction, the Abbé Gualteri (or Altieri) with whom he had formed an acquaintance in Italy, he found means to carry this proposal directly to George I.,* who laid his commands on Sir Robert Walpole, to carry it through the House of Commons. His Majesty was farther pleased to grant a charter for erecting a College, by the name of 'St. Paul's College,' in Bermuda, to consist of a President and nine Fellows, who were obliged to maintain and educate Indian scholars at the rate of 10*l.* *per ann.* The first President, Dr. George Berkeley, and first three Fellows named in the charter (being the gentlemen above-mentioned) were licensed

war was declared by England against France, attacked the French part of the island, and mastered it with very little trouble. Ever since which time, that fine island has been solely possessed by Great Britain, having been formally conceded to us by the treaty of Utrecht.² The lands therefore, which had belonged to the French planters, by this cession became the property of his Britannic Majesty. The first proposals for purchasing these lands were made to the Lords of Trade, in 1717 (See 'Journal of the British Commons'); after which the affair seems to have been forgotten, till it was mentioned by Berkeley to Sir Robert Walpole in 1726.

* It was the custom of this Prince to unbend his mind, in the evenings, by collecting together a company of philosophical foreigners, who discoursed in an easy and familiar manner with each other entirely unrestrained by the royal presence. One of this select party was Altieri, who had thus an opportunity of laying before his Majesty Dr. Berkeley's preposal.

to hold the preferments in these kingdoms, till the expiration of one year and a half after their arrival in Bermuda. The Commons, May 11, 1726, voted, "That an humble address be presented to his Majesty, that out of the lands in St. Christopher's, yielded by France to Great Britain by the treaty of Utrecht, his Majesty would be graciously pleased to make such grant for the use of the President and Fellows of the College of St. Paul, in Bermuda, as his Majesty shall think proper." The sum of 20,000*l.* was, accordingly, promised by the minister; and several private subscriptions were immediately raised for promoting "this pious undertaking." * Such a prospect of succeeding in the favourite object of his heart drew from Dr. Berkeley a copy of verses; † in which a

* So it is stiled, in the King's answer to the above Address See the Commons' Journal, May 16, 1726.

† *On the Prospect of planting Arts and Learning in America*

‘ The Muse, disgusted at an age and clime
Barren of every glorious theme,
In distant lands now waits a better time,
Producing subjects worthy fame :

In happy climes, where from the genial sun
And virgin earth such scenes ensue,
The force of art by nature seems outdone,
And fancied beauties by the true :

In happy climes the seat of innocence,
Where Nature guides and Virtue rules,
Where men shall not impose for truth and sense
The pedantry of courts and schools.

There shall be sung another golden age,
The rise of empire and of arts ;
The good and great inspiring epic rage,
The wisest heads and noblest hearts.

future age will, perhaps, acknowledge the old conjunction of the prophetic character with that of the poet to have again taken place.

In August 1728, the Dean married Anne, eldest daughter of the Right Hon. John Forster, Speaker of the Irish House of Commons. This engagement, however, was so far from being any obstruction to his grand undertaking, that he actually set sail in the execution of it on the sixth of the following month; * carrying with him his lady, a Miss Handcock, Mr. Smilert an ingenious painter, two gentlemen of fortune Messrs. James and Dalton, a large sum of money of his own property, and a collection of books for the use of his intended library. He directed his course to Rhode Island, which lay nearest to Bermuda, with a view of purchasing lands on the adjoining continent, as estates for the support of his College; and took up his residence at Newport, where his presence was a great relief to the resident clergyman, as he

Not such as Europe breeds in her decay:
Such as she bred when fresh and young,
When heavenly flame did animate her clay,
By future poets shall be sung.

Westward the course of empire takes its way:
The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day;
Time's noblest offspring is the last.*

* The very day before he sailed, in the midst of all his bustle, and with his whole soul on the stretch to attain what (after so many obstructions) seemed at last to be within his grasp, he could find leisure, as appeared from a letter of his to his friend Mr. Thomas Prior, to interest himself for a poor "cousin, Richard Berkeley, who was bred a public notary. I suppose he may by this time (he adds) be out of his apprenticeship:" and, then, desires his correspondent to give him "twenty moidores, toward helping him on his beginning the world."

preached every Sunday, and during the whole time of his stay there (a period of nearly two years) was indefatigable in pastoral labours.*

To this church, likewise, he gave an organ. When the season and his health permitted, he visited not only the skirts of the continent, but also some of its recesses. The same generous spirit of advancing the best interests of mankind, which had originally induced him to cross the Atlantic, uniformly actuated him whilst America was the scene of his ministry. The missionaries from the English society, who resided within about one hundred miles of Rhode Island, agreed among themselves to hold a sort of synod there at Dr. Berkeley's house, twice in a year, in order to enjoy the advantages of his advice and exhortations. Four of these meetings were, accordingly, held. One of the principal points, which the Doctor most pressed upon his fellow-labourers, was the absolute necessity of conciliating by all innocent means the affection of their hearers, and likewise of their dissenting neighbours. His own example indeed, uniformly kind, tender, and beneficent, eminently illustrated and enforced his precept. He seemed to have only one wish in his heart, that of diffusing happiness. Finding at length, that the fear of offending the English Dissenters, and of inclining the colonies to assert their independency, had determined the minister to divert into other channels the money promised to St. Paul's College, he took a reluctant leave of a country, where the name of Berke-

* This island he owns, in a letter to Mr. Prior, he should have preferred to Bermuda for his projected establishment: but he was deterred from making the proposal by his fear of exciting fresh difficulties, and eventually frustrating the whole design.

ley was long and justly held in the utmost reverence.

When the estates had been agreed for, it was fully expected that the public money would according to the grant, and to a positive promise on the part of the minister, be immediately paid. But Walpole had never heartily embraced the project; and parliamentary influence had now interposed, to divert the grant into another channel. The sale of the lands in St. Christopher's, it was found, would produce 90,000*l*. Of this sum, 80,000*l*. was destined to pay the marriage-portion of the Princess Royal, on her nuptials with the Prince of Orange: and the remainder, General Oglethorpe* had interest enough in parliament to obtain, for the purpose of carrying over and settling foreign and other Protestants in his new colony of Georgia in America.

After various excuses, Dr. Gibson, at that time Bishop of London (in whose diocese all the West Indies are included) received at length, from the Premier, the following honest answer: "If you put this question to me," said Sir Robert, "as a minister, I must and can assure you, that the money shall most undoubtedly be paid, as soon as suits with public convenience: but if you ask me as a friend, whether Dean Berkeley should continue in America expecting the payment of 20,000*l*., I advise him by all means to return home to Europe, and to give up his present expectations." Convinced, by the result of this conference, that the bad policy of one great man had frustrated a scheme, upon which he had expended a

* The General, indeed, paid Dr. Berkeley the compliment of asking his consent, to this application of the money, before he moved for it in parliament!

considerable part of his private fortune and more than seven years of the prime of his life, he returned to Europe. Before he left Rhode Island, he distributed what books he had brought with him, chiefly among the clergy of that province;* and, immediately after his arrival in London, he returned all the private subscriptions, which had been advanced for the support of his undertaking.

In February 1732, he preached, before the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, a sermon, subsequently printed at their desire; in which, from his own knowledge of the state of religion in America, he offered many useful hints toward promoting the noble purposes of that very respectable institution.

The same year furnished a more conspicuous proof, that he had not mis-spent his time on the other side of the Atlantic, in ‘The Minute Philosopher;’ a masterly performance, in which he pursues the free-thinker through the various characters of atheist.

* In 1764 the patriotic Mr. Hollis, who employed considerable portions of his ample fortune in the diffusion of knowledge by republications of the Tracts of Sidney, Locke, &c. and by presents of books to public bodies, consigned a donation of this description to the public library, “if any,” at Bermuda. On Dr. Mayhew’s replying, that ‘he believed there was none,’ the biographer of Hollis adds, “one would think Bishop Berkeley did not bring back the collection of books intended for that foundation.”

The text justifies the conjecture. Their value was not less than 500*l*. He gave also, at his departure, a farm of a hundred acres which lay round his house, and his house itself, as a benefaction to Yale and Harvard Colleges; and the value of that land (then not insignificant, because cultivated) became afterward very considerable. These two seminaries shared, likewise, in his generous distribution of books.

libertine, enthusiast, scorner, critic, metaphysician, fatalist, and sceptic; and happily employs against him several new weapons, drawn from the storehouse of his own ingenious system of philosophy. It is written in a series of dialogues, on the model of Plato; a philosopher, whom he had particularly studied, and whose manner he is thought to have copied with singular success.

It has been already stated by what means, and upon what occasion, Dr. Berkeley had first the honour of being made known to Queen Caroline. This Princess, both before and after her ascending the throne, delighted much in attending to philosophical conversations between learned and ingenious men. Among others, invited to attend her on a particular evening each week, were Drs. Clarke, Berkeley, Hoadly, and Sherlock. In the debates, that arose upon those occasions, Clarke and Berkeley were generally considered as principals; and Hoadly adhered to the former, as Sherlock did to the latter. Hoadly was no friend, indeed, to the Dean; affecting to consider his philosophy, and his Bermuda project, as the reveries of a visionary. Sherlock, on the other hand, warmly espoused his cause; and particularly, when the ‘Minute Philosopher’ made it’s appearance, he carried a copy of it to the Queen, leaving it to her Majesty to determine, whether such a work could be the production of a disordered understanding.

After his return from Rhode Island, her Majesty often commanded his attendance, to discourse with him upon what he had observed worthy of notice in America; and by his agreeable and instructive conversation she became so much interested in his favour, that the deanery of Down falling vacant, he was at

her desire named to it, and the King's letter was actually transmitted to Ireland for his appointment. But Lord Burlington having neglected to notify the royal intention in proper time to the Duke of Dorset (then Lord Lieutenant), his Excellency was so highly offended at the disposal of the richest deanery in Ireland without his concurrence, that it was not thought proper to press the matter any farther. Her Majesty upon this declared, that 'since they would not suffer Dr. Berkeley to be a Dean in Ireland, he should be a Bishop:' and accordingly, in 1734, he was promoted to the see of Cloyne.

His Lordship repaired immediately to his palace, where he constantly resided (with the exception of one winter's attendance on parliament in Dublin) and vigorously applied himself to the faithful discharge of all episcopal duties, reviving in his diocese the useful office of rural dean; visiting often parochially, and confirming occasionally in the several parts of his see.*

He continued his studies, however, with unabated attention; and about this time engaged in a controversy with the mathematicians of Great Britain and Ireland, which made a considerable noise in the literary world. Dr. Halley, it appears, had asserted, that 'the doctrines of Christianity were incomprehensible,

* In a letter dated March 20, 1734, he inquires after the character of a clergyman of the name of Cox; "whether he be a good man, one of parts and learning, and how he is provided for."—"No one (he adds) has recommended him to me. but his father was an ingenious man; and I saw two sensible women, his sisters, at Rhode Island, which inclines me to think him a man of merit, and such only I would prefer. I have had certain persons recommended to me; but I shall consider their merits preferable to all recommendation."

and the religion itself an imposture.' The Bishop, therefore, took arms against this redoubtable dealer in demonstration; and addressed 'The Analyst' to him, with a view of showing, that 'mysteries in faith were unjustly objected to by mathematicians, who admitted much greater mysteries, and even falsehoods, in science;' of which he endeavoured to prove, that the doctrine of Fluxions furnished an eminent example. Such an attack upon what had hitherto been deemed impregnable, produced a number of warm answers, to which the Bishop in one or two instances replied.*

From this controversy he turned his thoughts to subjects of more apparent utility; and his 'Queries' proposed for the good of Ireland (first printed in 1735), his 'Discourse addressed to Magistrates,'† which came

* Beside Colson, in his Commentary upon Newton's Fluxions, a direct answer was given to this Tract by Philalethes Cantabrigiensis (supposed to be Dr. Jurin), and by Robins in his 'Discourse concerning the Nature and Certainty of Sir Isaac Newton's Method of Fluxions, and of Prime and Ultimate Ratios;' in which, without expressly noticing the 'Analyst,' he vindicates the principles objected to. To the letter of Philalethes, entitled 'Geometry no friend to Infidelity,' the Bishop replied in his 'Defence of Free-thinking in Mathematics;' and his opponent by a rejoinder in 1735, under the title of 'The Minute Mathematician, or the Free-thinker no just Thinker,' closed the controversy. Whatever might be the mistake of Berkeley in his view of the grounds of the subject in dispute, the scientific world was not a little obliged to him for the debate itself; as having not only produced the works abovementioned, with Maclaurin's masterly treatise of Fluxions, but also occasioned the introduction of a strict logical process in the superior departments of Mathematics.

† Occasioned by an impious society called 'Blasters,' which this pamphlet put down. He expressed his sentiments, upon the same occasion, in the House of Lords (the only time he ever spoke there) in a speech received with great applause.

out the year following, and his ‘Maxims concerning Patriotism,’ published in 1750, are equally monuments of his knowledge of mankind and of his zeal for the service of true religion and his country.

In 1745, during the Scottish rebellion, his Lordship addressed ‘A Letter to the Roman Catholics’ of his diocese; and in 1749, another to the Clergy of that persuasion in Ireland, under the title of ‘A Word to the Wise,’ written with so much candor and moderation, that those gentlemen highly to their honour returned “their sincere and hearty thanks to the worthy author; assuring him, that they are determined to comply with every particular recommended in his Address to the utmost of their power.” They add, that “in every page it contains a proof of the Author’s extensive charity: his views are only toward the public good: the means he prescribeth are easily complied with; and his manner of treating persons in their circumstances so very singular, that they plainly show the good man, the polite gentleman, and the true patriot.” This character was, indeed, so entirely his Lordship’s due, that in 1745 that strenuous friend of Ireland, Lord Chesterfield, as soon as he was advanced to the government, of his own motion wrote to inform him; that ‘the see of Clogher, in value double of that which he then possessed, was at his service.’ This offer however, with many expressions of thankfulness, he declined.* He had enough, al-

* This verified what he had said in a letter dated March 2, 1734, upon being told of the probability of a vacancy at Derry. “To be so very hasty for a removal, even before I had seen Cloyne, would argue a greater greediness for lucre, than I hope I shall ever have; not but that, all things considered, I have a fair demand upon the government for expense of time, and pains,

ready, to satisfy all his wishes; and, agreeably to the natural warmth of his temper, he had conceived so high an idea of the beauties of Cloyne, that Mr. Pope had once almost determined to make a visit to Ireland for the express purpose of seeing a place, which his friend had portrayed to him with all the brilliancy of colouring; and which yet, to common eyes, presents nothing eminently worthy of attention.

and money on the faith of public charters.” Again, in 1747, he writes, on the subject of the Irish primacy, at that time vacant; “I am no man’s rival or competitor in this matter. I am not in love with feasts, and crowds, and visits, and late hours, and strange faces, and a hurry of affairs often insignificant. For my own private satisfaction, I had rather be master of my time than wear a diadem. I repeat these things to you, that I may not seem to have declined all steps to the primacy out of singularity, or pride, or stupidity; but from solid motives. As for the argument upon the opportunity of doing good, I observe—that duty obliges men in high stations not to decline occasions of doing good; but duty doth not oblige men to solicit such high stations.” He had declared, indeed, to Mrs. Berkeley, soon after he was advanced to the prelacy, his resolution ‘never to change his see;’ because (as he subsequently confessed to his two zealous friends, the Archbishop of Tuam and the Earl of Shannon, on their pressing him to think of a translation) ‘he had very early in life got the world under his feet, and he hoped to trample on it to his latest moment.’ He thought that episcopal translations, in fact, were sometimes hurtful to individuals: and that they often gave, though unjustly, a handle to suspect of mean views an order, to which that holy and humble man was himself an honour, and to which (it may be said without adulation) that he would have been an honour in any age of the Church. He was solicitous to add one more to the list of churchmen, evidently dead to ambition and avarice.

Just before his embarkation for America, it is said, Queen Caroline endeavoured to stagger his resolution by the offer of an English mitre; but, in reply, he assured her Majesty, that ‘he chose rather to be President of St. Paul’s College, than Primate of all England.’

The close of a life, thus devoted to the good of mankind, was answerable to its beginning; his last years being employed in scrutinising the virtues of a medicine, of which he had himself experienced the good effects in the relief of a nervous cholic, brought on by his sedentary course of living, and at last (to use his own words) “rendering life a burthen to him; the more so, as his pains were exasperated by exercise.” This medicine was the celebrated Tar-water; his thoughts upon which subject he first communicated to the world in 1744, in a treatise entitled ‘Siris, a Chain of Philosophical Reflexions and Inquiries concerning the Virtues of Tar-water,’* a

* The subjoined Ode, ‘To the Author of Siris,’ by Bishop Hayter, may be new to many readers :

*O ! qui caducæ sollicitus times
Vitæ, benignis usque laboribus
Fugare præsens imminentes
Corporibusque animisque pestes ;*

*Musis amicus lenitèr audias
Vocem Camænæ, quæ sibi reddita
Jam ludit exultim, lyramque
Suscitat impatiens quietis.*

*Non fabulosis prosilius jugis,
Et docta labi murmure garrulo,
Nunc unda me multùm loquaces
Provocat ad numeros volentem.*

*Sed lymphæta morbos eluere efficax ;
Sed parva dulcis, te medico, salus ;
Sed muneris solantis ægram
Conscia mens modulatur ultrò*

*Carmen. Væternum triste fugit retrò,
Fervet renati spiritus ingenî,
Et sol inassuetùm renidens
Luce diem meliore vestit. **

work, which he declared cost him more time and pains than any of his former ones. It is, indeed, a

*Sed unde fulget largior ætheris
Prospectus? Ut vidisse juvat sacras
Sedes piorum, quot repertis
Artibus excoluere vitam!*

*Newtonus illic plurima cogitans
Vixitque charus Boyleus il comes,
Et Sydenhamo juncta magni
Hippocratis spatiatum umbra.*

*Hec Tu sequutus sorte pari doces,
Que flamma magno corpore misceat
Se rerum, et illabens per artus
Totam agitet foveatque molem.*

*Hinc suavis halat gratia floribus,
Plantasque radix prodiga parturit,
Ususque in humanos per omnem
Nata erit medicina campum.*

*Sed quanto constat laus, Abies, tibi,
Ligno salubri! Te positum dic
Natura fausto destinavit
Stare decus Burculis orae.*

*Dilecta sylvæ filia, turgidis
Sic lacta velis, montis et ardui
Rivale contemnens cacumen
Fluctibus imperiosa surgis;*

*Truncus cadenti seu pretium arrogas,
Et præparato membra dari rogo
Urenda nil mæres, ab ipsis
Ducis opes medicata flammis.*

*Liquente torrens en! pice turbidus
Irumpit; undam rixus agit niger,
Secumque cursu concitato
Fert gravidas oleo favillas.*

*Mox arboris tu proditor intima,
Atte operatâ rivo sagax aqua,
Ostendis interpres, liquorum
Quid valeat sociatus annis;*

chain, which like that of the poet reaches from earth to heaven; conducting the reader by an almost imperceptible gradation from the phenomena of tar-water, through the depths of the ancient philosophy, to the sublimest mystery of Christianity. It underwent a second impression in 1747, and was followed by 'Farther Thoughts on Tar-water' published in 1752. This was his last performance for the press; and he survived it but a short time.

*Quæis lymphæ prægnans particulis micet.
Quæ cærule vis insita poculo,
Imbuta fumis, sedet ignes
Ignea prætereunte succo.*

*Notam medelam da, puer, ocliùs;
Hoc fonte manans certa fluit salus:
Beatus hinc, uvas nîlentes,
Gelle, tibi minùs inuidebo.*

*Jam, jam æstuantès frigus amabile
Venas pererrat, flammaque mox calet
Mollis vicissim, spirituque
Æthereo recreat medullas.*

*Formas medendi, mille vâser modis,
Tentet latentes Chemicus artifex:
Sine arte Naturæ, tuâque
Porrigitur medicina simplex;*

*Cohors recedit torrida febrium,
Recline sensim se caput erigit
Languore pulso, defluitque
Articulis inimicus humor.*

*Durare nimbos sic ratis impotens
Quassata vento, et saucia vermibus,
Secura si portu occupato
Induerit piccos amictus;*

*Relapsa in æquor, fert latus arduum.
Fiditque costis nauta tenacibus
Impunè, nec circum furentes
Uncta ratis metuit procellas.*

In July 1752, he removed, though in a bad state of health,* with his lady and family to Oxford; in order to superintend the education of his second son George,† then newly admitted a student at Christ Church. The remainder of his days he was anxious to spend in that city, with a view of indulging the passion for a learned retirement, which had ever strongly possessed his mind. But, as no one could be more sensible of the impropriety of a Bishop's non-residence, he previously endeavoured to exchange his high preferment for some canonry or headship in the University. Failing however of success in this project, he actually wrote to the Secretary of State, to solicit that he might have permission to resign his bishopric, which was at that time worth at least 1,400*l. per ann.*‡ So

* He was carried, from his landing on the English shore, in a horse-litter to Oxford.

† This gentleman afterward took holy orders, and in August 1759, was presented to the vicarage of Bray in Berkshire. The late Archbishop Secker, who had a high respect for the father's character, honoured the son with his patronage and friendship, both at the University and afterward. By his favour he subsequently obtained a canonry of Canterbury, the chancellorship of the collegiate church of Brecknock, and in exchange for his vicarage of Bray the vicarage of Cookham, Berks: to which was afterward added, by the Dean and Chapter of Canterbury, that of East Peckham, Kent. In 1758, he took the degree of LL.D. In 1760, he married the daughter of the Reverend Mr. Vinsham, rector of White Waltham, Berks; and by this lady left issue two sons. The Bishop had in all three sons, and one daughter.

‡ The difficulty, it is believed, was how to dispose of his right of acting as a Lord of Parliament. Among the Papists, whose Bishops are not Lords of Parliament, this difficulty does not occur: when they wish to resign, the Pope translates them to a see in *partibus infidelium*, which preserves their title and

uncommon a request excited his Majesty's curiosity to inquire, 'Who was the extraordinary petitioner?' Being told, that it was his old acquaintance Dr. Berkeley, he declared that 'he should die a Bishop, in spite of himself;' giving him, at the same time, full liberty to reside where he pleased.

His last act, before he left Cloyne, was to sign a lease of the demesne-lands in that neighbourhood, to be renewed yearly, at the rent of 200*l*. This sum he directed to be distributed annually, until his return, among the poor housekeepers of Cloyne, Youghal, and Aghadda.

At Oxford he lived highly respected by the members of that University, till the hand of Providence unexpectedly deprived them of the pleasure and advantage derived from his society. On Sunday evening, January 14, 1753, as he was sitting in the midst of his family, listening to the lesson in the Burial-Service (1 Cor. xv.) which his lady was reading, and on which he was commenting, he was seized with what the physicians termed 'a palsy in the heart,' and instantly expired. The accident was so sudden, that his body was quite cold and his joints stiff before it was discovered, as he lay on a couch.

dignity. In 1763, Dr. Pearce Bishop of Rochester and Dean of Westminster, being then seventy-three, wishing to interpose "some interval between the fatigues of business and eternity," desired leave of his Majesty to resign both. After the lapse of two months, the King informed him, that 'Lord Mansfield saw no objection, and that Lord Northington's doubts upon the subject were removed.' The Bench however disliking, and the Ministry from some political motive opposing the resignation, his Majesty resumed the permission which he had granted. Five years afterward, he was allowed to relinquish the deanery. (*Nichols' Anecdotes.*)

and seemed to be asleep; till his daughter, on presenting him with a dish of tea, first perceived his insensibility. His remains were interred at Christ Church, Oxford, where an elegant marble monument* was erected to his memory by his widow.

In person, he was a handsome man, with a countenance full of meaning and benignity, remarkable for great strength of limbs, and till his sedentary life impaired it, of a very robust constitution. He was, however, frequently troubled with the hypochondria; and in his later years, as abovementioned, with a distressing nervous cholic.

The all but enthusiastic energy of his character, which is displayed in his public works, was also apparent in his private life and conversation. But notwithstanding this animation and spirit, his manner was invariably mild, unaffected, and engaging. The opinion of the world with regard to the acute-

* The inscription on his monument was drawn up by Dr. Markham, the late Archbishop of York, then head-master of Westminster School:

*Gravissimo præsuli,
Georgio, Episcopo Clonensi :
Viro,
Seu ingenii et eruditionis laudem,
Seu probitatis et beneficentiae spectemus,
Inter primos omnium citatum numerando.
Si Christianus fueris,
Si amans patriæ,
Utroque nomine gloriari potes
BREVITERM vixisse.
Obiit annum agetis septuagesimum tertium.
Natus Anno Christi M DC LXX IV.
Anna Conjux
L. M. P.*

* By mistake for *sextagesimum nonum*.

ness of his intellect, the fire of his imagination, and the value of his doctrines, has been long settled. It is affirmed, that in the latter part of his life he began to doubt the solidity of metaphysical speculations; and had for that reason turned his thoughts to politics and medicine, as studies of more apparent and immediate utility. The activity, indeed, of his disposition was such, that he not only dealt in the general positions of science, but was also intimately acquainted with the arts and businesses of common life. Mechanic operations, and the processes by which crude materials are ameliorated and manufactured, the maxims of trade, and it's connexion with agriculture were all familiar to him. That his genius was capable of embracing those scenes and emotions, of which the lively conception forms poetical ability, is evident from his animated Letters preserved in the Collection of Pope's Works, as well as from his various compositions in verse. The Utopian romance however, entitled 'The Adventures of Signor Gaudenzio di Lucca,' which is generally attributed to him, was certainly not the production of his pen.

At Cloyne, he constantly rose between three and four o'clock in the morning,* and summoned his family to a lesson on the base-viol by an Italian master, whom he kept in the house for the instruction

* "As to myself, by regular living and rising very early, which I find the best thing in the world, I am very much vinded: insomuch that, though I cannot read, yet my thoughts seem as distinct as ever. I do therefore, for amusement, pass my early hours in thinking of certain mathematical matters, which may possibly produce something." (*Letter to Mr. Prior, dated Jan. 7, 1734.*)

of his children, though he had himself no ear for music. The rest of the morning, and often a great part of the day, he spent in study: his favourite author, from whom many of his notions were borrowed, was Plato. He left behind him a large, and valuable, collection of books and pictures.

The excellence of his moral character, even if it were less conspicuous in his writings, might be inferred from the blessings with which his memory was followed by the numerous poor* of his neighbourhood,

* One instance of his attention to his poor neighbours may deserve relating. Cloyne, though it gives name to the see, is in fact little better than a village: it is not reasonable, therefore, to expect much ingenuity in it's inhabitants. Yet, whatever article of clothing they could possibly manufacture, the Bishop invariably purchased for his own use; choosing to wear bad clothes, and worse wigs, rather than suffer the poor of the town to remain unemployed.

Thomas Prior, Esq. of that deanery (who followed a similar plan, by publicly recommending the use of *linen* scarfs at funerals, and whose memorial in his own parish-church is recorded on a slab of Kilkenny marble) having been frequently referred to as his valued correspondent, the following inscription on a cenotaph erected by his friends to his memory in the nave of Christ Church, Dublin, is here inserted. It is from the pen of Dr. Berkeley:

Memoriæ sacrum
THOMÆ PRIOR,
Viri, si quis unquam alius, de patriâ
Optimè meriti:
Qui, cùm prodesse mallet quàm conspici,
Nec in senatum coöptatus,
Nec consiliorum aulae particeps,
Nec ullo publico munere insignitus,
Rem tamen publicam
Mirificè auxit et ornavit
Auspiciis, consiliis, labore indefesso.

as well as from the testimony of his yet-surviving acquaintance, who cannot even to this day speak of him without a degree of enthusiasm abundantly justifying the well-known line of Pope :

“ To Berkeley every virtue under heaven.”*

In 1784, a new edition of his entire works was

*Vir innocuus, probus, pius ;
Partium studiis minimè addictus,
De re familiari parùm sollicitus,
Cum civium commoda univè spectaret :
Quicquid vel ad inopiæ levamen,
Vel ad vite elegantiam, fuit ;
Quicquid ad desidiam populi vincendam,
Aut ad bonas artes excitandas pertinet,
Id omne pro virili excoluit ;
Societatis Dubliniensis
Auctor, institutor, curator.
Quæ fecerit,
Pluribus dicere haud refert :
Quorsùm narraret marmor
Illa, quæ omnes norunt ;
Illa quæ, civium animis insculpta,
Nulla dies delebit ?*

This monument was erected to Thomas Prior, Esquire, at the charge of several persons, who contributed to honour the memory of that worthy patriot, to whom his own actions and unwearied endeavours in the service of his country have raised a monument more lasting than marble.

* Atterbury once declared, that ‘he did not think so much understanding, so much knowledge, so much innocence, and so much humility had been the portion of any but angels—until he saw Mr. Berkeley.’

His plan for ‘ Saving Lives at dangerous Fires,’ may be usefully here inserted:

“ Into the upper part of a window-frame drive a staple, or screw, in an iron bolt with an eye. Provide two blocks with two or three pulleys in each (which may be had cheap, at any

published at Dublin and in London, in two volumes, 4to.

ship block-maker's). Pass a rope through each pulley, of a length sufficient to reach the ground from the top of the window. Provide also a strong bag or sack, of about four feet deep and eighteen inches wide, with a wooden bottom and a few hoops to keep the sack open, as in a hoop-petticoat. When an unhappy occasion requires the use of these, let the hook of the upper block be hung in the staple: then the party must stand on the wooden bottom, and draw the sack up about them, and hang the string of the sack on the hook of the under block, when any one person may, with the greatest ease and safety, let them down to the street; and drawing up the sack again may, in like manner, let down a whole family, women, children, sick, old, and infirm; and at last lower himself down, by only holding the same rope in his own hand.

“The most tender and timorous must be convinced of the ease and safety of this operation, by recollecting that it is the very same with that, by which the most delicate ladies when they make a visit on board large ships, without any danger are hoisted up in a chair from their boat, and replaced there again.”

MAJOR-GENERAL
JAMES WOLFE.

[1726—1759.]



JAMES WOLFE, the son of Lieutenant General Edward Wolfe (an officer of great merit, who had served under the Duke of Marlborough, and was extremely active in suppressing the Scottish rebellion of 1715) was born at Westerham, in Kent, January 11, 1726. It is to be lamented, that we have no memoirs of his juvenile years; for, in the first dawns of reason, men of genius often discover indications of their future eminence.

He must have been educated for the army almost from his infancy, as mention is made of his personal bravery at the battle of Lafeldt, in Austrian Flanders, fought in 1747, when he was only in the twenty first year of his age. We are not told, what rank he held at that time; but by the Duke of Cumberland, the Commander in Chief, his behaviour was highly extolled. Of the gradations of his rise there exists no accurate information; it is only recorded, that, during the whole war, he was present at every engagement, and never passed undistinguished. His promotion, however, must have been deservedly rapid; as he became Lieutenant Colonel of Kingsley's regi-

ment soon after the treaty of Aix la Chapelle in 1748. In this station, during the peace, he continually cultivated the art of war, and introduced into his corps the most exact discipline and regularity.

In 1754, a fresh rupture with France seemed inevitable. In addition to the evasive answers given by that Court upon the subject of encroachments made on the banks of the Ohio, they had even erected forts within two hundred and twenty five miles of Philadelphia. War, however, was not formally declared till 1756; and, for a short time, disappointment and disaster attended the British arms, till Mr. Pitt (afterward Earl of Chatham) evinced his superior abilities by employing in the land and sea-service, without any reference to parliamentary interest, men known only to their country by their exertions. Of this number was Colonel Wolfe who was sent out with the rank of Brigadier General, under Amherst, upon the grand expedition against Louisbourg.* This siege contributed eminently to raise his military reputation. He landed his division amidst the continued fire of the enemy's batteries; and notwithstanding a surf, which overset several of the boats, calmly gave orders to be rowed ashore, in order to cover the debarkation of the remaining divisions. He then with a strong detachment took possession of the Lighthouse Point, where he erected several batteries against the ships and the island-fortification; by which the success of the enterprise was, in a great measure, secured. The regular approaches to the town were conducted by the engineers, under the inspection of General Amherst; but still the in-

* The capital of the island of Cape Breton.

defatigable Wolfe with his detached party raised several batteries, which did considerable execution upon the enemy. On the twenty seventh day of July, 1758, Louisbourg surrendered.

From the share, which Wolfe was known to have had in this important conquest, he was appointed by Mr. Pitt to command a still greater expedition the ensuing campaign; and, with this view, received the rank of Major General.

The cabinet had resolved that, as soon as the season of the year would admit, he should sail up the St. Lawrence with 8,000 men, aided by a strong squadron of ships from England, to undertake the siege of Quebec; while General Amherst with another army of 12,000 should reduce Ticonderoga and Crown Point, cross Lake Champlain, proceed along the Richlieu to the banks of the St. Lawrence, and join him in his arduous enterprise. The time, however, necessarily employed in these previous operations rendered it impossible for the Commander in Chief to comply with the latter part of his instructions.

Wolfe had under him, upon this occasion, Brigadiers Monckton, Townshend, and Murray, officers in the flower of their age. It was, indeed, a singular instance of confidence in youthful valour, that not a single veteran had any principal command in the undertaking. The armament ascended the St. Lawrence without interruption, and about the latter end of June 1759, the troops were disembarked in two divisions upon the isle of Orleans, a little below Quebec.

The General, upon landing, published a manifesto, offering 'protection and indulgence to the inhabitants, if they would remain neuter:' represent-

ing to them in the strongest terms ‘the folly of resistance, as the English fleet by their command of the river would intercept all succours from Europe;’ and adding, that ‘though the cruelties exercised by the French might justify the most severe reprisals, Britons had too much generosity to follow such examples.’

This humane declaration, however, penned in the most persuasive stile, produced no immediate effect. It was not long before the Canadians, stimulated by their priests, joined the scalping parties of the Indians, and slaughtered some stragglers of the British army with the most horrid barbarity. Wolfe now addressed a polite remonstrance to the Marquis de Montcalm, the French general, desiring him to prevent the recurrence of such enormities, as contrary to the rules of war; and stating that, otherwise, ‘he must retaliate by burning their villages and laying waste their plantations.’ This threat he unfortunately found necessary, in order to put a stop to their outrages, to enforce; and it speedily produced the desired effect.

Montcalm, though superior in numbers to the English, chose rather to depend upon the natural strength of the country, than to risk a general engagement in the field. The city of Quebec was skillfully fortified, defended by a numerous garrison, and plentifully supplied with provisions and ammunition. He had reinforced the troops of the colony with five regular battalions formed of select citizens, and had disciplined all the Canadians of the neighbourhood and several tribes of savages. With this army he took post in an advantageous situation along the shore, every accessible part of his camp being guarded by

deep entrenchments. To commence the siege against such advantages, was a measure of extreme danger; but no prospect of danger could restrain the ardor of the hero appointed to conduct it.

The necessary works for the security of the hospital and of the stores on the island of Orleans being completed, the British forces crossed the north channel and encamped on the banks of the Montmorenci, which separated them from the left division of the enemy's camp. The General now wrote to Mr. Pitt, describing his situation, and assigning as a principal reason for his choice of it, that there was a ford below the falls of that river passable for some hours at the ebb of the tide; by means of which, he hoped to find an opportunity of engaging Montcalm upon advantageous terms.

Here however, disappointed of success in one of his preliminary movements, and deprived of all hopes of reinforcement from General Amherst, Wolfe was thrown into a fever and flux, which reduced him extremely low. In this unhappy state he despatched an express to England, drawn up in the stile of a desponding man, to which perhaps the advantages gained by the Generals in other parts of America not a little contributed: as he might naturally conclude, that the same good news would be expected from himself by a public, who had been accustomed to hear of nothing but his conquests. Yet such was the perspicuity and accuracy of his statement, that it was received with applause, though the measure which it recorded had failed.

As soon as he recovered a little strength, he went on board the Admiral; and these two commanders, reconnoitring the town, concurred in opinion with the

chief engineer, that an attack could not be hazarded with any prospect of success. It was resolved, therefore, to change the plan of operations; and to land the troops by night within a league of Cape Diamond below the town, with the hope of ascending the Heights of Abraham, which rise abruptly from the banks of the river, and thus gaining possession of the plain at the back of the city.

The difficulties attending the execution of this design were so obvious, that none but a General well assured of the affections of his troops would have ventured to propose it. The veterans of ancient Rome had often mutinied upon less hazardous undertakings: Wolfe, however, readily acceded to the project, and enfeebled as he was by distemper, led his troops on in person. The Admiral, for the purpose of deceiving the enemy, moved his squadron higher up the river; but in the night, pursuant to his instructions, fell down again to cover the landing of the troops. About one in the morning of the twelfth of September the first embarkation, consisting of four complete regiments, the light infantry commanded by Colonel Howe, a detachment of Highlanders, and the American grenadiers, gently moved downward in flat-bottomed boats under the conduct of Brigadiers Monckton and Murray. Wolfe himself accompanied them, and was among the first who landed.

Upon their disembarkation, the boats were sent back for the second division, under the superintendence of Brigadier Townshend. In the mean time Colonel Howe, with the light infantry and the Highlanders, clambered up the woody precipices, and dislodged a small party appointed to the defence of a narrow entrenched path, by which alone the other

forces could reach the summit. They, then, mounted without molestation; and Wolfe drew them up in order of battle as they arrived.

Montcalm was thunderstruck at the intelligence, that the enemy had gained the Heights of Abraham; and, knowing the weakness of the city on that side, was at no loss to determine that a general engagement was unavoidable. He advanced, therefore, with the obvious design of flanking the English forces on the left: to prevent this, Brigadier Townshend was directed to form his corps *en potence*, and thus present a double front to the foe. The French were most advantageously posted, having lined the bushes and corn-fields in their front with fifteen hundred of their best marksmen, who destroyed many of the British officers.

At nine in the morning, the enemy advanced to the charge; but their fire was irregular and ineffectual. The British on the contrary, reserving their shot until the French had approached within forty yards of their line, poured in a terrible discharge. Wolfe was stationed on the right, at the post of honour, for there the attack was the hottest. Conspicuous in the front of the line, he had already received a shot in the wrist; but neither pain, nor danger, could force him from his station. Wrapping a handkerchief round his wound, he issued his orders without emotion, and advanced at the head of the grenadiers with their bayonets fixed. At this moment, another ball pierced his breast, and he fell in the arms of victory. He was carried off to a small distance in the rear, where, roused from his fainting fits by the loud cry of "They run! they run!" he eagerly inquired, "Who run?" and being answered, "The French;" he added, in a faltering voice, "Then, I

thank God, I die contented!" and almost instantly expired.

At nearly the same instant, Monckton received a dangerous wound; in consequence of which, it devolved upon Brigadier Townshend to complete the victory.

Never was a battle fought, which did more honour to both the parties engaged. The highest encomiums were bestowed upon the Marquis de Montcalm, himself mortally wounded, who distinguished himself in his last moments by addressing a letter to General Townshend, to recommend the French prisoners "to that generous humanity, by which the British nation had been always distinguished." He died in Quebec, a few days after the action. His second in command, left wounded on the field, was conveyed on board an English ship, where he expired the next day.

The death of Montcalm threw the Canadians into the utmost consternation: confusion prevailed in their councils; and seeing themselves invested by the British fleet, they sent out a flag of truce with proposals of capitulation. These were judiciously accepted, and signed early the next morning, with a promptitude which did the greatest honour to the judgement of the British commanders; as the place was still imperfectly invested, the enemy were on the point of receiving a powerful supply of troops from Montreal, and M. de Bougainville with a reinforcement of eight hundred men and a convoy of provisions was almost at the very gates of the city. A new army, likewise, was assembling in the neighbourhood; and the British troops must have speedily been obliged, by the severity of the weather, to retire with their fleet

before the approach of winter, when the St. Lawrence is invariably frozen up.

It would be difficult to describe the emotions excited in England by the news of this unexpected success. The melancholy express, which had been despatched by Wolfe after his disappointment at the falls of Montmorenci, from contrary winds had not been received, or at least was not made public, till two days before the intelligence of the conquest of Quebec and the death of its conqueror.*

A day of solemn thanksgiving was appointed throughout Great Britain: and, on the assembling of parliament, Mr. Pitt with his peculiar eloquence expatiated upon the successes of the campaign; dwelt on the transcendent merit of the deceased General in a strain, which drew tears not only from himself, but from most of those who heard him: and concluded with moving an address to his Majesty, to request that a monument might be erected in Westminster Abbey to his memory. The body itself, upon its arrival in England, was privately deposited by night in the family-vault at Greenwich.

The following Prologue to the *Adelphi* of Terence, ascribed to Lloyd, and spoken at Westminster soon afterward, from its elegance and appropriateness deservedly made a great sensation:

*Cum Patres Populumque dolor communis haberet,
Fleret et Amicum maxima Roma suum,
Funebres inter ludos his dicitur ipsis
Scenis extinctum decorasse duces.*

* No Englishman will read of the glory and the fall of Wolfe, without being reminded of the still greater instance which occurred of this melancholy combination at Trafalgar;

— *Semper acerbum,
Semper honoratum.*

*Ecquis adest, scenam nocte hâc qui spectat eandem,
 Nec luctum nobis sentiat esse parem?
 Utcunque arrisit pulcris Victoria cæptis,
 Quâ sol extremas visit uterque plagas,
 Successus etiam medio de fonte Britannis
 Surgit amari aliquid, legitimusque dolor.
 Si famæ generosa sitis, si bellica virtus,
 Ingenium felix, intemerata fides,
 Difficiles laurus, ipsoque in flore juventæ
 Hæu! lethi nimium præcipitata dies;—
 Si quid habent pulcrum hæc, vel si quid amabile, jure
 Esto tua hæc, Wolfi, laus propriumque decus!
 Nec moriêre omnis—quin usque corona vigebit,
 Unanimis Britonum quam tibi nectit amor:
 Regia quin pietas marmor tibi nobile ponet,
 Quod tua perpetuis prædicet acta notis.
 Confluet hûc studio visendi Martia pubes,
 Sentiet et flammâ corda calere pari:
 Dumque leget mediis cecidisse heroa triumphis,
 Dicet—‘SIC DETUR VIXISSE, SIC MORIAR.’*

IMITATED.

WHEN great and little felt the common blow,
 And mingled sorrows o’er Æmilius low,
 While funeral games the hero gone record,
 Rome her lost favourite with these scenes deplored:
 And who to-night shall view them re-appear,
 Nor to our hero give as true a tear?
 Though fann’d by Conquest’s wing our banners stream,
 Where Phœbus darts his earliest, latest beam;
 Even ’midst our very torrent triumphs springs
 Some bitter tear, some lawful sorrowings.
 If aught of fair contains the thirst of fame,
 If genius, faith immutably the same,
 If arduous laurels, and in youth’s sweet prime
 Valour and virtue cropt before their time—
 If aught of fair in these, or lovely be,
 That fair, that lovely, Wolfe, belongs to thee!
 Nor diest thou all: for aye the wreath shall bloom,
 Which weeping Britain hangs upon thy tomb:

The massive marble royal hands shall rear,
Destined thy glory's deathless tale to bear:
Thither in crowds shall England's heroes flow,
And from thy ashes catch a kindred glow;
While, as they read in victory's lap thy fall,
"Be such," they cry, "our course—be such it's

F. W.

With an unusual liveliness, amounting almost to impetuosity of temper, General Wolfe was not subject to passion: with the greatest independency of spirit, he was free from pride. Generous almost to profusion, he contemned every little art for the acquisition of wealth, while he anxiously sought out objects for his charity and beneficence: the deserving soldier never went unrewarded, and the needy subaltern frequently tasted of his bounty. Constant and discerning in his attachments; manly and unreserved, yet gentle and conciliating in his manners; he enjoyed a large share of friendship, and almost the universal good-will of mankind: and, to crown all, sincerity and candor, coupled with a true sense of justice and public liberty, seemed the inherent principles of his nature, and were the uniform rules of his conduct.

His untimely fate called forth the exertions of emulative genius among our artists: it has been the historical subject of the sculptor, the painter, and the engraver; and had they no other pretensions to be remembered, the names of Wilton, of West, and of Woollet would be transmitted to posterity with the affecting story of General Wolfe.

BENJAMIN HOADLY,*

BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

[1676—1761,]

THIS eminent Prelate, the second son of the Rev. Samuel Hoadly, was born at Westerham in Kent, November 14, 1676. He was educated under the care of his father, who kept a private seminary, till he became a member of Catharine Hall, Cambridge, under Mr. Leng, afterward Bishop of Norwich. As soon as he had taken the degree of M. A., he was appointed Tutor, and discharged that office for two years with the highest reputation. In 1698, he was ordained Deacon, and in 1700, Priest by Dr. Compton, Bishop of London. The Lectureship of St. Mildred in the Poultry he retained ten years; officiating at the same time for Mr. Hodges, Rector of St. Swithin's, during his absence at sea as Chaplain General of the Fleet in 1702. Two years afterward, he obtained the Rectory of St. Peter le Poor, Broad Street, and about the same time published his Treatise called 'The Reasonableness of Conformity to the Church of England, presented to

* **AUTHORITIES.** *Biographia Britannica*, and *British Biography*.

the Dissenting Ministers in an Answer to the Tenth Chapter of Mr. Calamy's Abridgement of Mr. Baxter's 'History of his Life and Times.' This engaged him in a long controversy with Calamy.

In 1705, he preached a sermon* before the Lord Mayor, which gave great offence to the Tories and High Churchmen. This he subsequently printed, and also defended in his 'Measures of Submission to the Civil Magistrate considered.' The following year, he preached and published an assize-sermon at Hertford, under the title of 'The Happiness of the present Establishment, and Unhappiness of Absolute Monarchy.'

In 1709, he was involved in a dispute with Dr. Atterbury, concerning Passive Obedience, occasioned by the latter's *Concio ad Clerum Londinensem, habita in Ecclesiâ S. Elphegi*, containing some animadversions upon Hoadly's 'Measures of Submission.'† In a pamphlet, also, called 'Some Pro-

* His text, says Burnet (who calls him "a pious and judicious divine") was, the first verses of Rom. xiii.; and these he fairly interprets, as directed only "against resisting good governors upon the Jewish principles, not having any relation to bad and cruel governors; whom, he asserted, it was not only lawful, but a duty incumbent on all men to resist: concluding all with a vindication of the Revolution, and the existing government." (*Hist. of his Own Time*, vi. 1710.)

† They had previously skirmished upon two other subjects (see the Life of Atterbury), upon both which occasions Hoadly displayed his usual strength of reasoning and dispassionate inquiry, confuted the erroneous opinions of his antagonist without anger, and conquered him without triumph. Equanimity, indeed, is allowed by all to have been eminently his characteristic: the meek and candid Christian was never lost in the disputer of this world. Calm and composed in the midst of the conflict,

ceedings in Convocation, A. D. 1705, faithfully represented, Atterbury had charged Hoadly with "disdainfully treating the whole body of the established Clergy,* and preaching up rebellion in the State." The latter, therefore, now set about a particular examination of the Latin Sermon; and in his 'Large Answer to the charge of rebellion,' endeavoured to lay open his adversary's artful management of the controversy. This 'Answer' was attached to another Treatise, entitled 'The Original and Institution of Civil Government discussed, viz. 1. An Examination of the Patriarchal Government: 2. A Defence of Mr. Hooker's Judgement, &c. against the Objections of several late Writers.' In the course of the debate, Hoadly so highly distinguished himself by his exertions in the cause of civil and religious liberty, that the House of Commons passed a vote in his favour in the following terms: "Resolved, 1. That the Reverend Mr. Benjamin Hoadly, Rector of St. Peter's le Poor, London, for having often justified the principles on which her Majesty and the nation proceeded in the late happy Revolution, has justly merited the favour and recommendation of this House. 2. That an humble Address be presented to her Majesty, that she would be graciously pleased to bestow some dignity in the church on Mr. Hoadly, for his eminent services both to the church and state." To this the

he forgets the man, while he is animadverting upon the writer: as well knowing that passionate or personal reflexions add neither strength to a bad argument, nor grace to a good one. Happy would it be for the cause of religion and truth, if all who engage in controversy would imitate this pattern, and guard against those asperities of language, which least of all ought to find a place in religious disquisitions, where "*the wrath of man cannot be supposed to work the righteousness of God.*"

* See the Life of Atterbury.

Queen replied, "That she would take a proper opportunity to comply with their desires;" but she forgot her promise.

Though not dignified however with royal patronage, his just and manly principles recommended him to the protection of private munificence. In February, 1710, he was presented by Mrs. Howland to the Rectory of Streatham in Surrey. This act of generosity was attended with circumstances, of which Hoadly has gratefully endeavoured to perpetuate the remembrance: "I cannot but think it a due, in point of gratitude to her memory (says he, speaking of his liberal patroness) publicly to acknowledge this singular obligation to her; that in the year 1710, when fury seemed to be let loose and to distinguish me particularly, she herself unasked, unapplied to, without my having ever seen her or been seen by her, chose by presenting me to the Rectory of Streatham (then just vacant) to show, in her own expression, 'That she was neither ashamed, nor afraid, to give me that public mark of her regard at that critical time.' To her, likewise, he subsequently inscribed his volume of sermons on 'The Terms of Acceptance;' and on the first of May, 1719, he preached her Funeral Sermon in Streatham church.

Hoadly was the reputed author of several occasional little political pieces which made their appearance about this time, and were republished some years afterward, under the title of 'A Collection of several Pieces printed in the year 1710.' He gave to the world also, at the same period, his 'Discourses on the Terms of Acceptance with God,'* in

* This publication was followed by some Occasional Sermons, and Political Tracts, which together with many other compositions of an earlier date were printed in one volume, in 1715.

consequence of an opinion which he had formed (to borrow his own expressions) ‘that the bad lives of Christians are not owing so much to their ignorance of what is truly evil and sinful, as to a certain secret hope of God’s favour, built upon something separated from the constant practice of all that is virtuous and praiseworthy.’ “This (he adds) made me choose to spend some time in establishing, after the most unexceptionable manner, the true grounds upon which only it is reasonable to build our expectations of happiness, and in demonstrating the great danger and weakness of depending on any other methods. He was also the concealed, but undoubted author of ‘A large Dedication to the Pope (Clement XI.), giving him a particular Account of the State of Religion among Protestants, and of several other Matters of Importance relating to Great Britain;’ annexed to Steele’s ‘State of the Roman Catholic Religion throughout the World,’ and therefore commonly ascribed to that writer.

Soon after the accession of George I., Hoadly was admitted and sworn one of his Chaplains, as a prelude to higher promotions. These were not long delayed. In December, 1715, he was appointed to the bishopric of Bangor,* and consecrated on the eighteenth of March following; with which he held both his livings in *Commendam*.

The next year, he published a Tract entitled, ‘A Preservative against the Principles and Practices of the Nonjurors both in Church and State; or, An Appeal to the Consciences and Common Sense of the Christian Laity.’ And, in 1717, he preached before

* On the translation of Dr. Evans to the see of Meath, in Ireland.

the King his discourse on 'The Nature of the Kingdom or Church of Christ;' which being immediately printed by special command, so much offence was conceived at it's doctrines by the clergy, that it was resolved to proceed against him in Convocation. The Lower House, accordingly, drew up their representation; but before it could be brought into the Upper, the whole assembly was prorogued by an order from his Majesty, nor was it permitted to transact any business till it's resentment had entirely subsided.

It was upon the publication of this sermon, that the Bangorian controversy commenced, the event of which was a death-stroke to the principles of civil and ecclesiastical tyranny. Dr. Snape's letter to Hoadly formed it's actual beginning; but it may be said to have taken it's rise from the seizing of a number of copies of 'A Collection of Papers,' written by Dr. Hickes in 1716, designed to light up afresh the flames of an expiring rebellion, which had been kindled chiefly by the joint efforts of Papists and Nonjurors. This produced many able publications, and among others the two last-mentioned pieces of the Bishop. In these he showed from Scripture, that 'Christ alone was King in his own kingdom, and sole Lawgiver; that for his laws we must appeal to Him, and his inspired followers; that he had declared "his kingdom to be not of this world," and that it's sanctions were of the same spiritual nature; and that, consequently, all encouragements and discouragements of this world were what Christ disapproved of, tending as they did to make men of one profession, not of one faith; hypocrites, not Christians.' These tenets were falsely regarded as levelled against all Esta-

blishments, and that of the Church of England in particular: and the Bishop was, accordingly, attacked by some of the greatest names in the lists of orthodoxy; Drs. Snape, Sherlock, Hare,* and Potter, &c. Their real arguments and misrepresentations he solidly confuted; their slanders, calumnies, and falsehoods he forgave: never for a moment departing from the character of the Christian divine, and the accomplished gentleman; making controversy what he wished it to be, and what he proved by his example it might be—the glory, not the shame, of Christianity.

In 1719, he published, in one volume 8vo., ‘The Common Rights of Subjects defended; and the Nature of the Sacramental Test considered: in Answer to the Dean of Chichester’s (Sherlock) Vindication of the Corporation and Test Acts.’ In the preface to this performance, he observes, “The following book is an answer to the most plausible and ingenious defence that, I think, has ever yet been published, of excluding men from their acknowledged civil rights upon the account of their differences in religion, or in the circumstances of religion; and of making the Sacrament of the Lord’s Supper, instituted by our Lord for the remembrance of himself, the instrument of this exclusion by a new human institution.” “In the course of his work (he elsewhere remarks) the Dean is repeatedly careful to observe that, in vindicating the Test and Corporation Acts, he endeavours to justify the legislature, and to justify

* He had a contest with Hare, upon the nature of prayer: the latter contending, that ‘the fervor of zeal was necessary to the sacrifice;’ and Hoadly arguing, that ‘it ought to be offered up in a calm, rational, and dispassionate manner.’

the laws of his country, which he represents me arraigning and condemning. I beg leave therefore here to tell him, once for all, that there was a time when the laws of this country were on the side of a Popish Establishment; and that the writing on any side of any law, as such, is not a thing greatly to be boasted of; and that the whole of the question is, Whether the laws we defend be good and just, equitable and righteous? and not, Whether they be the laws of the land, or not? I shall also observe, that it is so far from being a crime, or an affront to any legislature, to endeavour to show the evil consequences or inequitableness of any law now in being, that all law-makers, who act upon principles of public justice and honour, cannot but esteem it an advantage to have such points laid before them: and as to myself, I shall ever, I hope, esteem it as great an honour to contend against debasing any of Christ's institutions into political engines, as others can do to plead on the side of an Act of Parliament. And I shall add farther, that I enter into this cause, both as a Christian, and I trust as one truly concerned for the public good of the society to which I belong; considering it not as the cause of any particular body of men, or any particular sort of Christians distinct from others, but as the cause of all men equally and of all sorts of Christians, who in several places and at several times have an equal interest in it."

In 1721, Dr. Hoadly, having resigned his Rectory of St. Peter le Poor, was translated to the see of Hereford; * and, two years afterward, he was made Bishop of

* On the death of Dr. Bisse. Whiston asserts, that though he had been Bishop of Bangor six years, and constantly received those revenues which were intended for the maintenance of a

Salisbury. In 1724, he published a Visitation Charge to the Clergy of his Diocese. In 1732, he drew up 'An Account of the Life, Writings, and Character of Dr. Samuel Clarke,' which accompanied the posthumous works of that eminent divine (then first published), a lasting monument to the memory of his illustrious friend. In the conclusion of his Memoir, he thus feelingly expresses himself: "Having paid this last duty to the memory of this excellent man, which I could not but esteem a debt to such a benefactor to the cause of religion and learning united; as these works of his must last as long as any language remains to convey them to future times; perhaps I may flatter myself that this faint and imperfect account of him may be transmitted down with them: and I hope it will be thought a pardonable piece of ambition and self-interestedness, if fearful lest every thing else should prove too weak to keep the remembrance of myself in being, I lay hold of his fame to prop and support my own. I am sure, as I have little reason to expect that any thing of mine without such an assistance can live, I shall think myself greatly recompensed for the want of any other memorial, if my name may go down to posterity thus closely joined to his, and I myself be thought of and spoken of, in ages to come, under the character of the friend of Dr. Clarke." This, indeed, may be regarded by some as overstrained humility; since Hoody might well be supposed to need no other tes-

resident Prelate, he never once visited the diocese; afraid, as it is said in his behalf, of the violences of party-fury! He, surely, could not think this an honest discharge of his pastoral duties. On his translation to the see of Sarum, he resigned the Rectory of Streatham,

timony than his own works, to enable him to live in the voice and memory of men: but, perhaps, his singular condescension is chiefly to be ascribed to his zeal for those tenets, which had found in Dr. Clarke one of their ablest abettors.

In 1734, he was advanced, on the death of Bishop Willis (whom he had, also, succeeded at Salisbury) to the bishopric of Winchester; and, in the following year, he gave to the world his Treatise entitled, ‘A plain Account of the Nature and End of the Sacrament of the Lord’s Supper; in which all the Texts in the New Testament relating to it are produced and explained, and the whole Doctrines about it is drawn from them alone.’*

In 1754, he published a volume of plain and energetic discourses entitled, ‘Sixteen Sermons formerly printed, now collected into one Volume, &c. To which are added Six Sermons upon public Occasions, never before printed,’ &c.: and, in 1755, ‘Twenty Sermons, the first nine of them preached before the King in Lent.’

Notwithstanding the disputes, in which Dr. Hoadly had been engaged, he passed many years of his life in great tranquillity: but when he had attained to a very advanced age, his repose was cruelly disturbed through the villainous attempt of one Bernard Fournier (a pretended Popish convert, and a Curate in Jersey) to defraud him of no less a sum than 8,800*l.*, by producing a note of hand, which he pretended to have received from his Lordship.† This iniquitous

* This, likewise, exposed his Lordship to considerable opposition.

† He had procured the Bishop’s name at the foot of a scrap of paper, folded up and used as a frank, to which he prefixed a

scheme was so artfully contrived, that for the security of himself and his family the Bishop filed a bill in Chancery against Fournier; and after a long trial it was decreed, "That the note set up by the defendant appeared to be, and was, a gross fraud." By this decree, however, Fournier was not deterred, or abashed. He had the effrontery to outbrave conviction; upon which his Lordship, finding that he continued to be troublesome, and to enjoy at the same time the countenance of his old patron (Mr. Chevallier, a gentleman of character) judged it necessary to print a detail of the proceedings, and his reasonings upon them. This he did, in 1758, in 'A Letter from the Bishop of Winchester to Clement Chevallier, Esq.' in which he gave a spirited account of this complicated and wicked contrivance: expressing his amazement that Mr. Chevallier, a person of unblemished integrity, should patronise Fournier after such indubitable proofs of his guilt; noticing, with great tenderness, some inconsistencies and contradictions in that gentleman's conduct; and assuring him in conclusion, with a truly Christian temper, that 'he forgave him as fully and as sincerely as it was his duty to do.' The admirable accuracy, with which his Lordship's narrative was drawn up, bore

promissory note for the sum above-mentioned. In a pamphlet, which he subsequently published, he declared that 'the Bishop gave the note to him in a fit of intoxication!' To this calumny his Lordship made a vehement reply, in which he solemnly avowed that 'he had never been drunk during his whole life.' The world cordially received his defence, and he had the happiness to find himself perfectly acquitted even of any suspicion of the justice of the charge. What aggravated the matter was, that the Bishop had, a little time before, been kind to the necessities of his miscreant accuser.

full testimony to the vigour of his mental powers. It was, indeed, an astonishing performance for a divine upward of eighty one years of age; and he received many compliments on the occasion, both by visits and letters, from several of the greatest lawyers of the age.

He died at the advanced age of eighty five, at his palace at Chelsea, April 17, 1761.* In private life he was naturally facetious, easy, and complying; fond of company, yet frequently leaving it for the purposes of study or devotion. Every where happy, particularly in his own family, he took all opportunities of instructing it by his influence as well as by his example. He was twice married, and in both instances eminently happy. By his first lady, Sarah Curtis, he had five children. His eldest son Benjamin was a physician, and beside two or three professional works, produced the celebrated comedy entitled, 'The Suspicious Husband.'† John became Chancellor of the

* A monument, executed by Mr. Wilton, with decorations contrary to his own prohibition was erected to his memory, by his brother, in the cathedral of Winchester. Of these decorations one, the pastoral staff (not an unusual insigne on a Bishop's tomb) is invidiously called, by the Catholic Dr. Milner, 'a democratic pike!' But from the imputation of democratic principles it cannot, now, be necessary to defend him. A Whig upon the true and solid principles of the Revolution, he loved liberty; but he loved it, as connected with monarchy: and it was for his attachment to monarchy in the Protestant line, and his having contributed more than any other writer to undermine the sandy foundations of the Church of Rome, that he has incurred the hostility of Popish writers.

† By a gross blunder of the above-mentioned Dr. Milner, the historian of Winchester, this play is ascribed to the Bishop, and made the foundation of a most illiberal and unjustifiable sneer. That he could, however, occasionally indulge in innocent plea-

diocese of Winchester; and published a complete edition of his father's works in three volumes folio, in 1773, including detached parts of his Lordship's correspondence with the prudent and amiable Lady Sundon,*

santry, is proved by the following fact: In the summer of 1718, he made a visit of some days with Dr. Samuel Clarke and Sir Richard Steele at Blenheim, where he found the ladies and gentlemen of the family and neighbourhood had got up Dryden's tragedy of 'All for Love,' to entertain the Duke of Marlborough, already slightly affected by the paralysis which finally brought on his decay and his dissolution. Lady Bateman, daughter of the Countess of Sunderland, the Cleopatra of the drama, had in vain applied to Steele for a prologue, and appeared much chagrined at the disappointment. At night, when the party broke up, the Bishop asked for pen, ink, and paper, and the next morning at breakfast presented to her Ladyship a copy of verses, which she spoke in the evening, the Duke shedding tears at the unexpected compliment from a favourite grandchild. His son, Dr. John Hoadly, long preserved this composition in manuscript as unique, but it has since been printed. It has not much literary merit, indeed; but what it wants in splendor of execution, the hurry and the benevolence with which it was written will abundantly excuse and compensate.

* Upon Lady Sundon's application to him, he allowed Dr. R. Freind, Master of Westminster School, to resign Witney to his son (afterward Dean of Canterbury), though that gentleman had little reason to expect such a favour. His laconic reply to her Ladyship, better known by the name of Mrs. Clayton (the bedchamber-woman and intimate friend of Queen Caroline, and for a considerable time the principal arbitress of church-preferments) was—"If Dr. Freind can ask it, I can grant it:" and, in a letter to her upon the subject, he adds: "If you and I continue upon this dirty planet, you yourself shall be satisfied of the truth of what I have said to you; and I say this the rather because, if you are not satisfied in what I do, I am very sure I shall not be so myself. You have done more in two or three words, when you tell me, *you shall esteem it as done to yourself*, to move and engage me (if I had not been already engaged to it) than all the oratory of all others could have done. And if that case should happen which you once put,

in which may be observed the most intimate sensibility of real friendship, and the unreserved intercourse of minds truly virtuous and confident in each other. His second wife was Mary, the daughter of Dr. John Newey, Dean of Chichester.

As a writer, he possessed great talents; but his sentences were often characterised by a dragging prolixity: hence Pope records

—— ‘ Swift for closer stile,
And Hoadly for a period of a mile.’

In his religious opinions taking great liberty himself, he was ready to indulge it to others. This perhaps, in some degree, accounts for his tolerant and liberal character. His doctrine, that ‘sincerity alone is required for acceptance,’ certainly favours such indulgence; but it demands great qualifications, to reconcile it with the genuine principles of Christianity.* He was, of course, in high favour with all, who wished to mould religion according to their own imaginations.

put, but which my heart will not suffer me to repeat, Friendship and Honour shall most certainly act a part, which if your spirit could then look out and see, it would say, “*This is exactly as it would have been, had I been still there.*”

The Athenian Society, in an heroic poem upon Dunton’s Projects, pronounced of him;

‘ His looks are in the mother’s beauty drest,
And moderation has inform’d his breast:—
’Tis neither art nor nature can amend him;
I should but wrong him, if I should commend him.’

* Archbishop Secker, it is said, on hearing the Monthly Reviewers of that day pronounced ‘Christians,’ replied; “Then it must, certainly, be *secundum usum Winton.*”

SAMUEL RICHARDSON.*

[1689—1761.]

SAMUEL RICHARDSON, the son (as it is said) of a joiner in Derbyshire, was born in 1689. The precise place of his birth, from some reason or other, he always avoided mentioning. His father, ingenious in his profession and respectable in his character, had flourished in London, and was much noticed by the Duke of Monmouth; but, upon the defeat and death of that nobleman, he thought it expedient to retire into the country. There, a numerous family and declining circumstances constrained him to withhold from his son, fond as he was of literature, the benefits of a classical education. He was acquainted with no language except his own, not even the French. His deficiencies, in this respect, he often lamented; and it is certain his stile is as remote as possible from that of a scholar, possessing neither the precision nor the elegance, which generally result from an early familiarity with the best models. Some anecdotes are preserved in his 'Correspondence,' which show very

* **AUTHORITIES.** *New and general Biographical Dictionary*, Nichols' *Biographical and Literary Anecdotes of Bowyer*, Aaron Hill's *Works*, and Mrs. Barbauld's *Life of Richardson*, in her Edition of the 'British Novelists.'

strongly the native bent of his genius. From these it appears that, indifferent to the ordinary amusements of boys, he used to gather his schoolfellows round him and tell them affecting stories; having, even at that period, composed ‘A little history of a servant-man, who was preferred by a young lady to a great lord who was a libertine.’ At thirteen, he was a favourite with all the girls in the neighbourhood, who were fond of books. He read to them, as they sat at work with their needles, and wrote or corrected for three of them in particular their love-letters; with such strict secrecy, that no one of the party suspected him to be the secretary of the other two. Even before that age, he had written an anonymous letter of grave advice to an elderly widow-lady. Who does not see, that his most admired works are only the expansion of those talents, which thus in their germ prompted his boyish efforts?

His father had originally intended him for the church; but being unable to give him any farther education than what the grammar-school of Christ-Hospital had afforded, he left him to choose a profession for himself. With his natural turn for letters, he fixed upon that of a printer: and he was accordingly, in 1706, bound apprentice to Mr. John Wyld, a severe task-master, for seven years. As he was extremely conscientious, therefore, he was obliged to steal from rest and recreation his times for mental improvement. An extensive correspondence with a gentleman of rank and fortune, who excelled in the epistolary stile, proved a valuable training for the mode of composition, which was subsequently to gain him his celebrity. After six additional years of labour as journeyman and corrector of the press, in 1719

he took up his freedom, and commenced business in Salisbury Court, Fleet Street, on his own account. His leisure-hours he filled by compiling Indexes for the booksellers, and writing prefaces and what he calls 'honest dedications.'

Dissimilar as their geniuses may seem, when the witty and wicked Duke of Wharton about the year 1723 was active in opposition to the court, and in order to render himself popular in the city had become a member of the Wax Chandler's company, Mr. Richardson was his printer, and held a high place in his favour. From his press issued the political paper, called 'The True Briton,' which was published twice a week; but out of an unwillingness to subject himself to prosecution,* after a short time he refused to have any farther concern with it. He printed, also, from 1736 to 1737 a newspaper, named 'The Daily Journal;' and, in 1738, 'The Daily Gazetteer.' Under the recommendation likewise of Speaker Onslow, whom he frequently visited at Ember Court, he was appointed to print the first edition of 'The Journals of the House of Commons,' of which he completed twenty six volumes. Mr. Onslow, from his high esteem for him, would have procured him some honourable office under the government; but Richardson, whose business was extensive and lucrative, declined the offer.

In 1741, he published his 'Pamela.†' which gained

* From the original edition Mr. Nichols infers, that he printed only six numbers; and, from internal evidence, that he wrote the last of them himself.

† A scheme, it appears, had been proposed to him by two respectable booksellers, Rivington and Osborne, of writing 'Familiar Letters to and from several persons upon business and

him both fame and profit. From a letter of Aaron Hill's to Mallett, it appears that the latter suspected his correspondent of having had a hand in this performance: "You ask me, in your postscript, whether you are right in guessing, there are some traces of my hand in '*Pamela*?' No, Sir, upon my faith, I had not any (the minutest share) in that delightful nursery of virtues. The sole and absolute author is Mr. Richardson of Salisbury Court; and such an author too he is, that hardly mortal ever matched him for his ease of natural power. He seems to move like a calm summer-sea, that swelling upward with unconscious deepness lifts the heaviest weights

other subjects.' This he performed with great readiness; and in the progress of it conceived the '*History of Pamela*,' founded upon a real occurrence, of which the first two volumes were written in two months, in 1729. Such was its popularity, that it ran through five editions in a year, and was even recommended from the pulpit, particularly by Dr. Slocock, Rector of Christ Church, Surry: Mr. Pope declared, 'it would do more good than many volumes of sermons;' and Lucas, the author of the '*Search after Happiness*,' calls it "the best book ever published, and calculated to do most good." Yet Dr. Watts, in reference to some of its indefensibly indelicate scenes, wrote him word, that 'he understood the ladies complained they could not read them without blushing.' On the subject of this novel, Goldoni has founded two plays; '*Pamela Nubile*,' and '*Pamela Maritata*.' Fielding; however, though both he and his two sisters were on friendly terms with the author, it is well known wrote his '*Joseph Andrews*' in ridicule of '*Pamela*;' and hence perhaps, a portion of the acrimony, with which Richardson in his '*Letters*' always speaks of '*Tom Jones*.' As a moral work, he could not reprobate its hero, the Charles Surface of romance, too much. But he should have remembered, that reprobation is always suspicious in a rival author. In humour and comic character he was, indeed, excelled by Fielding. but, in deep pathos and consistent virtue, who shall vie with Richardson?

into the skies, and shows no sense of their incumbency. He would, perhaps, in every thing he says or does be more in nature than all men before him, but that he has one fault to an unnatural excess—and that is, modesty. The book was published many months, before I saw or heard of it; and when he sent it me, among some other pieces, it came without the smallest hint that it was his, and with a grave apology as for a trifle of too light a species. I found out whose it was by the resembling turn of Pamela's expressions, weighed with some which I had noted as peculiar in his letters: yet very loth he was, a long time, to confess it. And, to say the least I can of qualities which he conceals with as much fear as if they were ignoble ones, he is so honest, open, generous, and great a thinker, that he cannot in his writings paint a virtue, that he needs look farther than his heart to find a pattern for. Let me not, therefore, rob him for a moment, in so just a mind as yours, by interception of his praises. The glory is, and ought to be, his only. And I am much mistaken in the promise of his genius, or Pamela (all lovely as she is, in her unheeded hasty dress) is but a dawning to the day he is to give us."

In 1748, his '*Clarissa*' made it's appearance, and very justly added a still greener wreath to the author's brow.* It is indeed the work, upon which his fame

* The Abbé Prevost, under the conviction that to French readers *Clarissa* required some softening, having rather abridged than translated it, a more faithful version was subsequently given by Le Tourneur. It was, also, rendered into German under the auspices of the celebrated Haller, and by the Rev. Mr. Stinstra into Dutch. The subjoined Epigram by Mr. Graham of King's

principally rests; and it will transmit his name to posterity as one of the ornaments of the age in which he lived. In one of Mr. Hill's letters to him, upon this occasion, occur the following passages: Your *Clarissa* "is full of varied and improving beauties, of such striking force, that they monopolise my thoughts, and every thought throughout my family.—They give a body and material tangibility to fancy, take possession of the sleep, and dwell like birdlime on the memory! We are acquainted with, and see, and know with the completest intimacy each man, maid, woman, tree, house, field, step, incident, and place throughout this exquisite creation! We agree, and every day afresh remark to one another, that 'we can find no difference at all in the impression of things really done and past and recollected by us, and the things we read of in this intellectual world, which you have naturalised us into.'"

"I never open you, without new proof of what I have a thousand times asserted, that 'you are a species in your single self, that never had nor will have

College, Cambridge, is characterised not less by its perfect justness, than by its Grecian simplicity:

'This work is Nature's; every tittle in't
She wrote, and gave it Richardson to print.'

Johnson, in his Biographical Preface to Rowe's Poems, observes; "It was in the power of Richardson alone, to teach us at once esteem and detestation (of *Lovelace*); to make virtuous resentment overpower all the benevolence which wit, and elegance, and courage naturally excite; and to lose, at last, the hero in the villain:" and Mrs. Sheridan, to "pay the tribute due to exemplary goodness and distinguished genius, when found united in one person," inscribed her *Memoirs of Miss Sidney Bidolph* to the author of '*Clarissa*,' and '*Sir Charles Grandison*.'

equal;’ such a glowing skill you have to call out life, and paint the features of the soul so speakingly! to conjure up, into the compass of so small a circle, such innumerable specimens of every humour, every passion! all the representative displays of nature!”

By Lady Bradshaigh he was vehemently urged to make Lovelace renounce his vices, and to exhibit Clarissa happy in the married state. But this would have been grossly to violate the consistency of his heroine’s character; between whom and her base betrayer an eternal wall of separation had been raised by the perpetration of his treachery. The moral, too, would have been diluted by the admixture of worldly happiness, under such circumstances: that moral, which now displays Virtue gloriously triumphant in a prison, in a brothel, in grief, in distraction, in despair, in death; every where lovely and commanding, the constant object of our most reverential and fondest affection, and even on the ground able to say with Constance,

“Here is my throne, Kings, come and bow to it.”

In 1751 he contributed to the Rambler No. 97, or Advice to Unmarried Ladies, which Johnson introduces to his readers as the production “of an author, from whom the age had received greater favours; who had enlarged the knowledge of human nature, and taught the passions to move at the command of virtue.” ‘Greater favours,’ observes Mr. Chalmers, ‘the age had undoubtedly received from Richardson; for this paper is of very inferior merit in point of style, and as to subject, proceeds upon an error that may be easily detected.* And yet, such is

* It complains, how much the modes of courtship are dege-

the caprice of popular taste, No. 97 was the only paper in the Rambler which had a prosperous sale !'

Having in both his preceding works made his principal character a woman, he now determined to give the world an example of a perfect man ; one, in whom with every moral and christian virtue should be united every thing graceful and engaging in elegance and spirit. To this design he was partly stimulated by the remarks of his female coterie, who in answer to his reproaches that they 'liked Lovelace too well,' observed to him that 'he had given them nobody else to like ; and that, if he did not wish they should regard men of pleasure with too favourable an eye, it was his duty to provide some one, whom they might like on principle.' Upon this, he determined to portray 'A Good Man,' the title by which he always speaks of his new work while he is writing it, though he subsequently changed it to that of it's hero.

Accordingly, in 1753, he produced his 'History of Sir Charles Grandison.' This performance, though generally deemed far inferior to his *Clarissa*, possesses a very high degree of merit. "Of all representations of madness," says Dr. Warton, "that of Clementina, in the 'History of Sir Charles Grandison,' is the most deeply interesting. I know not whether even the madness of Lear is wrought up, and expressed by so many little strictures of nature and genuine passion. Shall I say, it is pedantry to prefer and compare the madness of Orestes in Euripides to this of Clementina ?"

nerated since the days of the Spectator, who repeatedly urges the same complaint !

It was Richardson's great fault, however, that he never knew when to have done with a character. Instead of leaving Clementina, where she might have been left with dignity, after her refusal of Sir Charles, within the walls of a convent completing the noble sacrifice which she had made of her love to her religion; with a total disregard to consistency he brings her to England, and leaves it to be inferred that she will finally accept the hand of the Count de Belvedere. But to this impropriety he was, probably, urged by his anxiety to make his work as instructive as possible. "I want (says he, in a letter to Miss Mulso) to have young people think, there is no such mighty business as they are apt to suppose in conquering a first love."

Another particular, in which a Protestant reader will find something to censure, is the acquiescence of Grandison in a matrimonial arrangement with a Popish bigot, whose very love for him must expose him to the most distressing importunities on the subject of religion. The entertaining of Italian servants and an Italian Confessor, a stipulated surrender of half the year to Italy and of a certain portion of his children to the Italian faith—surely, these are among the sacrifices, which a conscientious man will scruple, and a wise man will refuse, to make. Upon his nice management, however, of the negotiation between his hero and the proud Porrettas, Richardson highly valued himself; and, in a letter to one of his French translators, he dexterously brings it forward as a proof of his liberality toward the Catholic creed.*

* So it, probably, was regarded by Catholics; for, in a recent

Soon after the appearance of these volumes, he was under the disagreeable necessity of laying before the public ‘The case of Samuel Richardson of London, printer, on the Invasion of his Property in ‘The History of Sir Charles Grandison’ before publication by certain Booksellers in Dublin.’ This transaction was, indeed, scandalous in the extreme: for these persons, by underhand negotiation with some of his treacherous workmen, were actually enabled to publish a cheap edition of nearly half the work, before the author himself in England had published a single volume. His friends in Ireland, with the characteristic generosity of their country, expressed great indignation at the behaviour of the offenders, and did all they could to serve him; but to little purpose. The circumstance vexed him to the heart. High in reputation, and sure of the sale of his work, he reasonably expected to reap the profit of it.

Notwithstanding his disappointment, however, in this particular instance, his fortune continued to increase. In 1755, he was engaged in building in town, and in the country. He had, previously, become Master of the Stationers’ Company. In 1760, he purchased a moiety of the patent of Law Printer, and carried on that department of business in partnership with Miss Catherine Lintot.* He now allowed himself some relaxation from business in the country, and only attended from time to time to his

Italian version of the Bible published at Naples, the translator in his preface warns his readers against English publications, with the exception of—the ‘Clarissa’ of Richardson.

* Subsequently married to Henry Fletcher, Esq. M. P. for Westmorland. This patent is at present possessed by Andrew Strahan, Esq. M. P.

printing-offices in town; having transferred the principal management of them to a nephew, his eventual successor. It was his custom (we are told) with a view of encouraging diligence and early rising in his journeymen to hide half a crown among the letters, that he who came earliest to work in a morning might find it. At other times, he brought fruit from his garden for the same purpose. His retirement was first at North End near Hammersmith, and afterward at Parson's Green, and his hospitable house was generally filled with the company of his friends of both sexes; more particularly young ladies, including Miss Mulso subsequently Mrs. Chapone, Miss Highmore afterward Mrs. Duncombe, and Miss Talbot, themselves distinguished in polite literature.* These however, though blessed with fame, affluence, and leisure, he had not health fully to enjoy. Fame, affluence, and leisure, alas! purchased by severe application, often come too late to be relished; and in a worldly, as well as in a religious sense,

‘ When we find
The key of life, it opens to the grave.’

His disorder increased upon him; and his valuable life was terminated, by a stroke of apoplexy, on the

* In this mental seraglio, as it may be called (observes Mrs. Barbauld) he had great facilities for that knowledge of the female heart, which he has so eminently shown in his works: but it cannot be denied, that it had a tendency to feed the self-importance, which was perhaps his reigning foible. Experiencing no contradiction, and seeing no equal, he was constantly fed with adulation. Even his correspondences with his male friends (and he was remarkably fond of epistolary intercourse) turn almost entirely upon his own works, and abound with exaggerations of panegyric which must have been excessive, even when literary compliments were more in fashion than they are at present.

fourth of July, 1761. He was buried, according to his own direction, by the side of his first wife in the church of St. Bride.

Young had occasion for comfort, in consequence of his sudden death :

“ When Heaven would kindly set us free,
And earth’s enchantment end,
It takes the most effectual means,
And robs us of a friend.”

To Richardson this poet had addressed his ‘ Con-
jectures on original Composition ;’ and, in his ‘ Re-
signation,’ he thus affectionately compliments his
memory :

“ To touch our passions’ secret spring,
Was his peculiar care,
And deep his happy genius dived
In bosoms of the fair.
Nature, which favours to the few
All art beyond imparts,
To him presented at his birth
The key of human hearts.”

He was twice married: by his first wife Martha Wilde, the daughter of his old master, whom he lost in 1731, he had five sons and a daughter; but they all died young. His second (Elizabeth, sister of Mr. Leake, bookseller at Bath) who survived him twelve years, bore him a son and five daughters. Of these, four of the daughters survived him, viz. Mary, married in 1757 to Mr. Ditcher, an eminent surgeon at Bath; Martha, married in 1762 to Edward Bridgen Esq., F. R. and A. SS., and Treasurer of the latter body; Anne, the survivor of the whole family; and Sarah, the wife of Mr. Crowther, surgeon, of Boswell Court, London.

With deeper and juster views of human nature

(says a respectable authoress) a truer taste for the proprieties of female character, and a more exact intuition into real life than any other writer of fabulous narrative, Richardson has given in his heroines exemplifications of elegantly cultivated minds, combined with the sober virtues of domestic economy. In no other writer of fictitious adventures have the triumph of religion and reason over the passions, and the now almost-exploded doctrines of filial obedience and the household virtues, their natural concomitants, been so successfully blended. Whether the works of this most original, but by no means faultless, writer were cause or effect, I know not: whether these well-imagined examples induced the ladies of that day 'to study household good,' or whether the then-existing ladies by their acknowledged attention to feminine concerns furnished him with living models, I cannot determine.

"To this great 'master of the heart,' observes Mr. Duncombe, this Shakspeare of romance, the Graces may be said to have unveiled nature; and while our language lasts, or taste and sensibility remain, the madness of *Clementina* in particular will be as much admired and felt as that of *Lear*. And let it be remembered, that the virtues, which Richardson drew, he copied from his own heart; the benevolence, which he inculcated, he constantly practised in it's fullest extent." It was also remarked of him that, beside his being a great genius, he was a truly good man in all respects; in his family, in commerce, in conversation, and in every instance of conduct. He was pious, virtuous, exemplary, benevolent, friendly, generous, and humane to an uncommon degree; glad of every opportunity of serving

his fellow-creatures in distress, and relieving many without their knowledge. His chief delight indeed was, doing good. He was highly revered and beloved by his domestics, because of his happy temper and his discreet conduct. He had great tenderness toward his wife and children; though from his high notions of parental authority, there was a certain formality and stiffness in the family-intercourse, more favourable to reverence than to affection. This natural reservedness of manner he himself was sensible of, and deeply lamented. It was, probably, increased by his nervous disorders, brought on (as he observes) by no intemperance but that of study. Where there exists strong genius, the bent of the mind is imperious, and will be obeyed: but the body too often sinks under it. Mrs. Chapone, in her ‘Ode to Health,’ had adverted to her friend’s indisposition with great feeling in the following apostrophe:

“Hast thou not left a RICHARDSON unblest?

He woos thee still in vain, relentless Maid,

Though skill’d in sweetest accents to persuade,

And wake soft pity in the savage breast.

Him Virtue loves, and brightest Fame is his:

Smile thou too, Goddess, and complete his bliss.”

The purity of his style however, it must be admitted, is not commensurate with his other excellences of composition. From the facility with which he wrote, and his natural turn to excessive compliment, considerable defects pervade all his productions. Without the elegant ease to be derived perhaps only from polished society, or the correct and classical finish resulting from a superior education, they exhibit numerous flippancies of expression, unauthorised words, and ill-constructed sentences: they are tiresome,

gossiping, and verbose. Yet, with these imperfections, he never fails to set before his reader, in the most lively manner, every circumstance which he wishes to describe. He has the minute touches of a Dutch painter, with the fine ideas of an Italian one. With his patient labour, had he turned his thoughts to the observation of rural nature, instead of human manners, he would have been as accurate a describer as Cowper.

His works * have been translated into various languages, and much admired, notwithstanding the dissimilitude of manners and the disadvantages of a translation, by foreigners of celebrity. Rousseau, in his 'Letter to D'Alembert,' says; "There never has been written, in any language, a romance equal or approaching to 'Clarissa.'" The esteem, however, was not reciprocal. Mr. Richardson, disgusted at some of the scenes and the whole tendency of the 'New Eloisa,' secretly criticised the work (as he read it) in marginal notes, and thought but too correctly, that it "taught the passions to move at the command of vice." Monsieur Diderot, in his 'Essay on Dramatic Poetry,' exclaims "How strong, how sensible, how pathetic, are his descriptions! His personages, though silent, are alive before me; and, of those who speak, the actions are still more affecting than the words."

* Beside his three great productions, some smaller performances are enumerated by the accurate and respectable Mr. Nichols in his 'Literary Anecdotes,' IV. 579. Among these, may be specified an edition of 'Æsop's Fables, with Reflexions.' His 'Correspondence,' selected from the original manuscripts, was published by Mrs. Barbauld, in six volumes 8vo., in 1804.

EDWARD YOUNG, LL.D.*

[1681—1765.]

DR. EDWARD YOUNG was born in 1681, at Upham in Hampshire, of which place his father (Dr. Edward Young, Dean of Sarum) was then rector. At a proper age he was sent to Winchester, where he became a scholar upon the foundation. Thence he removed to Oxford, and was admitted of New College in 1703; but being superannuated and there being no fellowship vacant, he migrated before the expiration of the year to Corpus Christi College.† In 1708, he was appointed a law-fellow of All Souls by Archbishop Tenison, patron by devolution. That he passed ‘a foolish youth, the sport of Peers’ (as asserted by Pope) may have been reported from the circumstance of his being charmed and patronised

* **AUTHORITIES.** *Biographia Britannica*, *British Biography*, Baker’s *Biographia Dramatica*, and Johnson’s *Lives of the Poets*.

† In both instances, his object in choosing a college was the contracting of his academical expenses. The Warden of New College, a friend of his father’s, permitted him to live at the Lodge, and upon his death in 1704, the President of Corpus, with a similar view, invited the young student to change his society.

by the dissolute Duke of Wharton, "the scorn and wonder of his days." But their fathers had been friends: and from Tindal himself, who spent much of his time at All Souls, we may infer that, even in early life, Young displayed both animation and ability in the cause of religion. "The other boys (said he) I can always answer, because I always know whence they have their arguments, which I have read a hundred times; but that fellow, Young, is continually pestering me with something of his own."

In 1712, when Queen Anne upon a critical occasion added twelve to the number of Peers, he published 'An Epistle to the Right Hon. George Lord Lansdowne;' in order to reconcile the people to one, at least, of the new creation. The affectionate mention of the death of his friend Harrison, at the close of this poem, affords an instance of his art (displayed, subsequently, with so much success in the 'Night Thoughts') of making the public a party in his private sorrows.*

In 1713, his 'Last Day' made it's appearance, with a dedication to the Queen: but this, with it's high panegyric upon the peace of Utrecht, he excluded from his selected works. The poem itself, not wholly free from political allusions, upon so impressive a subject from the pen of a layman, was loudly approved by the Tory ministry and their friends.

His 'Force of Religion, or Vanquished Love,' a

* This poem however, with the recommendatory copy of verses which he prefixed to Addison's 'Cato' in 1713, and several other compositions, he omitted in his own edition of such of his pieces as he thought the most excusable, in four volumes, 8vo

poem, founded on the execution of Lady Jane Gray and her husband in 1554, was published before the Queen's death.

In 1714, he became LL.B.

Two years afterward, when the foundation of the Codrington Library was laid, he was appointed to speak the Latin oration.

In 1719, he took the degree of LL.D., and as tutor to Lord Burghley entered the Earl of Exeter's family, which however he soon quitted on the pressing solicitations and promises of the Duke of Whar-ton. In consideration of this compliance, of the expenses which he incurred under the same powerful instigation, in 1721, in an unsuccessful canvas for the borough of Cirencester, and of his declining successively two livings of 200*l.* and 400*l. per ann.* in the gift of All Souls' College, he received from his patron two annuities (subsequently contested, in 1740, before Lord Chancellor Hardwicke) and a bond for 800*l.* It was in company with this nobleman, on his return from his travels, it is supposed, that he visited Ireland.

In the same year, he produced his 'Busiris,' which was acted with great applause. In this, the haughty message sent by the Egyptian tyrant to the Persian Ambassador is copied from the reply of the Ethiopian Prince to Cambyzes, in the third book of Herodotus. About the same time, likewise, appeared his 'Paraphrase on part of the Book of Job.'

Next followed 'The Revenge,' which is esteemed his best dramatic performance.*

* His *Zanga* continues still, with a tolerable representative, to draw large audiences: but though animated and brilliant, it is

In 1753, he brought a third upon the stage, under the name of 'The Brothers,'* which met but with an indifferent reception.

The turn of his mind strongly leading him (now at an age exceeding forty) to divinity, he exchanged the bar for the pulpit, and in 1728 was appointed Chaplain to George II. The same year, likewise, he distinguished himself as a prose-writer by publishing his 'Vindication of Providence, or A true Estimate of Human Life: in which the Passions are considered in a new Light.' As this exhibited only the dark side of things, he was asked (it is said) 'why he did not, conformably to his promise, give the Light in contrast?' He replied, 'because he could not.' Others, however,

occasionally, like his other tragedies, disgraced by puerile or turgid conceits.

An incident in Carey's 'Chrononhotonthologos' was intended as a caricature upon this diabolical character. A blow given by a generous Spaniard to the implacable African, as it is well known, furnishes the plot to 'The Revenge.' Bombardinian in the farce, having had a box on the ear from his royal master, instantly breaks out into the most furious hyperboles; calls to the sun and moon to put themselves into eclipse; and bids hills, dales, seas, and cities run together,

' And into chaos pulverise the world;
For Bombardinian has received a blow !'

* It was under rehearsal, when he took orders; but from a sense of decorum he withdrew it, and it remained in his desk five and twenty years. The whole profits of this drama, of which the fine contest between Perseus and Demetrius in the third act is chiefly a translation from Livy, were bestowed on the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. These he had over-calculated at 1000*l*. He, generously, made up the deficiency out of his own pocket.

have asserted that, before a transcript had been made, it was torn in pieces by a lady's monkey.

In 1730, he was presented by his College to the valuable rectory of Welwyn in Hertfordshire; and his fellowship being vacated by this preferment, he soon afterward married lady Betty Lee, widow of Colonel Lee and daughter of the Earl of Litchfield, a lady of excellent endowments and great sweetness of disposition. But the duties of his profession did not wholly withdraw his attention from those elegant pursuits, to which he was attached by nature and education. Polite literature still attracted his regard; and, amidst his severer studies, he continued to cultivate his poetical talent.

His satires, entitled 'The Love of Fame, or The Universal Passion,' which were at first separately printed in folio in the interval between 1725 and 1728, were well received by the public. These terse and brilliant compositions, though by many deemed his principal performance, are now nearly worn out of fashion. Perhaps, as Swift justly pronounced of them, 'the satirist should have been either more angry, or more merry:' in fact, they consist of a string of epigrams, written upon one subject, and tire the reader before he gets near the end. They produced, however, to their author upward of 3000*l*.

But his most celebrated performance is, his 'Night-Thoughts.' His lady had three children by her former husband, a son and two daughters, whose amiable qualities so entirely engaged his affections, that he loved them with all a father's fondness; and, as she had also brought him a son, his domestic felicity was complete: when it was interrupted by the death

of his wife in 1741, and of a part at least of her family about the same period.* This affliction called for every consolation, which reason and religion could inspire. How deeply indeed he was affected by his loss, and what painful struggles he underwent before he could regain any tolerable tranquillity of mind, is abundantly evident from the 'Night Thoughts,' which were produced by this calamity.†

In this poem, although it's blemishes and defects are

* Her son, who was an officer, married and died soon afterward, leaving no child. Her eldest daughter, his 'Narcissa,' who at sixteen had married Mr. Temple (by some, deemed his 'Philander') the son of Lord Palmerston, in consequence of a declining state of health was accompanied to the south of France by Dr. Young and his lady, and died at Lyons on her way to Nice in 1736, aged only seventeen. Her funeral was attended with all the difficulties so vividly portrayed in 'Night the Third.' The youngest daughter, who was left by her mother to the care of her step-father, married Major Haviland, accompanied him to Ireland, and died shortly afterward. Mr. Temple died in 1740. During all this sublime and pious melancholy, however, it ought to be added, that he did not forget his habitual practice of paying court to the great; for all his 'Nights' were inscribed to elevated or rising persons.

† Particularly, where he bewails his loss, with some poetical anachronism however, under the names of 'Philander' and 'Narcissa':

'Insatiate archer! could not once suffice?

Thy shaft flew thrice, and thrice my peace was slain;

And thrice, ere thrice you moon had fill'd her horn:' &c.

Other great beauties occur in his description of Death from his secret stand noting down the follies of Bacchanalian society, the Epitaph upon the departed World, the issuing of Satan from his Dungeon at the Day of Judgement, &c.: most of them, however, are debased by paltry witticisms and jingles, and afford painful instances of finely-started thoughts tired down, and metaphors exhausted by a boyish pursuit of them.

undoubtedly numerous, there was something so peculiarly august, that on it's first appearance it was received with unbounded applause; and it will, assuredly, be contemplated by posterity with unabating admiration.

In 1755, he published his 'Centaur not fabulous; in Six Letters to a Friend, on the Life in Vogue.' Upon the nature of this work some light will be thrown by an explanation of it's singular title: "The men of pleasure," says the author, "the licentious and profligate, are the subject of these letters: and in such, as in the fabled Centaur, the brute runs away with the man; therefore, I call them 'Centaurs.' And, farther, I call them 'Centaurs not fabulous,' because by their scarcely half-human conduct and character, that enigmatical and purely ideal figure of the ancients is not unriddled only, but realised." In the first Four Letters,* he attempts to make the infidel and the voluptuary sensible of their error, and in the room of doubt and dissoluteness to recommend belief and virtue. In the Fifth and Sixth he treats of 'Life's Review; The general Cause of Security in Sin; Thoughts for Age; The Dignity of Man; The Centaur's Restoration to Humanity.' The three first of these points were suggested to him, as he informs his correspondent, by the world's wickedness and their own, and by their advanced time of life; the fourth, by the notoriety of it's reverse in those, for whose sake the work was principally written; and the fifth, by the transporting thought that such an event is possible.

* In the Third is described the death-bed of the 'gay, young, noble, ingenious, accomplished, and—most wretched Altamont.' See the *Extract*.

Distinguished as an author, and chaplain to a king, it has been thought extraordinary that Dr. Young ended his days upon a college-living. "To satisfy curiosity of this kind," observes Mr. Herbert Croft," is at this distance of time far from being easy. The parties themselves know not often, at the instant, why they are neglected. The neglect of Young is by some ascribed to his having attached himself to the Prince of Wales,* and to his having preached an offensive sermon at St. James'. It has been said, that he had 200*l. per ann.* in the late reign, by the patronage of Walpole; and that, whenever the King was reminded of Young, the only answer was, "He has a pension." All the light thrown upon this inquiry, by the following Letter from Secker, only serves to show us at what a late period of life the author of the 'Night Thoughts' solicited preferment.

" GOOD DR. YOUNG,

*Deanry of St. Paul's,
July 8, 1758.*

" I HAVE long wondered, that more suitable notice of your great merit hath not been taken by persons in power. But how to remedy the omission, I see not. No encouragement hath ever been given me to mention things of this nature to his Majesty. And therefore, in all likelihood, the only consequence of doing it would be weakening the little influence, which else I may possibly have on some other occasions. Your fortune and your reputation set you above the need of advancement; and your sentiments

* Upon the death of Dr. Hales, he was taken into the service of the Princess Dowager of Wales, as Clerk of the Closet and private Chaplain. His name was struck off the list of Court-Chaplains, upon the accession of his present Majesty.

above that concern for it on your own account, which on that of the public is sincerely felt by

“ Your loving brother,

“ THO. CANT.” *

About two years before this, with a view of doing justice to the death-bed of his friend Addison, he gave to the world his last work, entitled ‘*Conjectures on Original Composition, in a Letter to the Author of Sir Charles Grandison.*’ In this performance, speaking of the pleasures of Composition, he remarks, “ To men of letters and leisure it is not only a noble amusement, but a sweet refuge ; it improves their parts, and promotes their peace ; it opens a backdoor, out of the bustle of this busy and idle world into a delicious garden of moral and intellectual fruits and flowers, the key of which is denied to

* One obstacle, says one of his biographers, must have stood not a little in the way of that preferment, after which his whole soul seems to have panted. He never entirely shook off politics. He was fond likewise, in his latter days, of holding himself out as a man that had abdicated the world : And who would choose to drag a person from the retirement, of which he declared himself enamoured ?

It has been said that, if he had been a Bishop, he would never have written the ‘*Night Thoughts.*’ Alas ! to him, who pined for the prelacy, the primacy would perhaps have offered an ulterior and still less attainable object of ambition. The highest mitre unpossessed might have corroded, and leavened, every inferior enjoyment. His mind seems to have been repelled by those temporary obstructions, which few are so fortunate as wholly to avoid, and few so feeble or fantastic as to find or fancy insurmountable. But his melancholy was so repressed by the chastening hand of reason and education, as never to infringe upon the duties of life. For exercise, however, he generally preferred a solitary pacing in his churchyard to a ramble with a companion o’er more cheerful scenes.

the rest of mankind. When stung with idle anxieties, or teased with fruitless impertinence, or yawning over insipid diversions, then we see the blessings of a lettered recess. With what a gust do we retire to our disinterested and immortal friends in our closet; and find our minds, when applied to some favourite theme, as naturally and as easily quieted and refreshed, as a peevish child (and peevish children are we all, till we fall asleep) when laid to the breast! Our happiness no longer lives on charity; nor bids fair for a fall, by leaning on that most precarious and thorny pillow, another's pleasure, for our repose. How independent of the world is he, who can daily find new acquaintance, that at once entertain and improve him in the little world, the minute but fruitful creation of his own mind!

“ These advantages Composition affords us, whether we write ourselves, or in more humble amusement peruse the works of others. While we bustle through the thronged walks of public life, it gives us a respite at least from care, a pleasing pause of refreshing recollection. If the country is our choice or fate, there it rescues us from sloth and sensuality, which like obscene vermin are apt gradually to creep unperceived into the delightful bowers of our retirement, and to poison all it's sweets. Conscious guilt robs the rose of it's scent, the lily of it's lustre, and makes an Eden a deflowered and dismal scene.

“ Moreover, if we consider life's endless evils, what can be more prudent than to provide for consolation under them? A consolation under them the wisest of men have found in the pleasures of the pen; witness, among many more, Thucydides, Xenophon, Tully, Ovid, Seneca, and Pliny the Younger, who says.

In uxoris infirmitate, et amicorum periculo aut morte turbatus, ad studia, unicum doloris levamentum, confugio. And why not add to these their modern equals, Chaucer, Raleigh, Bacon, Milton, and Clarendon, under the same shield unwounded by misfortune, and nobly smiling in distress?

“Composition was a cordial to these under the frowns of Fortune; but evils there are, which her smiles cannot prevent or cure. Among these, are the languors of old age. If those are held honourable, who in a hand benumbed by time have grasped the just sword in defence of their country; shall they be less esteemed, whose unsteady pen vibrates to the last in the cause of religion, of virtue, of learning? Both these are happy in this, that by fixing their attention on objects most important they escape numberless little anxieties, and that *tadium vitæ* which often hangs so heavy on it's evening hours.”

These passages from the pen of a writer, who had exceeded his seventieth year, prove that he still retained his vigorous fancy; and it would have been more creditable to him, if here he had stopped without giving to the public his last poem, entitled ‘Resignation.’

This production, far inferior to his other works, was published not long before his death, an event preceded by considerable sufferings, in which his two daily attendants (Dr. Cotton of St. Alban's, and Dr. Yates of Hertford) administered frequent opiates to the injury, as it was supposed, of his intellects. He died April 5, 1765.

His infirmities having, previously, rendered him incapable of discharging any parochial duty, he had for some time gradually sunk into a kind of pupilage

to his housekeeper, Mrs. Hallows. From the epistolary correspondence indeed of Mr. Jones, his curate and executor, it appears that his last years were embittered by the unhappy economy of his family, chiefly as superintended by this person, who seems to have been at once a miser, a tyrant, and a termagant. She had at last, however, the grace to send for his son—when Dr. Young was too weak to bear an interview. But, with the exception of some legacies, he left him the whole of his large fortune. Of these, one of 1000*l.* was bequeathed to Mrs. Hallows, coupled with a solemn entreaty to her (as he had, likewise, in his will particularly directed his executors) that ‘all his manuscripts might be destroyed as soon as he was dead.’ With this injunction she had not the piety to comply. He was buried in Welwyn church, under the communion-table, by the side of his wife. His son* erected a monument to their memory, with the following simple inscription :

M. S.
Optimi Parentis
 EDVARDI YOUNG, LL.D.
Hujus Ecclesiæ Rect.
Et Elizabethæ
Flem. Prænob.
Conjugis ejus amantissimæ,
Pio et gratissimo animo
Hoc marmor posuit
 F. Y.
Filius superstes.

* It has been said, that the character of ‘Lorenzo’ in the ‘Night Thoughts’ was intended by Dr. Young for his son, but this appears to be entirely without foundation; for the youth in question was only eight years of age, when that work first made it’s appearance. It is evidently, indeed, a feigned character; and the reader is much indebted to Mr. Croft for having discovered,

Dr. Young was a man of considerable genius,* of great piety, and of amiable manners in private life. The turn of his mind was naturally solemn; and, during his residence in the country, he commonly spent some hours every day among the tombs in his own churchyard. His conversation, as well as his writings, generally had a reference to the life after this; and the same disposition discovered itself even in the improvements of his rural abode. He had, for instance, an alcove with a bench so well represented, as to deceive the stranger at a distance: on approaching it, the deception was detected, and soothed by the motto, *Invisibilia non decipiunt*, ‘The things unseen do not deceive us.’ And yet, notwithstanding this natural gloominess of temper, he was so fond of innocent amusements, that he instituted an assembly and a bowling-green in his parish, which he frequently honoured with his presence. In the earlier part of his life, he had been intimately acquainted with some of the first persons in the polite and learned world; but he survived almost all of them many years.

Mr. Pope, as we are told by Ruffhead, thought that Young’s genius was without common sense; so that, being without guide, it was perpetually liable to degenerate into bombast. This made him pass for a

that ‘no such character ever yet disgraced human nature, or broke a father’s heart.’

* In his anxiety, however, to polish and smooth the harshness of his numbers, it is said that ‘he devoted whole weeks to the harmonising of a few refractory stanzas or disticha, and frequently without success. It is indeed his error that, instead of endeavouring to support the glow of imagery, he usually appears sedulous to gather the ornaments of wit, and only dazzles where he ought to r. elt.

' foolish youth.' But his having a good heart enabled him to support the clerical character, when he assumed it, first with decency and afterward with honour.

This want of reasonable ideas, in a writer so pregnant with imagination, occasioned the same absence and distraction in company, which has frequently been observed to befall philosophic men through the abundance of theirs. But his absence being on that account attended with much absurdity, it was not only excused but enjoyed. He gave, throughout his life, many wonderful examples of this turn or rather debility of mind, of which one will suffice: When he had determined to go into orders, he addressed himself, like an honest man, for the best directions in the study of theology. But to whom did he apply? It may, perhaps, be thought to Sherlock or Atterbury, to Burnet or Hare. No! to Mr. Pope, who in a youthful frolic recommended to him Thomas Aquinas! With this treasure he retired, in order to be free from interruption, to an obscure place in the suburbs. His director, hearing no more of him for six months, and apprehending he might have carried the jest too far, sought after him, and found him out—just in time to prevent an irretrievable derangement.

His wit was generally poignant, and ever levelled at those who testified any contempt for decency and religion. His epigram upon Voltaire in particular, who had ridiculed the Death and Sin of our great epic poet in his company, is well known:

“ Thou art so witty, profligate, and thin,
Thou seem'st a Milton, with his Death and Sin.”

It is recorded of him, that one Sunday as he was vainly soliciting the attention of his frivolous and fashionable audience at St. James' Chapel, his pity for their folly got the better of his sense of decorum : he threw himself back in the pulpit, and burst into tears.

He was moderate in his meals, and seldom drank wine, except when he was ill ; being 'unwilling (as he observed) to waste the succour of sickness on the stability of health.' After his first sleep, he is said to have spent the greater part of the night in meditation, and in the composition of his works ; and he had only to transcribe them, if the expression may be allowed, the next morning. He rose betimes, and obliged his domestics to join with him in the duty of prayer. In his youth, as well as afterward, he was often distinguished by somewhat of singularity in his manners. It is a traditionary report at Oxford, that when he was composing, he would shut up his windows, and sit by a lamp even at midday ; and that skulls, and bones, and instruments of death were among the ornaments of his study.

At seventy eight his eyesight appears to have failed him to a great degree. In a letter to his old friend, the Rev. Thomas Newcomb of Hackney, dated 1762, he says ; " My sight is so far gone, as to lay me under the necessity of borrowing a hand to write this. God grant me grace, under this darkness, to see more clearly things invisible and eternal ; those great things, which you ('then eighty seven') and I must soon be acquainted with ! And why not rejoice at it ? There is not a day of my long life, that I desire to repeat ; and at fourscore it is all *labour and*

sorrow. What then have we to do? But one thing remains; and in that one, blessed be God! by his assistance we are sure of success. Let nothing, therefore, lie heavy on your heart: let us rely on Him, who has done so great things for us; that lover of souls, that hearer of prayers whenever they come from the heart, and sure rewarder of all those who love Him and put their trust in his mercy. Let us not be discontented with this world. That is bad: but it is still worse to be satisfied with it, so satisfied as not to be very anxious for something more."

He appears to have been upon the whole, as a respectable writer has remarked, neither a man of sorrow, nor yet 'a fellow of infinite jest.' The dignity of a great and good man appeared in all his words and actions. He conversed on religious subjects with the cheerfulness of virtue: his piety was undebased by gloom or enthusiasm; and he was regular in the performance of both it's public and it's private duties.

Dr. Warton pronounced him, one of the most amiable and benevolent of men; most exemplary in his life, and sincere in his religion; and in the variety and novelty of his *bon-mots* and repartees, as he had been informed by Lord Melcombe (a good judge upon such subjects) far superior to Voltaire.

His extemporaneous wit and colloquial talents, indeed, were highly celebrated in his day. Two instances of what may be regarded as unpremeditated and successful pleasantry are here recorded: Refusing to leave two ladies (one of them, subsequently, his wife) who were walking with him in his grounds at Welwyn, to receive one of his noble friends who had called upon him, he was gently led by them

to the gate ; upon which, with his peculiar expressiveness of manner, he said

“ Thus Adam look’d, when from the garden driven,
And thus disputed orders sent from Heaven.
Like him I go, and yet to go am loth :
Like him I go, for Angels drove us both.
Hard was his fate, but mine still more unkind ;
His Eve went with him, but mine stays behind.”

In the early part of his life, he is said to have played with great taste on the German flute. On his way by water to Vauxhall with some ladies, he played some tunes, and then put his flute in his pocket. An officer, rowing near, insisted that he should continue his music, on pain of being thrown into the river. To calm the apprehensions of his party, he complied, till both parties reached Vauxhall. Having marked his man however, Young addressed him in one of the dark walks, and insisted upon satisfaction ; the weapons swords, and the time the next morning. Upon their meeting, he advanced toward his military antagonist with a large horse-pistol, with which he threatened to shoot him through the head, if he did not instantly dance a minuet. The delinquent, after many fruitless remonstrances, did as he was ordered, and (it is added) had the good sense to own, that his impertinence had received an appropriate castigation.

“ Of his Poems,” says Dr. Johnson, “ it is difficult to give any general character, for he has no uniformity of manner : one of his pieces has no great resemblance to another. He began to write early, and continued long ; and at different times had different modes of poetical excellence in view. His numbers are sometimes smooth, and sometimes rugged ; his stile is

sometimes concatenated, and sometimes abrupt ; sometimes diffusive, and sometimes concise. His plan seems to have started in his mind at the present moment, and his thoughts appear the effects of chance, sometimes adverse and sometimes lucky, with very little operation of judgement.

“ He was not one of the writers whom experience improves, and who observing their own faults become gradually correct. His Poem on the ‘ Last Day,’ his first great performance, has an equality and propriety, which he afterward either never endeavoured, or never attained. Many paragraphs are noble, and few are mean ; yet the whole is languid. The plan is too much extended, and a succession of images divides and weakens the general conception. But the great reason why the reader is disappointed is, that the Last Day makes every man more than poetical, by spreading over his mind a general obscurity of sacred horror, that oppresses distinction and disdains expression.

—“ In his ‘ Night-Thoughts ’ he has exhibited a very wide display of original poetry, variegated with deep reflexions and striking allusions ; a wilderness of thought, in which the fertility of fancy scatters flowers of every hue and of every odour. This is one of the few poems, in which blank verse could not be changed for rhyme but with disadvantage. The wild diffusion of the sentiments, and the digressive sallies of imagination would have been compressed and restrained by confinement to rhyme. The excellence of this work is, not exactness but copiousness : particular lines are not to be regarded ; the power is in the whole, and in the whole there is a magnificence like that ascribed

to a Chinese plantation, the magnificence of vast extent and of endless diversity.—With all his defects, he was a man of genius, and a poet.”

In 1762, Dr. Young published a selection of what he thought his best works, in four volumes 8vo., under the title of ‘The Works of the Author of the Night Thoughts.’* To these, a fifth volume was added soon after his death, and a sixth in 1778.

EXTRACT.

The Death of Altamont.

‘THE sad evening before the death of this noble youth, I was with him. No one was there, but his physician, and an intimate friend whom he loved, and whom he had ruined. At my first coming in, he said ;

‘ You and the physician are come too late.—I have neither life nor hope. You both aim at miracles. You would raise the dead.

‘ Heaven, I said, was merciful—

‘ Or I could not have been thus guilty. What has it not done to bless and to save me?—I have been too strong for omnipotence ! I plucked down ruin !

‘ I said, The blessed Redeemer—

* The rejected pieces, it ought to be added, contained nothing prejudicial to the cause of virtue, or religion. They might exhibit him, perhaps, in a less respectable light as a poet, and despicable as a dedicatör : but he would not appear a worse Christian, or a worse man. This enviable praise—due to how few of those, whose writings have extended over half a century ! may justly be claimed by the author of the ‘ Night Thoughts.’

‘ Hold ! hold ! you wound me !—This is the rock on which I split.—I denied his name.

‘ Refusing to hear any thing from me, or take any thing from the physician, he lay silent, as far as sudden darts would permit, till the clock struck. Then with vehemence ;

‘ Oh, time ! time ! it is fit thou shouldest thus strike thy murtherer to the heart.—How art thou fled for ever !—A month !—Oh, for a single week ! I ask not for years ; though an age were too little for the much I have to do.

‘ On my saying, We could not do too much : that Heaven was a blessed place—

‘ So much the worse. ’Tis lost ! ’tis lost !—Heaven is to me the severest part of hell !

‘ Soon after I proposed prayer.

‘ Pray you that can. I never prayed. I cannot pray—Nor need I. Is not Heaven on my side already ? It closes with my conscience. It’s severest strokes but second my own.

‘ His friend being much touched, even to tears, at this—who could forbear ? I could not—with a most affectionate look, he said :

‘ Keep those tears for thyself. I have undone thee.—Dost weep for me ? That’s cruel. What can pain me more ?

‘ Here his friend, too much affected, would have left him.

‘ No, stay. Thou still mayest hope.—Therefore, hear me. How madly have I talked ? How madly hast thou listened, and believed ? But look on my present state, as a full answer to thee, and to myself. This body is all weakness and pain : but my soul, as if strung up by torment to greater strength and spirit,

is full powerful to reason ; full mighty to suffer. And that, which thus triumphs within the jaws of mortality, is doubtless immortal.—And, as for a Deity, nothing less than an Almighty could inflict what I feel.

‘ I was about to congratulate this passive involuntary confessor on his asserting the two prime articles of his creed, extorted by the rack of nature ; when he thus, very passionately :

‘ No, no ! let me speak on. I have not long to speak.—My much-injured friend ! my soul, as my body, lies in ruins ; in scattered fragments of broken thought. Remorse for the past throws my thoughts on the future : worse dread of the future strikes it back on the past. I turn, and turn, and find no ray. Didst thou feel half the mountain that is on me, thou would’st struggle with the martyr for his stake ; and bless Heaven for the flames ;—that is not an everlasting flame ; that is not an unquenchable fire.

‘ How were we struck ! Yet, soon after, still more. With what an eye of distraction, what a face of despair, he cried out :

‘ My principles have poisoned my friend ; my extravagance has beggared my boy ; my unkindness has murdered my wife ! And is there another hell ?—Oh ! thou blasphemed, yet most indulgent Lord God ! Hell itself is a refuge, if it hides me from thy frown !

‘ Soon afterward, his understanding failed. His terrified imagination uttered horrors not to be repeated, or ever forgotten. And ere the sun arose, the gay, young, noble, ingenious, accomplished, and most wretched Altamont expired.’

DR. JOHN JORTIN.*

[1698—1770.]

JOHAN JORTIN was born in London, October 23, 1698. His father Renatus Jortin, a native of Bretagne who had studied at Saumur, came over to England about the year 1687, soon after the Protestants had been obliged to quit France in consequence of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes; and was made a Gentleman of the Privy Chamber in 1691, became subsequently Secretary in succession to Lord Orford, Sir George Rooke, and Sir Cloudesly Shovel, and was cast away with the last in 1707. His mother was Martha Rogers, of an ancient family in Buckinghamshire, which had produced some clergymen distinguished by their abilities and learning. He was trained at the Charter House School, where he made considerable proficiency in Greek and Latin literature: his French he learned at home, and he understood and spake it with great precision.

In 1715, he was admitted of Jesus College, Cambridge: and, about two years afterward was recom-

* AUTHORITIES. Heathcote's *Life of Jortin*, prefixed to his 'Sermons,' and first published in the '*Biographical Dictionary*;' Jortin's *Tracts*, and Nichols' *Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century*.

mended by his tutor, Dr. Styan Thirlby, who always retained a friendship for him, to make extracts from Eustathius for the use of Pope's Homer. In an account of this transaction, written by Jortin himself, occur the following passages: "I cannot recollect what Mr. Pope allowed for each book of Homer; I have a notion, that it was three or four guineas."—"I was in some hopes in those days (for I was young) that Mr. Pope would make inquiry about his coadjutor, and take some civil notice of him. But he did not; and I had no notion of obtruding myself upon him.—I never saw his face." *

He became B. A. in January 1719, and M. A. in 1722. Soon after taking his first degree, he was chosen Fellow of Jesus College. In the same year he presided as Moderator in the Sophs' schools, and distinguished himself also by the publication of some elegant Latin poems, entitled, '*Lusus Poetici*,' which with eminent purity and correctness combine great delicacy of sentiment and warmth of imagination. In the beginning of 1727, he was presented by his College to the living of Swavesey, near Cambridge: but marrying a daughter of Mr. Chibnall of Newport Pagnell in 1728, he resigned his preferment, and settled in London as reader and preacher in a chapel in New Street, near Russell Street, Bloomsbury. Here he spent the ensuing thirty two years of his life; for though the Earl of Winchelsea gave him the rectory of Eastwell in Kent, he soon quitted it, and returned to the metropolis; where with his emoluments as a preacher in several chapels,† and a decent competency of his

* See the Life of Pope.

† One of these was in Oxenden Street, to which he was ap-

own, he supported his family in a respectable manner: dividing his leisure-hours between his books and his learned friends, with whom he always kept up an intimate connexion.

In 1730, he published ‘Four Sermons on the Truth of the Christian Religion;’ the substance of which was subsequently incorporated into his work entitled, ‘Discourses concerning the Truth of the Christian Religion;’ printed in 1746. In this valuable volume are found much good sense and erudition.

In 1731, appeared ‘Miscellaneous Observations upon Authors Ancient and Modern,’ in two volumes octavo: a collection of critical remarks, of which though not the sole, he was the principal author; Pearce, Masson, Taylor, Wasse, Theobald, Robinson, Upton, Thirlby, and others having favoured him with their contributions.* In 1751, the truly-liberal Archbishop Herring,† at a meeting of the

pointed, in 1747, by his friend Dr. Pearce, at that time Rector of St. Martin’s in the Fields. About the same period, also, he was engaged as an occasional assistant by Warburton, then preacher at Lincoln’s Inn; which circumstance produced a temporary intercourse between these two learned, but in many respects very dissimilar, divines.

* This work was so highly approved, that it was translated into Latin at Amsterdam, and continued by D’Orville and Burman.

† For his affecting mention of this Prelate, see a note in the Life of Wolsey, I. 42. “Archbishop Herring and I,” he informs us in his private memoranda, “were of Jesus College in Cambridge: but he left it about the time when I was admitted, and went to another. Afterward, when he was preacher at Lincoln’s Inn, I knew him better, and visited him. He was at that time, and long before, very intimate with Mr. Say, his friend and mine, who lived in Ely House; and Mr. Say, to my knowledge, omitted no opportunity to recommend me to him. When he was

clergy, publicly and unsolicited gave him the living of St. Dunstan's in the East. This Prelate, with whom he had been long acquainted, entertained an affectionate regard for him; had, in many previous instances, endeavoured to serve him; and afterward conferred upon him the degree of D.D. In the same year, came

Archbishop of York, he expected that a good living would lapse into his hands; and he told Mr. Say, that 'he designed it for me.' He was disappointed in his expectation: so was not I; for I had no inclination to go and dwell in the North of England. When Mr. Say died, he asked me, of his own accord, 'Whether I should like to succeed him in the Queen's Library?' I told him, that 'nothing could be more acceptable to me;' and he immediately used all his interest to procure it for me: but he could not obtain it. A person, who is not worth the naming, was preferred to me, by the solicitation of—it matters not who.

'The Archbishop, afterward, assured me of his assistance toward procuring either the preachship or the mastership of the Charter House, where I had gone to school. This project, also, failed; not by his fault, but by the opposition of—it matters not who.

'In conjunction with Bishop Sherlock he, likewise, procured for me the preaching of Boyle's Lectures. He, also, offered me a living in the country, and (which I esteemed a singular favour) he gave me leave to decline it, without taking it amiss in the least; and said, that 'he would endeavour to serve me in a way that should be more acceptable.' He did so, and gave me a living in the city. Afterward, he gave me a doctor's degree. I thought it too late in life, as I told him, to 'go and take it in Cambridge under a Professor, who in point of academical standing might have taken his first degree under me, when I was Moderator.' I was willing to owe this favour to *him*, which I would not have asked or accepted from any other Archbishop.

'That some persons, beside Mr. Say, did recommend me to him, I know, and was obliged to them for it. But I must add, that on this occasion they did only *σπινδύρα ὀρκεῖν*, *spur the free courser*; and that he would have done what he did, without their interposition.'

out his first volume of ‘Remarks upon Ecclesiastical History,*’ being the substance of the Boylean Lectures, which he had in 1749 been appointed to preach. The preface to this work combines, with much learning and ingenuity, the greatest liberty and liberality. It is said to have given great offence to some of his professional brethren, and certainly presented a foretaste of the spirit, by which the production itself was to be characterised.

In 1755, he published his ‘Six Dissertations upon different Subjects,’ in octavo;† of which the last (on

* These ‘Remarks’ were continued, in four succeeding volumes, to the year (1517) in which Luther began the work of Reformation; two published by himself in 1752 and 1754, and two after his death, in 1773. No work upon the subject affords more entertainment, or more matter for reflexion, to a liberal mind. It is replete with curious erudition, and sagacious remarks; and bears throughout, like his ‘Life of Erasmus,’ the stamp of moderation, and a decided antipathy to every species of bigotry and persecution. It is enlivened by many strokes of humour given with a shrewd simplicity peculiar to the writer, and often in the form of allusive classical quotations, in which he was singularly happy.

† Of the merit of this publication a learned foreigner, in the ‘*Journal Britannique*,’ vol. xvii. (published at the Hague 1755) thus expresses himself:

‘*Ces Dissertations ont pour auteur un homme, qui se distingue également par ses connoissances et par ses vertus. Littérateur du premier ordre, il n’estime l’étude des mots que ce qu’elle vaut, et qu’autant qu’elle conduit à la science des choses. Versé dans la lecture des anciens auteurs, et dans les recherches de l’antiquité, il ne se fait point une gloire de décrier son siècle, et de donner une injuste préférence à ceux qui l’ont précédé. Consacré par état à l’instruction des hommes, il leur présente une religion simple, et destinée à les rendre contents de la vie, et préparés à la mort. Plus jaloux à trouver le Vrai que d’inventer du Neuf, il ne s’attache à aucun système; n’affecte point la singularité; promet rarement des démonstrations,* et manque plus rarement encore à ses promesses.*

the ‘State of the Dead, as described by Homer and Virgil,’ asserting with great erudition and ability the antiquity of the doctrine of a future state, interfered with Dr. Warburton’s ‘Divine Legation of Moses.’ This gave rise to a piece, published by the late Bishop Hurd,* under the title of “A seventh Dissertation on the Delicacy of Friendship;” an illiberal attack on Jortin, because he had too much independence of mind to compliment Warburton in the indiscriminate manner, which was then become fashionable among his admirers. Jortin made no reply; but in his ‘*Adversaria*’ the following memorandum occurs, proving that he opposed the notions of other men not from any spirit of envy or contradiction, but from the full persuasion that he was in the right. “I have examined,” says he, “the State of the Dead as described by Homer and Virgil, and upon that Dissertation I am willing to stake all the little credit that I have as a critic and a philologer. I have there observed, that ‘Homer was not the inventor of the fabulous histories of the gods; he had those stories, and also the doctrine of a future state, from old traditions.’ Many notions of the Pagans, which came from tradition, are considered by Barrow, II. viii., in which sermon

Modeste enfin, et modéré, il n’attache point la gloire à déprimer ceux qui courent la même carrière, ou qui pensent différemment de lui. A ces traits, que mon cœur a tracés, que la voix publique confirme, et qu’un Prélat universellement respecté des gens de lettres et des gens de bien a consacrés, il est peu de lecteurs, du moins dans notre isle, qui ne reconnoissent M. le Docteur JORTIN.’

* But the Prelate paid the penalty of his intemperate attachment to his Right Reverend Patron, in the severity with which he was treated by the learned editor of ‘Tracts by Warburton and a Warburtonian.’

the existence of God is proved from universal consent. See also *Bibl. Chois.* I. 356, and *Bibl. Univ.* IV. 433."

In 1758, he gave to the world his 'Life of Erasmus,' in one volume quarto; * and in 1760, a second,

* For the motto of this work, he chose a passage from Erasmus himself: "*Illud certè præsagio, de meis lucubrationibus, qualescunque sunt, candidiùs judicaturam posteritatem; tametsi nec de meo seculo queri possum.*" Yet it is certain, that he had very slight notions of posthumous fame or glory, and of any real good which could arise from it; as appears from the following note on Milton's 'Paradise Regained,' which as a specimen both of his philology, and his feeling upon that subject, is here inserted :

'To whom (Satan) our Saviour calmly thus replied :
— "What is glory, but the blaze of fame,
The people's praise, if always praise unmix'd?
And what the people but a herd confused,
A miscellaneous rabble, who extol
Things vulgar and, well-weigh'd, scarce worth the praise?
They praise, and they admire they know not what,
And know not whom, but as one leads the other :
And what delight to be by such extoll'd,
To live upon their tongues, and be their talk,
Of whom to be dispraised were no small praise ;
His lot, who dares be singularly good !
Th' intelligent among them and the wise
Are few, and glory scarce of few is raised,' &c. (iii. 43.)

'This passage, observes Jortin, deserves attention. The love of glory is a passion deeply rooted in us, and with difficulty kept under. Την κενοδοξίαν, ὡς τελευταίου χιτῶνα, ἡ ψυχὴ πεφυκὴν ἀποτίθεισθαι, says Plato. Helvidius Priscus, as Tacitus relates, was 'possessed of all the virtues, which make a great and a good man.' He was a Stoic into the bargain; and therefore bound, by the principles of his philosophy, to set a small value upon the τα ἔκ εφ' ἡμῶν. And yet, *erant quibus appetentior famæ videretur; quando etiam sapientibus cupide gloria novissima exuitur.* (Hist. iv. 5.) As at Rome and in Greece a spear, a crown of oak or laurel, a

containing ‘Remarks upon the Works of Erasmus,’ and an ‘Appendix of Extracts from Erasinus, and

statue, a public commendation was esteemed an ample recompence for many brave actions; so it is as true, that many of their great men were over-fond of fame, and mere slaves to the love of it.

‘Let us see, what the philosophers have said concerning a greedy desire of glory—such a desire, as leads men to make it the ruling principle of their actions, and invites them to do well only or chiefly in order to be admired. We shall find them condemning it, and saying things agreeable enough to what Milton puts into the mouth of our Saviour :

‘ Illud autem te admonco, ne eorum more, qui non proficere sed conspici volunt, facias aliqua.’ (Senec. Epist. v.)

‘ Qui virtutem suam publicari vult, non virtuti laborat, sed glorie. Non vis esse justus sine gloria. At, mihercule, sæpè justus esse debebis cum infamia; et tunc, si sapis, mala opinio benè parva delectat.’ (Id. Epist. cxiii.)

‘ Cavenda est glorie cupiditas is a lesson delivered by one, who in that particular did not practise what he taught.’ (Cic. Offic. I.)

‘ Laudis amore tumes? Sunt certa piacula, quæ te

Ter purè lecto poterunt recreare libello.’ (Hor. Ep. I. i. 36.)

‘ An quidquam stultius quàm, quos singulos sicut operarios barbarosque contemnas, eos esse aliquid putare universos?’ Cic. Tusc. Disp. v. 36.) Upon which Davis remarks, “Egregium hoc monitum Socrati debetur, qui Alcibiadem in concionem populi prodire veritum ita excitavit: “Ου καταφρονεις, επι Σωκράτης, εκεινς τς σκυτοτομς;” το νοημα ειπαν αυτς. Φησαντες δε τς Αλκιβιαδς, υπολαβων παλιν ο Σωκράτης, “Ετι δε τς εν τοις κυκλοις κρητυττοτος;” η, “εκεινς τς σκηνηρμς;” Όμολογαντες δε τς Κλεινς μνηρχις, “Ουκη, εφη ο Σωκράτης, ο δημος Αθηναίων εκ τςτων ηδρσιςα; και, ει των κατ’ ινα καταφρονεις, αρς και των ηδρσιςμεινν.”

‘Epictetus, Enchirid. 45. says, Σημεια προκοπτοτος· εδνα ψυγη, εδνα επαινη, εδνα μιμφεται, εδνα εγκαλει, εδν πρις ιαυτς λεγει· και τις αυτον επαινη, καταγίλα τς επαινοντος αυτος παρ’ ιαυτς· και ψιγη, εκ απολογιται. *Signa proficientis sunt: neminem vituperat, neminem laudat, de nemine queritur, neminem incusat; nihil de seipso dicit. Et, si quis ipsum laudet, ridet laudantem ipse secum; et, si vituperet, non se purgat.*

‘ Idem, apud Stobæum: Ουδεις φιλοχρηματος, και φιληδαιος, και φιλο-

other Writers.' In the preface to the former he says, that 'Le Clerc, while he published the works of Erasmus at Leyden, drew up his Life in French, collected principally from his Letters, and inserted it

δοξας, και φιλανθρωπος· αλλα μονος ο φιλοκαλος. Nemo pecuniæ amans, et voluptatis, et gloriæ, simul homines amat; sed solus honesti amans.

'So Plato, *De Republ.* I. says that "a fondness for glory is as mean a vice as a fondness for money."

'Many such passages might be added, particularly from Marcus Aurelius, and other Stoical writers. The Stoics, though they refused to give fame and glory a place among good things, yet I think did not slight the esteem of good men: they distinguished between *gloria* and *claritas*. Thus Seneca, Ep. cii. *Gloria multorum judiciis constat, claritas bonorum.*—[Sed *claritas*] *potest unius boni viri judicio esse contenta.*

'I cannot forbear inserting here a passage from Seneca, which I believe will please the reader as much as it does me. It relates to that fond hope, which we writers good, bad, and indifferent are apt to entertain, that our name and labours shall be immortal; and it tells us, as elegantly as truly, what we have to expect. *Profunda supra nos altitudo temporis veniet: pauca ingenia caput exserent; et in idem quandoque silentium abitura oblivioni resistent, ac se diu vindicabunt.* (Ep. xxi.) We expect that Time should take the charge of our writings, and deliver them safe to the latest posterity; but he is as surly, and whimsical, as Charon:

*Stabant orantes primi transmittere cursum,
Tendebantque manus ripæ ulterioris amore:
Navita sed tristis nunc hos, nunc accipit illos;
Ast alios longè summos arceat arenâ.* (Æn. vi. 313.)

'If we have the mortification to see our works die before us, we may comfort ourselves with the consideration, which Seneca suggests to us, that 'a time will come when the most excellent and admired compositions shall perish.' Nor is the consolation much smaller, which offers itself to us when we look back, and consider how many good authors there must needs have been, of whom no memorial is left; and how many, of whom nothing but

in the '*Bibliothèque Choisie*:' that 'as this Life was favourably received by the public, he had taken it as a ground-work to build upon, and had translated it, not superstitiously and closely, but with much freedom and with more attention to things than to words;' but that 'he had made continual additions, not only with relation to the history of those days, but to the Life of Erasmus; especially where Le Clerc grew more remiss, either wearied with the task, or called off from these to other labours.' He subsequently 'recommends himself to the favour of his friends, while he is with them, and his name, when he is gone hence;' and entreats them to join with him in a wish, that 'he may pass the evening of a studious and unambitious life in an humble but not a slothful obscurity, and never forfeit the kind continuance of their accustomed approbation.'

But whatever he or his friends might desire, he was not to live either so studiously, or so obscurely, as in imagination he had anticipated: scenes more public, than any in which he had hitherto been en-

the bare name survives; and how many books are extant indeed, but never read.

Aufer ab hinc lacrimas, barathre, et compesce querelas—

Lumina sis oculis etiam bonus Ancu' reliquit,

Qui melior multis quàm tu fuit, improbe, rebus.

(Lucret. iii. 967. 1037, 1038.)

'To these motives of contentment under such circumstances I need not add, what every neglected author says to himself, that 'the age he lives in has no taste.'

A long and able discussion of this passion occurs in Mr. Wilberforce's '*Practical View of Professed, as contrasted with Real Christianity*,' IV. § 3. particularly in p. 245 of the 8vo. ed. of 1805, where the stile sympathises with the splendor and the sublimity of the subject.

gaged, awaited him. For his friend Dr. Osbaldeston,* upon the death of Dr. Hayter, succeeding to the see of London in 1762, he was immediately appointed his Domestic Chaplain, and in the course of the same year admitted into a prebend of St. Paul's, and presented to the vicarage of Kensington, whither he went to reside soon afterward.

In 1764, he was made Archdeacon of London, and might have had the rectory of St. James', Westminster; but he chose rather to continue at Kensington, as a situation from it's agreeableness and comparative disoccupation better adapted to his then advanced age. Here he lived, occupied (when his pastoral functions permitted) among his books, and enjoying himself with his usual serenity till the autumn of 1770, when he was seized with a disorder in his breast and lungs; of which, without undergoing much pain † or any loss of understand-

* This Prelate, of a highly respectable Yorkshire family, held originally the vicarage of Hunmanby (now in the possession of the Editor of these volumes) and the sinecure rectory of Folke-ton; and became subsequently, in succession, Dean of York and Bishop of Carlisle, before he was translated to London. From him the sinecure passed, on the presentation of the crown, to Dr. Hurd, a name less friendly to Dr. Jortin.

† In answer to a female attendant, who offered him something, he said with much composure; "No: I have had enough of every thing." I have twice perused, he observes in his private papers, Bacon's ingenious 'History of Life and Death.' It recommends abundance of things to be taken, and a variety of rules to be observed, with a view to make life healthy and long. But of these prescriptions many are too dear, and almost all too troublesome: and a long life is not *tanti*. Few persons could procure all these *subsidia*: a Lord Chancellor, or a Lord Bishop, might; a poor parson could not afford a hundredth part of the expense. But, for their comfort, I will be bold to tell

ing, he died September 5. He was buried as he had directed in the new church-yard at Kensington; and the flat stone laid over him has the following inscription, dictated by himself:

JOANNES JORTIN

Mortalis esse desiit

Anno Salutis [1770],

Ætatis [72].

He left a widow, and two children: Rogers Jortin, of Lincoln's Inn, who married one of the daughters of Dr. Maty, had considerable practice in the Court of Exchequer, and died in 1795; and Martha, married to the Rev. Samuel Darby, successively Fellow of Jesus College in Cambridge, and Rector of Whatfield in Suffolk.

Beside his principal works, which have already been mentioned, and his Sermons and Charges, he wrote Remarks upon Spenser's Poems (published in 1734), at the end of which occur some Observations upon Milton;* Remarks on L. Annaeus Seneca, printed in 'The Present State of the Republic of Letters, for August 1734;' a Sermon preached at

them, that they may fare as well without his regimen. As to myself I never observed any of his rules, or any rules at all, except the general ones of regularity and temperance. I never had a strong constitution; and yet, thank God, I have had no bad state of health, and few acute disorders.

* For the communication of his notes upon both the 'Paradise Lost' and the 'Paradise Regained' of this poet, the Right Reverend Editor more than once acknowledges his obligations: but every thing that proceeds from him (he adds) is of value, whether in poetry, criticism, or divinity; as appears from his '*Insus Poetici*,' his '*Miscellaneous Observations upon Authors*,' and his '*Discourses concerning the Truth of the Christian Religion*.'

the Consecration of Dr. Pearce, Bishop of Bangor, in 1747; a few notices on Tillotson's Sermons, printed in the Appendix to Birch's 'Life' of that Prelate, in 1752; a Letter to Avison, concerning the Music of the Ancients,* subjoined to a second edition of that author's 'Essay on Musical Expression,' in 1753; and Remarks on Phillips' 'Life of Cardinal Pole,' published in an Appendix to Neve's 'Animadversions' in 1766. His whole works, including his 'Life of Erasmus,' have lately been reprinted in an uniform edition.

With great integrity, humanity, and pleasantry Dr. Jortin united considerable sensibility, and was accustomed to express himself even with some degree of indignation, when he thought it warranted by the occasion. Respecting critical learning, which he successfully cultivated, though he allowed it to have been disgraced by the pride and insolence of the Scaligeri, the Salmasii, the Scioppij, &c., he could ill bear to see it contemptuously treated: and to this may be imputed several little satirical strokes, which occasionally enliven, or disfigure, his works.

Thinking literature discountenanced (indirectly, at least) when ignorant and worthless persons were advanced to high stations, while men of merit and abilities were overlooked, he yet laid no undue stress upon such preferments, but entertained just notions concerning what must ever constitute the chief happiness of man. "Where," he asks in his '*Adversaria*,' "where is Happiness to be found? Where is

* Consisting, however, rather of select passages from classical authors, than any profound investigation of the subject. A valuable translation of Plutarch *περί Μεσσηνίας* may be expected from the Rev. J. H. Bromby, Hull.

her dwelling-place?—Not where we seek her, and where we expect to find her. Happiness is a modest Recluse, who seldom shows her lovely face in the polite, or in the busy world. She is the sister, and the companion, of Religious Wisdom.

“ Among the vanities and the evils which Solomon beheld under the sun, one is this; an access of temporal fortunes, to the detriment of the possessor: whence it appears, that such prosperity is a dangerous thing, and that few persons have a head strong enough, and an heart good enough, to bear it.

“ A sudden rise from a low station, as it sometimes shows to advantage the virtuous and amiable qualities which could not exert themselves before, so it more frequently calls forth to view and exposes to open light those spots of the soul, those base dispositions and hateful vices, which lay lurking in secret, cramped by penury and veiled with dissimulation.

“ An honest and sensible man is placed in a middle station, in circumstances rather scanty than abounding. He hath all the necessities, but none of the superfluities, of life; and these necessities he acquires by his prudence, his studies, and his industry. If he seeks to better his income, it is by such methods as hurt neither his conscience nor his constitution. He hath friends and acquaintances of his own rank: he receives good offices from them, and he returns the same. As he hath his occupations, he hath his diversions also; and partakes of the simple, frugal, obvious, innocent, and cheerful amusements of life. By a sudden turn of things, he grows great in the Church, or in the State. Now his fortune is made; and he says to himself, ‘ The days of scarcity are past, the days of plenty are come, and happiness is

come along with them.' Mistaken man! it is no such thing. He never more enjoys one happy day, compared with those which once shone upon him. He discards his old companions, or treats them with cold, distant, and proud civility. Friendship, free and open conversation, rational inquiry, sincerity, contentment, and the plain and unadulterated pleasures of life are no more: they departed from him along with his poverty. New connexions, new prospects, new desires, and new cares take place, and engross so much of his time and of his thoughts, that he improves neither his heart nor his understanding. He lives ambitious and restless, and he dies——rich."

In 1771, came out four, and in 1774 three additional volumes of his Sermons, to which were appended Four Charges, delivered to the clergy of the arch-deaconry of London; compositions distinguished by a plain manly stile, sometimes eloquent and always natural, and abounding with solid sense, morality, and learning: and in 1790, his 'Tracts Philological, Critical, and Miscellaneous' were published by his son, Mr. Rogers Jortin. In this collection are found several pieces of considerable merit.

The following character of Jortin is attributed to the pen of Dr. Parr: *—"As to Jortin, whether I look back to his verse, to his prose, to his critical or to his theological works, there are few authors to whom I am so much indebted for rational entertainment, or for solid instruction. Learned he was, without pedantry. He was ingenious, without the affectation of singularity. He was a lover of truth, with-

See the Preface to the 'Two Tracts by a Warburtonian.'

out hovering over the gloomy abyss of scepticism ; and a friend to free inquiry, without roving into the dreary and pathless wilds of latitudinarianism. He had a heart, which never disgraced the powers of his understanding. With a lively imagination, an elegant taste, and a judgement most masculine and most correct, he united the artless and amiable negligence of a school-boy. Wit without ill-nature, and sense without effort, he could at will scatter upon every subject ; and, in every book, the writer presents us with a near and distinct view of the real man :

—*ut omnis*

Votivâ pateat tanquam descripta tabellâ

Vita senis.

Hor. Sat. ii. 1.

“ His stile, though inartificial, is sometimes elevated: though familiar, it is never mean ; and though employed upon various topics of theology, ethics, and criticism, it is not arrayed in any delusive resemblance, either of solemnity from fanatical cant, of profoundness from scholastic jargon, of precision from the crabbed formalities of cloudy philologists, or, of refinement from the technical babble of frivolous connoisseurs.

“ At the shadowy and fleeting reputation, which is sometimes gained by the petty frolics of literary vanity or the mischievous struggles of controversial rage, Jortin never grasped. Truth, which some men are ambitious of seizing by surprise in the trackless and dark recess, he was content to overtake in the broad and beaten path ; and in the pursuit of it, if he does not excite our astonishment by the rapidity of his strides, he at least secures our confidence by the firmness of his step. To the examination of

positions advanced by other men, he always brought a mind, which neither prepossession had seduced nor malevolence polluted. He imposed not his own conjectures as infallible and irresistible truths, nor endeavoured to give an air of importance to trifles by dogmatical vehemence. He could support his more serious opinions without the versatility of a sophist, the fierceness of a disputant, or the impertinence of a buffoon—more than this—he could relinquish or correct them with the calm and steady dignity of a writer who, while he yielded something to the arguments of his antagonists, was conscious of retaining enough to command their respect. He had too much discernment to confound difference of opinion with malignity or dulness, and too much candor to insult, where he could not persuade. Though his sensibilities were neither coarse nor sluggish, he yet was exempt from those fickle humours, those rankling jealousies, and that restless waywardness, which men of the brightest talents are too prone to indulge. He carried with him into every station in which he was placed, and every subject which he explored, a solid greatness of soul, which could spare an inferior though in the offensive form of an adversary, and endure an equal with or without the sacred name of friend. The importance of commendation, as well to him who bestows, as to him who claims it, he estimated not only with justice, but with delicacy; and, therefore, he neither wantonly lavished it, nor withheld it austere. But invective he neither provoked, nor feared; and, as to the severities of contempt, he reserved them for occasions where alone they could be employed with propriety, and where by himself they always were employed with effect—for the chastisement of arrogant dunces, of censorious

sciolists, of intolerant bigots in every sect, and unprincipled impostors in every profession. Distinguished in various forms of literary composition, engaged in various duties of his ecclesiastical profession, and blessed with a long and honourable life, he nobly exemplified that rare and illustrious virtue of Charity, which Leland in his ‘Reply to the Letter-Writer’ thus eloquently describes: “CHARITY never misrepresents, never ascribes obnoxious principles or mistaken opinions to an opponent, which he himself disavows; is not so earnest in refuting, as to fancy positions never asserted, and to extend it’s censure to opinions which will perhaps be delivered. Charity is utterly averse to sneering, the most despicable species of ridicule, that most despicable subterfuge of an impotent objector. Charity never supposes, that all sense and knowledge are confined to a particular circle; to a district, or to a country. Charity never condemns, and embraces, principles in the same breath; never professes to confute what it acknowledges to be just; never presumes to bear down an adversary with confident assertions. Charity does not call dissent insolence, or the want of implicit submission a want of common respect.”

EXTRACTS.

From the ‘*Lusus Poetici*.’

Vix tristis dubiâ luce rubet polus:
Circùm cuncta silent, Solus ego his vago
Incerto pede sylvis,
Et mecum vigilans Amor.

Crudelis, fugies, Julia? Turbido
Credes te pelago? Nos fera dividens •
Inter sævici unda, et
Venti spes rapient meas?

*Sic me, sic poteras ludere credulum?
 Sic promissa cadunt? Ipsa tamen time: et
 Venti fallere nōrunt,
 Nec servat pelagus fidem.*

IMITATED.

‘ IN doubtful twilight Nature sleeps
 Within this silent grove :
 Love only his pale vigil keeps,
 And I, the slave of Love.

Ah! cruel Julia, dare you brave
 The sea’s engulfing tide?
 Torn from me by the tossing wave,
 Shall winds my hopes deride?

So your fond lover can you cheat,
 To all your vows untrue?
 Yet fear th’ avenging wind’s deceit:
 Know, seas are fickle too.’

F. W.

His celebrated ‘ *Inscriptionis Fragmentum.*’ *

D. M.

* * * * *
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 QVAE TE SVB TENERA RAPVERVNT PAETA IVVENTA
 O VTINAM ME CRVDELIA FATA VOCENT
 VT LINGVAM TERRAS INVISQVE LVMINA SOLIS
 VTQVE TVVS RVRSVM CORPORE SIM POSITO
 TV CAVE LETHAEO CONTINGVAS ORA LIQVORE
 ET CITO VENTVRI SIS MEMOR ORO VIRI
 TE SEQVAR OBSCVRVM PER ITER DVX IBIT EVNTI
 FIDVS AMOR TENEBRAS LAMPADE DISCVTIENS

* Upon this appeared, in the ‘ *Anthologia Veterum Latinorum Epigrammatum et Poematum,*’ Amstel. 1773. (II. 138. Epig. clxxxvii.) by Petrus Burmanus Secundus a serious and elaborate Commentary! in which however, to do the learned gentleman justice, he says, *Antiquum dubito*, speaks of the *recentioris ætatis artificium*, and winds up with *Quicunque fumos nobis vendidit*. But he might have expressed himself with more certainty :

IMITATED.

' O Pæta, would the Fates, whose cruel doom
 Cropp'd thy soft prime, but call me to the tomb!
 Might I this hated light, this earth resign;
 And, placed by thy dear side, once more be thine!
 Meanwhile, Beloved, of Lethe's wave beware;
 And Him in mind, Him soon to join thee, bear:
 Love my dim path, as thee I seek, will trace;
 And with his torch the mortal darkness chase.'

F. W.

as his uncle and D'Orville had jointly published at Amsterdam the *Miscellanæ Observationes* of Jortin, in which this inscription was first offered *Eruditorum examini*, being often reprinted afterward in the '*Lusus Poetici*.' The elegant and happier criticism of the present learned and excellent Bishop of St. David's, on the same subject, may be found in his '*Essay on the Study of Antiquities*,' Oxford, 1782; where he recommends a transposition of the two last distichs (a measure, which has also been suggested as an improvement upon the conclusion of the '*Paradise Lost*') in order to approximate the composition more closely to the Greek inscription in the *Anthologia*, whence part of the ideas appear to have been borrowed.

THOMAS GRAY.*

[1716—1771.]

THOMAS GRAY, who has been called the ‘British Pindar,’ was born in Cornhill, London, December 26, 1716. His grandfather was a considerable merchant; but his father Philip, though he also engaged in business as a money-scrivener (which was the profession, likewise, of Milton’s father) is stated to have been of an indolent and reserved temper,† so that he rather diminished than increased his paternal fortune. He was the fifth child; but all except himself died in their infancy, from suffocation produced by a fullness of blood. He was himself, indeed, only snatched from the same fate by the courage of his mother, who removed the paroxysm by opening a vein with her own hand. Such an instance of judicious and critical affection he justly remembered with filial reverence, and seldom mentioned the operator without a sigh.

He received his grammatical education at Eton

* *AUTHORITIES.* Mason’s *Mémoires of the Life and Writings of Gray*; JOHNSON’S *Lives of the Poets*, and *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

† Or rather brutal, since his wife in 1735 applied to an eminent civilian for his advice, as to a separation.

under Mr. Antrobus, his mother's brother, who was at that time one of the assistant masters of Dr. George, and also Fellow of Peter House, Cambridge; and, while there, contracted a particular intimacy with Horace Walpole, afterward Earl of Orford, and Richard West, son of the Chancellor of Ireland. Upon leaving Eton, he entered as pensioner at his Uncle's college in 1734. At the University, where his effeminacy and fair complexion procured him the name of 'Miss Gray,'* he seems to have renounced the severity of mathematical studies in favour of classical literature, modern languages, and other branches of polite literature. During the four or five years which he spent at Cambridge, his poetical productions were some Latin Hexameters in the academical Epithalamium on the Marriage of the Prince of Wales (which Mason however, regarding as only to be excused by the writer's extreme youth, though the best in the collection, excludes from his edition, to be buried in the adulatory 'trash with which they are surrounded') a Tripos, as it is called, on the theme of '*Luna est habitabilis*' inserted in the '*Musæ Etonenses*,' a Latin version of the '*Care salve beate*' from the '*Pastor Fido*,' fragments of English translations from Statius and Tasso, and the following delicate sapphic ode, which his editor denominates 'the first original production of his Muse.' It was addressed to his beloved West, who had some months before left Christ Church for the Inner Temple, and was with Gray destined to pursue there the study of the law.

* Milton, from a similar cause perhaps, was called (as it has been stated in his Life) the 'Lady of Christ's College.'

*Barbatas ædes aditure mecum,
Quas Eris semper fovet inquieta,
Lis ubi latè sonat, et togatum
Æstuat agmen!*

*Dulciùs quanto patulis sub ulmi
Hospitæ ramis temerè jacentem
Sic libris horas tenuique inertes
Fallere Musâ?*

*Sæpè enim curis rago expeditâ
Mente; dum, blandam meditans Camœnam,
Vix malo rori meminisse seræ
Cedere nocti;*

*Et, pedes quò me rapiunt, in omni
Colle Parnassum rideor videre
Fertilem sylvæ, gelidamque in omni
Fonte Aganippen.*

*Risit et Ver me facilesque Nymphæ
Nure captantem, nec incleganti,
Manè quicquid de violis cundo
Surripit aura—*

*Me reclinatum teneram per herbam;
Quà leves cursus aqua cunque ducit,
Et moras dulci strepitu lapillo
Nectit in omni.*

*Hæc novo nostrum ferè pectus anno
Simplices curæ tenuère, cælum
Quamdù sudum explicuit Favonê
Purior hora:*

*Otiâ et campos nec adhuc relinquo,
Nec magis Phœbo Clytie fidelis;
(Ingruant venti licèt, et senescat
Mollior æstas.)*

*Namque, seu lætos hominum labores
Prataque et montes recreante curru
Purpurâ tractus oriens Eoos
Vestit et auro,*

*Sedulus servo veneratus orbem
Prodigium splendoris: amceniori
Sive dilectam meditatatur igne
Pingere Calpen;*

*Usquedum, fulgore magis magis jam
Languido circum, variata nubes
Labitur furtim, viridisque in umbras
Scena recessit.*

*O ego felix, vice si (nec unquam
Surgerem rursus) simili cadentem
Parca me lenis sineret quieto
Fallere letho!*

*Mullà flagranti radiisque cincto
Integris ah! quàm nihil inviderem,
Cum Dei ardentes medius quadrigas
Sentit Olympus.*

From the vivid and picturesque painting in this composition, marking strongly the ascendancy of the poet over the lawyer, it cannot be doubted that he gladly embraced the excuse, for deferring his meditated studies, supplied by an invitation to accompany Mr. Walpole (with whom, as a member of King's College, Cambridge, he had kept up his early intimacy) on a tour through Europe. About the end of March, 1739, they set out for France; visited in traversing that country Paris, Chantilly, Rheims, Dijon, Lyons, the Chartreuse (in the Album of which Gray on his return inscribed the subjoined Alcaic Ode,* marked with the finest touches of his melan-

* *Oh tu, severi Religio loci,
Circumque gaudes nomine (non leve
Nativa nam certè fluenta
Numen habet, veteresque sylvas;
Præsentiolem et conspiciamus Deum
Per invias rupes, fera per iuga
Clivosque præruptos, sonantes
Inter aquas nemorumque noctem,
Quàm si repòstus sub trabe citreâ
Fulgeret, auro et Phidiacâ manu)
Salve vocanti rîlè, fesso et
Da placidam juveni quietem.*

choly Muse) and other places; in November, reached Turin; and proceeded thence to Genoa, Bologna, Flo-

Quòd si invidendis sedibus, et frui

Fortuna sacrâ lege silentiï

Vetat volentem, me resorbens

In medios violenta fluctus;

Saltem remoto des, Pater, angulo

Horas senectæ ducere liberas;

Tutumque vulgari tumultu

Surripias, hominumque curis.'

In a letter to West, written after visiting this place for the first time, he says;—"In our little journey up to the Grande Chartreuse I do not remember to have gone ten paces without an exclamation, that there was no restraining: not a precipice, not a torrent, not a cliff, but is pregnant with religion and poetry. There are certain scenes, that would awe an atheist into belief, without the help of other argument. One need not have a very fantastic imagination to see spirits there at noonday: you have death perpetually before your eyes, only so far removed, as to compose the mind without frightening it. I am well persuaded, Bruno was a man of no common genius, to choose such a situation for his retirement; and perhaps should have been a disciple of his, had I been born in his time. You may believe Abelard and Heloise were not forgotten upon this occasion: if I do not mistake, I saw you too now and then at a distance among the trees; *il me semble, que j'ai vu ce chien de visage là quelque part*. You seemed to call to me from the other side of the precipice, but the noise of the river below was so great, that I really could not distinguish what you said: it seemed to have a cadence like verse. In your next, you will be so good to let me know what it was. The week we have since passed among the Alps has not equalled the single day upon that mountain; because the winter was rather too far advanced, and the weather a little foggy. However, it did not want it's beauties; the savage rudeness of the view is inconceivable, without seeing it. I reckoned in one day thirteen cascades, the least of which was, I dare say, one hundred feet in height. I had Livy in the chaise with me, and beheld his *'nives cælo præpè immistæ, tecta informia imposita rupibus, pecora junctaque torrida frigore, homines intonsi et inculti,*

rence, and Rome; whence he addressed his elegant Alcaic, '*Mater Rosarum*,' &c. immediately after a visit to Frescati and the cascades of Tivoli, to Mr. West, or as he classically calls him *Ad Favonium Zephyrinum*. After spending some time at Naples, in July, 1740, they returned to Florence; and during a residence in that city of eight or nine months, the poet wrote the first book of his didactic Latin poem, entitled '*De Principiis Cogitandi*,' which, however, he unfortunately never completed.

In April 1741, the fellow-travellers left Florence for Venice; when an unhappy feud, occasioned by a difference of their tempers, separated them for the remainder of their stay abroad. Gray, as may be collected from his valuable letters written during his tour, was curious, pensive, and philosophical; architecture, both of Gothic and Grecian origin, painting, and music engaging his attention, as well as the manners and the customs of realms which they traversed: while Walpole was gay, lively, and inconsiderate. The latter, in con-

animalia inanimaque omnia rigentia gelu; omnia confragosa, præruptaque.' The creatures that inhabit them are, in all respects, below humanity; and most of them, especially women, have the *tumidum guttur*, which they call '*goscia*.' Mont Cenis, I confess, carries the permission mountains have of being frightful rather too far; and it's horrors were accompanied with too much danger, to give me time to reflect upon their beauties. There is a family of the Alpine monsters I have mentioned upon it's very top, that in the middle of winter calmly lay in their stock of provisions, and firing, and so are buried in their hut for a month or two under the snow. When we were down, and got a little way into Piedmont, we began to find '*apricos quosdam colles rivosque prope sylvas, et jam humano cultu digniora loca.*' I read *Silvius Italicus*, too, for the first time; and wished for you according to custom."

sequence, enjoined Mason to charge him with the chief blame in their quarrel; candidly confessing, that ‘ more attention and complaisance, more deference to a warm friendship and to superior judgement and prudence, might have prevented a rupture that gave much uneasiness to them both, and a lasting concern to the survivor;’ though, in the year 1744, a reconciliation was effected between them, by a lady who wished well to both parties.

Upon their separation, Gray continued his journey in a manner adapted to his own limited circumstances, with only an occasional servant; and by Padua, Verona, Milan, Turin, and nearly his old route through France, reached Rome in September, 1741. About two months after his return, he lost his father. The old gentleman, by his injudicious expenditure of money upon a new house, had so much lessened his fortune, that his son thought his circumstances too narrow to enable him to prosecute the study of the law without burthening his mother and aunt,* who had for many years kept an India warehouse in Cornhill under the joint names of Gray and Antrobus. He, therefore, retired to Cambridge, where he soon afterward became I.L. B.; and where, as Dr. Johnson expresses it, “ without liking the place or it’s inhabitants, or pretending to like them, he passed (except a short residence in London) the rest of his life.”

On June 1, 1742, weighed down by sickness and family misfortunes, died his friend West; and under the

* On the death of Mr. Philip Gray, they retired with a moderate competency to the house of their widowed sister Mrs. Rogers, at Stoke near Windsor, where the poet’s ‘ Long Story ’ and several of his more finished compositions were subsequently written. His mother died in 1753.

melancholy impression of this event he is supposed to have begun, if not completed in it's original form, his 'Elegy written in a Country Church-Yard.' * To

* The first impulse of his sorrow gave birth to a very tender sonnet in English; and also to a sublime apostrophe in Latin hexameters, written in the genuine strain of classical majesty, with which he intended to have opened his fourth book *De Principiis Cogitandi*, commenced in 1742. They are both subjoined:

'In vain to me the smiling mornings shine,
And reddening Phœbus lifts his golden fire;
The birds in vain their amorous descant join,
Or cheerful fields resume their green attire:
These ears, alas! for other notes repine,
A different object do these eyes require:
My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine,
And in my breast th' imperfect joys expire.
Yet morning smiles the busy race to cheer,
And new-born pleasure brings to happier men:
The fields to all their wonted tribute bear;
To warm their little loves the birds complain:
I fruitless mourn to him that cannot hear,
And weep the more, because I weep in vain.'

*Hactenus haud segnis Naturæ arcana retexi
Musarum interpres, primusque Britannia per arva
Romano liquidum deduxi fœmine rivum.
Cum Tu opere in medio, spes tanti et causa laboris,
Linguis et æternam fati te condis in umbram!
Vidi egomet duro graviter concussa dolore
Pectus, in alterius non unquam lenta dolorem;
Et languere oculos vidi, et pallescere amantem
Vultum, quo nunquam Pietas nisi rara, Fidesque,
Altus amor Veri, et purum spirabat Honestum.
Visa tamen tardi demùm inclementia morbi
Cessare est; reducemque iterùm rosco ore Salutem
Speravi, atque unâ tecum, dilecte Favonî,
Credulus heu! longos, ut quondam, fallere soles:
Heu spes nequicquam dulces, atque irrita vota!
Heu! mæstos soles, sine te quos ducere stendo
Per desideria et questus jam cogor inanes!*

this, he put the last hand in 1750; and through Mr. Walpole, to whom it was communicated, and whose good taste would not suffer him to withhold the sight of it from his acquaintance, it was shown about for some time in manuscript with great applause. At last the publisher of a periodical work, having obtained a surreptitious copy of it, Walpole by Gray's desire placed a genuine one in the hands of Dodsley. Its manuscript simple title, 'Stanzas,' Mason persuaded him to exchange for that of 'An Elegy.' It ran rapidly through eleven editions; was translated into Latin by Messrs. Anstey and Roberts, and soon

*At Tu, sancta anima, et nostri non indiga luctus,
Stellanti templo sincerique ætheris igne,
Unde orta es, fructu; atque ô si segura, nec ultra
Mortalis, notos olim miscrata labores
Respectes, tenuesque vacet cognoscere curas;
Humanam si fortè altâ de sede procellam
Contemplêre, metus stimulosque Cupidinis acres,
Gaudiaque et gemitus, parvoque in corde tumultum
Irarum ingentem, et sævos sub pectore fluctus;
Respice et has lacrymas, memori quas ictus amore
Fundo—quod possum—juxtâ lugere sepulcrum
Dum juvat, et mutæ vana hæc jactare faville.*

I cannot withhold from the reader an elegant version of the above lines by a Lady, whose name (now all that remains of her, upon earth) if I were authorised to introduce it, would diffuse a lustre over these pages.

' 'Erst did my Muse adventurous dare explore
Thought's secret springs 'mid Nature's boundless store,
In Italian numbers pour'd the arduous theme,
And roll'd through British plains a Roman stream—
When thou, dear Youth (ah now! lamented shade!)
Whose wish inspired, whose smiles my toil repaid,
Leavest me in helpless solitude to mourn,
My task unfinish'd, and myself forlorn '

afterward by Mr. Lloyd;* and has recently exercised the talents of some of our modern Greek poets, Cooke, Norbury, Coote, Tew, and Weston.

Yes, I was doom'd that feeling breast to know,
 Awake to every sense of others' woe,
 Struck with disease which mock'd all human aid,
 Shook his weak frame and on his vitals prey'd:
 'Twas mine to mark his drooping eye, and trace
 The last faint blush that tinged his pallid face;
 That face, which glow'd with friendship void of blame,
 Religion pure, strict virtue's steady aim,
 Exalted truth and honour's sacred flame! }
 Once from some signs his treacherous illness wore,
 Fondly I thought the dreaded crisis o'er;
 Th' awaken'd hope fallacious joy instill'd,
 And oh! what flattering dreams my bosom fill'd—
 Placed by thy side, loved West, again to stray,
 Dwell on thy words and cheat the livelong day!
 Ah vain desires! ah hopes for ever fled!
 Ah cheerless days, with deepening gloom o'erspread; }
 Since, 'rest of thee, life's dreary paths I tread!

But thou, blest Shade, from earthly bondage freed,
 These tears of sympathy no more shalt need:
 In that pure ether whence thy spotless mind
 Her essence drew, 'ere to this earth consign'd,
 'Mid circling stars enjoy thy blest abode,
 Rapt in the full fruition of thy God!
 And oh! if yet, secure of endless joy,
 Our trifling cares or pains thy thoughts employ;
 If from on high thy spirit deign to trace
 The mingled joys and sorrows of our race,
 Mark the wild passions link'd with human fate,
 Desire and fear and anger's keen debate;
 Let these sad tears thy soft compassion move—
 Tears urged by early and unfailing love,

* It has, also, exercised other Latin pens, and among the rest that of the late learned Gilbert Wakefield. Of the Greek competition the reader will find an amusing account in the 'Pursuits of Literature.'

For the preceding two months, the two friends had maintained a constant correspondence on subjects of general and, more particularly, classical literature. Gray's last letter contained his 'Ode on the Spring;' but West was dead, before it reached his residence. His 'Ode on the distant Prospect of Eton College,*' and his 'Hymn to Adversity,' both written the August following, bear sufficient indications not of mere splenetic melancholy, but of his deep regret for his lost associate. The vacancy in his heart indeed, occasioned by the decease of this amiable confidant of his sentiments and partner of his studies, seems never to have been supplied.

In 1756, some young men of fortune, whose chambers were near those of Mr. Gray in Peter House, diverted themselves with disturbing him by frequent noises. Their insolence he represented to the governors of the society, but with little effect. As the rooms (to use his own expression) were noisy, and the people of the house uncivil, he left his lodgings, and removed to Pembroke Hall; a circumstance, which he describes as 'an era in a life so barren of events as his.' In 1757, he published his two celebrated Lyric Odes, 'The Progress of Poesy,' written two years before, and 'The Bard.' These being expressly meant to be 'vocal to the intelligent alone,'

Which prompts me still to hover round thy tomb,
With selfish grief lament thy timeless doom,
Invoke thy shade to hear my mournful strain,
Nor think that Friendship's call can yet be vain!

T. A. C.

* This poem, however, was not published till 1747, when in gigantic folio it first ushered it's writer into the world as an author: but, as Dr. Warton informs us, it was then 'little noticed.'

it is not surprising that they "pleased not the million, but were caviare to the general." Garrick, indeed, wrote a few lines in their praise: but by Lloyd and Colman they were ridiculed, not without ingenuity, in two Odes to 'Oblivion' and 'Obscurity.'

About this time, he began to complain of listlessness and depression of spirits; and henceforward we may trace the effects of that hereditary disease, the gout, which embittered the remainder of his days, and whose fatal strength not even the temperance of a whole life could subdue. Upon the death of Cibber, he had the offer from the Duke of Devonshire (at that time Lord Chamberlain) of the laureatship; but he declined the office, which was subsequently conferred upon Whitehead. Two years afterward, in 1759, he took an apartment in the neighbourhood of the British Museum; where he resided nearly three years.*

The professorship of Modern History at Cambridge (worth 400*l.* *per ann.*) becoming vacant in 1762, he was to use his own words, "cockered and spirited up" to ask it of Lord Bute; but it was given to a Mr. Brocket, whose pupil Sir James Lowther had great parliamentary interest, though this seems naturally to have little to do with an academical appointment.

In the summer of 1765, with a view of improving his precarious health, as well as of exploring

* The curious extracts which he made from the Harleian and other Manuscripts there deposited, amounting in all to a tolerable-sized folio, came into the hands of Mr. Walpole, who however published from them only a single paper, the Speech of Sir Thomas Wyat, in the second number of his 'Miscellaneous Antiquities.'

the natural beauties and antiquities of a romantic country, he visited Scotland; and the account of his tour, as far as it extends, is curious and elegant: for, as his comprehension was ample, his curiosity extended to all the works of art, all the appearances of nature, and all the monuments of past events. Part of the two ensuing summers he passed in journeys in England. In the latter of these years, by the desire of Dr. Beattie, a "poet, a philosopher, and a good man," with whom he had formed an acquaintance at Aberdeen, the Foulis of Glasgow were permitted to print a new edition of his poems, in which some pieces of Welsh and Norwegian poetry were substituted for the 'Long Story.'

In 1768, the coveted professorship again becoming vacant, it was bestowed upon him "unsolicited and unexpected" by the Duke of Grafton, who was then at the head of the ministry: and as a voluntary return, in 1769, when his noble patron was installed Chancellor of the University, he wrote the 'Ode for Music,' the offering of no venal muse, which was performed upon the occasion. Not long after the bustle of this ceremony, he visited the lakes of Cumberland and Westmorland; of which (says Johnson) he, who reads the "epistolary narrative, wishes that to travel and to tell his travels had been more of his employment: but it is by staying at home, he adds, "that we must obtain the ability of travelling with intelligence and improvement."

In 1771, after sketching in a letter to his friend Dr. Wharton the mere outlines of a tour which he had made in Wales and some of the adjacent countries, he complains of an incurable cough, of spirits habitually and mechanically low, and of the uneasiness

excited in his mind by reflecting upon the duties of his office, which he had in consequence resolved to resign. He drew up however, in Latin, a part of an introductory Lecture, containing a plan of much greater extent than from his inactivity, the result either of illness or of indolence, he would probably have been able to execute. But his death intercepted the experiment. About the end of May, he removed to Jermyn Street, London; where his indisposition increasing, he was advised by Dr. Gisborne to seek freer and purer air at Kensington. This change was of so much benefit to him, that he was enabled to return to Cambridge, and even meditated a visit to Dr. Wharton at Old Park near Durham. But on the twenty fourth of July, while at dinner in the college-hall, a sudden nausea announced that his inveterate foe had fixed upon his stomach. He died six days afterward, aware of his danger throughout the whole interval, and expressing no alarm at the impending result; and was buried by the side of his mother, in the church-yard of Stoke.

To temperance, integrity, independence of spirit, unusual patience under the teasing of hypercriticism, and a friendly and affectionate disposition Mr. Gray united remarkable disinterestedness. He may be regarded, indeed, as one of the few literati, especially in the poetical class, who without either selfishness or avarice was ever attentive to economy. Even when his circumstances were at the lowest, he gave away such sums in private charity, as would have done credit to a much ampler purse. But what chiefly deterred him from profiting by his literary pursuits, was a certain degree of pride, which led him to despise the idea of being an author by profes-

sion; though upon the strength of his public reputation alone he must have relied, when he became a petitioner for a lucrative appointment.

From the number of notes and geographical disquisitions however on Strabo, found among his papers, (particularly with respect to that part of Asia, which comprehends Persia and India) it has been inferred that, early in life, he had conceived an intention of publishing that author. He had, also, admirably qualified himself, by his investigations, to illustrate Plato. Upon the *Anthologia*, likewise, he had bestowed uncommon labour; having in an interleaved copy of that work transcribed several additional epigrams, inserted numerous comments and emendations, and subjoined a copious index referring each to its author: but whether he designed any of these his lucubrations for the press, or not, is uncertain. The only work, continue the Editors of the '*Encyclopædia Britannica*' which he meditated with this express view, was a '*History of English Poetry*' upon a plan sketched by Mr. Pope. But after he had made some considerable preparations for the execution of this design, and Mr. Mason (to whom he had been known from the year 1747) had offered him his assistance, being informed that Mr. Thomas Warton was engaged in a similar undertaking, he relinquished his project.*

* The following '*Sketch of his arrangement of the subject*' he readily communicated to Mr. Warton, at that gentleman's desire:

'*Introduction.* On the poetry of the Galic or Celtic nations, as far back as it can be traced. On that of the Goths, its introduction into these islands by the Saxons and Danes, and its duration. On the origin of rhyme among the Franks, the

Among other sciences, Mr. Gray had acquired a great knowledge of Gothic architecture. He had seen and examined, while abroad, the Roman proportions on the spot, both in ancient times and in the works of Palladio. In his later years, he applied

Saxons, and Provençaux. Some account of the Latin rhyming poetry, from it's early origin, down to the fifteenth century.

'Part I. On the School of Provence, which rose about the year 1,100, and was soon followed by the French and Italians. Their heroic poesy, or Romances in verse, Allégories, Fabliaux, Syrvientes, Comedies, Farces, Canzoni, Sonnets, Balades, Madrigals, Sestines, &c. Of their imitators, the French: and of the first Italian School, commonly called 'the Sicilian,' about the year 1,200, brought to perfection by Dante, Petrarch, Boccace, and others. State of poetry in England from the Conquest, A. D. 1,066 (or rather from Henry II.'s time, A. D. 1,154) to the reign of Edward III, 1,327.

'Part II. On Chaucer, who first introduced the manner of the Provençaux improved by the Italians, into our country: his character, and merits at large: the different kinds, in which he excelled. Gower, Occleve, Lydgate, Hawes, Gawan Douglas, Lyndesay, Bellenden, Dunbar, &c.

'Part III. Second Italian School, of Ariosto, Tasso, &c. an improvement on the First, occasioned by the revival of Letters at the end of the fifteenth century. The Lyric poetry of this and the former age introduced from Italy by Lord Surrey, Sir T. Wyatt, Bryan Lord Vaulx, &c. in the beginning of the sixteenth century.

'Part IV. Spenser, his character: subject of his poem, allegoric and romantic, of Provençal invention; but his manner of tracing it borrowed from the Second Italian School. Drayton, Fairfax, Phineas Fletcher, Golding, Phaer, &c. This School ends in Milton. A Third Italian School, full of conceit, begun in Queen Elizabeth's reign, continued under James and Charles I. by Donne, Crashaw, Cleavland, carried to it's height by Cowley, and ending perhaps in Sprat.

'Part V. School of France, introduced after the Restoration—Waller, Dryden, Addison, Prior, and Pope—which has continued to our own times.'

himself to consider those stupendous structures of more modern date, which adorn our own country; and which, if they have not the same grace, have undoubtedly equal dignity. He endeavoured to trace this mode of building from it's commencement through it's various changes, depending not so much upon written accounts, as the internal evidence supplied by the arms, ornaments, and ~~other marks~~ of the buildings themselves, of their respective antiquity. With this view, he applied himself to the study of heraldry, as a preparatory science; and ultimately acquired a degree of sagacity, which enabled him at first sight to determine the precise time, when every particular part of our cathedrals had been erected.* But his favourite pursuit, for the last ten years of his life, was Natural History, which indeed he then rather resumed than began; as, by the instructions of his uncle Antrobus, he had rendered himself no contemptible botanist at fifteen. His marginal notes on Linnaeus and other naturalists, especially Hudson's '*Flora Anglica*,' were very numerous, and an interleaved tenth edition of the '*Systema Naturæ*' he had nearly filled with his remarks. On the English Insects, there is nothing so perfect. While employed on Zoology, he read Aristotle's Treatise upon the subject with great care, and illustrated many difficult passages of that obscure ancient by the lights which he had received from modern discoveries. In a word, excepting pure mathematics and the studies depending on that science, there was hardly any part of human learning, in which he had not acquired a

* He is said to have furnished the very valuable introductory matter, on Saxon churches, in Bentham's '*Account of Ely Cathedral*.'

competent skill, while in some he possessed a consummate mastery.

Among his failings are enumerated, want of personal courage, reservedness and caprice of temper, and a foppish attention to dress. In his tour to the Lakes, it is affirmed, some of the finest views escaped him, because he did not choose to venture to those spots whence they were to be seen. This timorousness singularly contrasts with the manly and martial strains of his poetry, as do the other defects abovementioned with his turn for humour and his quick sense of the ridiculous. His sensibility was even morbid, and his fastidiousness frequently gave trouble, as well as concern, to his most intimate friends. The coarse manners and unrefined sentiments, too often to be encountered in the ordinary intercourse of life, appeared to upset him. This, however, Mason and others with friendly earnestness attribute rather to 'an affectation of delicacy and effeminacy, than to the things themselves;' adding, that 'Gray chose to put on this appearance before persons, whom he did not wish to please.'

He appears to have written in a desultory manner. Many of his efforts were, very probably, the efforts of a single sitting; and either want of affection for his subject, or the consciousness of being unequal to a long-continued flight, prevented him from returning to it. Few modern poets, it is certain, have left so many scraps of composition; so much planned, and so little executed. The only persevering labour, to which he seems to have been adequate, was such as tended to store his own mind with various knowledge for his own satisfaction. But if, as one of his admirers has insinuated, 'he was the most learned

man in Europe,' never was learning more thrown away. When, at the age of fifty one, his professorship called upon him to concentrate and apply his knowledge, he apparently sunk under the task.

Upon his poetry, it is needless to bestow praises. Whatever Dr. Johnson* may have contended to the contrary, he undoubtedly holds one of the highest places among the English poets of the eighteenth century. If his bold expressions be nonsense, what shall we pronounce some of the most rapturous passages of those, who are placed by universal consent at the very head of their class, of Shakspeare and of Milton? In sublimity, and pathos, and enthusiasm he is perhaps excelled by Dryden and Collins, the two great lyrists of England; but in richness of imagery, glow of expression, and harmony of versification he surpasses them both. Few in number indeed, and for the benefit of frequent and patient revision kept long under his own eyes before they were submitted to those of the public, his poems may be regarded as a standard of the correctness of our modern muse. Of his 'Elegy' in particular the subject, like that of Milton's immortal Epic, is universally interesting, the allegory sublime, the natural description picturesque, and the numbers matchlessly melodious. "It abounds," even Johnson admits, "with images which find a mirror in every mind, and with sentiments to which every bosom

* Not, however, without numerous and able opponents. In 1782, Mr. Potter vindicated his lyrical compositions; and a more general defence appeared under the title of, 'Remarks on Dr. Johnson's Life of Gray.' Professor Young of Glasgow parodied the atrabilious stile of the critic, and he fell under the lash also of Mr. Wakefield.

returns an echo.”—“ Had Gray written often thus, it had been vain to blame, and useless to praise him.”

A complete edition of his Poems, with Memoirs of his Life and Writings compiled principally from his Letters, was published by Mr. Mason, in one volume 4to. in 1775, and in four volumes 8vo. in 1778. The common editions are too numerous to be specified. To one by Mr. Wakefield, in 1786, were added notes and parallel passages to perhaps a hypercritical extent; and the Rev. John Mitford has recently given another, of high character: but the most complete, in every respect, was published in 1815 by Mr. Mathias.

The following character of Gray, drawn up by the Rev. Mr. Temple, rector of St. Gluvias in Cornwall, and published in the London Magazine a month or two after his decease, was adopted by the Rev. Editor of his works: “ Perhaps he was the most learned man in Europe. He was equally acquainted with the elegant and profound parts of science, and that not superficially but thoroughly. He knew every branch of history, both natural and civil; had read all the original historians of England, France, and Italy; and was a great antiquarian. Criticism, metaphysics, morals, politics made a principal part of his study; voyages and travels of all sorts were his favourite amusements; and he had a fine taste in painting, prints, architecture, and gardening. With such a fund of knowledge, his conversation must have been equally instructive and entertaining; but he was also a good man, a man of virtue and humanity. There is no character without some speck, some imperfection; and I think the greatest defect in his was an affectation in deli-

cacy, or rather effeminacy, and a visible fastidiousness or contempt and disdain of his inferiors in science. He, also, had in some degree that weakness, which disgusted Voltaire so much in Mr. Congreve: though he seemed to value others chiefly according to the progress they had made in knowledge, yet he could not bear to be considered himself merely as a man of letters; and though without birth, or fortune, or station, his desire was to be looked upon as a private independent gentleman, who read for his amusement. Perhaps it may be said, What signifies so much knowledge, when it produces so little? Is it worth taking so much pains, to leave no memorial but a few poems?* But let it be considered, that Mr. Gray was, to others, at least innocently employed; to himself, certainly, beneficially. His time passed agreeably: he was every day making some new acquisition in science: his mind was enlarged, his heart softened, his virtue strengthened: the world and mankind were shown to him without a mask; and he was taught to consider every thing as trifling, and unworthy of the attention of a wise man, except the pursuit of knowledge and the practice of virtue in that state wherein God hath placed us."

Upon his monument in Westminster Abbey are inscribed the following lines, from the pen of Mr. Mason:

No more the Grecian Muse unrivall'd reigns:
To Britain let the nations homage pay!
She boasts a Homer's fire in Milton's strains,
A Pindar's rapture in the lyre of GRAY.

* Mason's well-chosen motto from Quintilian is, *Multum et veræ gloriæ, quævis uno libro, meruit.* (Inst. Orat. x. 1. De Persio.)

PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE,
EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.*

[1694—1773.]

THIS nobleman, whose father (the third Earl of Chesterfield) married Lady Elizabeth Saville, daughter of George Marquis of Halifax, was the eldest of four sons, and born in London, September 22, 1694.

After being educated chiefly, in consequence of his father's neglect, under the superintendence of his maternal grandmother, who was fully equal to the office, at the age of eighteen he was sent to Cambridge, where he remained two years.† From his own account in his writings, it appears that his knowledge about this time was principally confined to classical learning, in which he had made a consi-

* AUTHORITIES. Dodsley's *Annual Register*, 1774, and Mortimer's *History of England*.

† As an instance of his resolution to persevere in whatever he approved notwithstanding every difficulty, it is related that Lord Galway, discerning in him (while very young) a strong passion for political distinction combined with a great love of pleasure and a propensity to laziness, gave him a friendly lecture upon the duty and the advantages of Early Rising—with such effect, that he immediately adopted and throughout his long life (lengthened, most probably, by that very circumstance) never relinquished the practice.

derable progress: in polite literature he esteemed himself deficient. "When he talked best, he quoted Horace: when he aimed at being facetious, he quoted Martial; and, when he had a mind to be a fine gentleman, he talked Ovid. He was convinced that none but the ancients had common sense, and that the classics contained every thing that was either necessary, useful, or ornamental.* In the first parliament of George I., he was elected a burgess for St. Germain's, in Cornwall; and, in the next, for Lestwithiel in the same county. He informs us, "that he spoke in parliament the first month he was in it,† and from the day he was elected to the day he spoke, thought and dreamed of nothing but speaking."

Prior however to the opening of the session, by a few months' residence at the Hague he had worn off the rust of college-pedantry; but he had, at the same time, acquired propensities forming a bad exchange for it, gallantry and gaming.‡ Frequenting the court, introducing himself into the best company, attentively studying and imitating the air, manners, and conversation of such as were distinguished for their politeness, were the means which he adopted to familiarise himself to the great world. To a

* Satisfied that eloquence was the accomplishment which most commanded notice in parliament, he judiciously accustomed himself to note down the fine passages which these volumes so abundantly supply, in order to form his stile by translating them afterward.

† And with such juvenile violence, as produced an intimation from the opposite party, that 'advantage would probably be taken of his being under the legal age for moving his exclusion from the House.' Upon this hint, he immediately set off for Paris.

‡ The latter passion never entirely forsook him.

strong desire of pleasing he added a fund of good-humour, and vivacity. With these qualifications, he entered the senate; and it was soon discovered, that he possessed talents to render him conspicuous: for his eloquence was masterly, his sentiments patriotic, and his address peculiarly engaging.

He now stood foremost among those, who loyally tendered their 'lives and fortunes' in support of the Sovereign against the designs of the Pretender and his adherents. His principles, and talents, could not long remain unnoticed: he was nominated one of the Lords of the Bedchamber to the Prince of Wales. A disagreement however having arisen between the King and his son in 1717, in consequence of which his Royal Highness was forbidden the court, Stanhope received no farther token of his Majesty's favour till 1723, when he was appointed Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard in reward of his support of a motion for an augmentation of the army, which was probably essential to the security of the reigning family. As a proof of his disinterestedness, it is recorded that, when advised by his predecessor Lord Townshend to render the office more lucrative by the sale of the subordinate places, he replied: "In the present instance I wish to follow rather your Lordship's example, than your advice." From this post he was dismissed in 1725. The year following, he succeeded to the Earldom of Chesterfield on the demise of his father, with whom he had never lived on terms of cordiality.

He entered the House of Lords in the ranks of opposition. This theatre seems to have been better suited to his stile of speaking, than that in which he had before appeared. His eloquence,

the fruit of much study, was characterised by elegance and perspicuity, and still more by an urbane and delicate irony which, while it sometimes inflicted severe strokes, never passed the limits of decency and propriety. In the union of wit and good sense with politeness, indeed, Lord Chesterfield had no competitor. These qualities were matured by the advantage which he assiduously sought, and obtained, of a familiar acquaintance with almost all the eminent wits and writers of his time, many of whom had been the ornaments of a preceding age of literature, while others were destined to become those of a later period. It was to his honour, that he knew how to appreciate genius and talents in the comparison with rank and wealth; and, though undoubtedly not indifferent to the favour of a court, thought it worth his while to solicit the notice of a poet. His attentions and prepossessing manners overcame the shyness of Pope, who was happy to receive him in his select parties at Twickenham, where he met the first of the nobility in association with the most distinguished votaries of the Muses.

Soon after the accession of George II., he was sworn one of the Privy Council; and, in 1728, appointed Ambassador Extraordinary to Holland. In this high station, which he supported with the greatest dignity, he concluded treaties equally beneficial to his own country and satisfactory to the States General, who manifested their regard for him by every mark of respect in their power.*

* The Hague, it must be remembered, was at that time the centre of the principal political negotiations carrying on throughout Europe.

Upon his return home in 1730, he was elected a Knight of the Garter, and appointed Steward of the Household; and the same year resumed his diplomatic function at the Hague, where he was materially instrumental in forming an important arrangement between the Courts of London and Vienna, and the States General. Having impaired, however, both his health and his fortune by his residence abroad, he procured his recall in 1732. Soon afterward, in consequence of some misrepresentation of his conduct in the Household, or more probably from his strenuous opposition to the minister's favourite Excise-scheme, he resigned the stewardship of that department, and retired to his seat in Derbyshire. Yet he still constantly attended his duty in parliament; where, though for the present he had renounced all hopes of farther promotion at court, he only opposed the measures of administration when he was convinced that they militated against the honour and the interest of his country.

About the same time, he married Lady Melosina de Schulenberg, Countess of Walsingham, and natural daughter of George I. by the Duchess of Kendal; a lady of merit and accomplishments, who by her prudence and attention greatly contributed to retrieve his deranged affairs.

He afterward distinguished himself by the active part, which he took in all the measures of that important period. He opposed the reduction of the army; supported the motion for ordering the Directors of the South Sea Company to deliver an account of the disposal of the forfeited estates of their infamous predecessors in 1720; and, upon the failure of another motion to appoint a Committee for

examining into the management of their affairs subsequently to that calamitous year, drew up a spirited protest, which was signed by several other Lords.

In the spring of the year 1734, the Duke of Marlborough brought a bill into the Upper House, to prevent officers of the army from being cashiered otherwise than by the sentence of a court-martial; and at the same time moved an address to his Majesty, requesting him to communicate the names of those, who had advised him to deprive the Duke of Bolton and Lord Cobham of their regiments for having opposed the ministry. Chesterfield warmly seconded the motion, and supported the bill; but they were both rejected by a considerable majority. In the following session, he espoused the cause of the six Scotch Noblemen, who presented a petition to the House, complaining of an undue election of the Sixteen Peers to sit in parliament,

In 1737, he gave great disgust to the court, by a masterly speech in favour of an address to his Majesty, requesting him to settle 100,000*l.* *per ann.* upon the Prince of Wales; and, on it's failure, he entered his protest. But his most remarkable effort in this session was, against the bill* for subjecting plays to the inspection and licence of the Lord Chamberlain. Upon this occasion, his Lordship displayed all the

* This bill, brought into the Lower House by Sir Robert Walpole, who had gotten into his possession the manuscript of a comedy replete with the bitterest sarcasms upon his administration, was admirably contrived to intercept dramatic satire, by subjecting all new pieces to the necessity of being licensed by an officer of the court. It passed the Commons by a majority of two to one.

powers of oratory, though without success. As the composition of his speech, however, has been highly extolled, some parts of it are here introduced :

— “ Every unnecessary restraint (said his Lordship) on licentiousness is a fetter upon the legs, is a shackle on the hands, of Liberty. One of the greatest blessings we enjoy, one of the greatest blessings a people can enjoy, is liberty ; but every good in this life has it's alloy of evil. Licentiousness is the alloy of liberty : it is an ebullition, an excrescence ; it is a speck upon the eye of the political body, which I can never touch but with a gentle, with a trembling hand, lest I destroy the body, lest I injure the eye, upon which it is apt to appear.

— “ There is such a connexion between licentiousness and liberty, that it is not easy to correct the one without dangerously wounding the other. It is extremely hard to distinguish the true limit between them. Like a changeable silk, we can easily see there are two different colours ; but we cannot easily discover where the one ends, or the other begins.

— “ When we complain of the licentiousness of the stage, and of the insufficiency of our laws, I fear we have more reason to complain of bad measures in our polity, and a general decay of virtue and morality among the people. In public as well as private life, the only way to prevent being ridiculed or censured is, to avoid all ridiculous or wicked measures, and to pursue such only as are virtuous and worthy. The people never endeavour to ridicule those they love and esteem, nor will they suffer

them to be ridiculed : if any one attempts it, the ridicule returns upon the author ; he makes himself only the object of public hatred and contempt. The actions or behaviour of a private man may pass unobserved, and consequently unapplauded, uncensured ; but the actions of those in high stations can neither pass without notice, nor without censure or applause : and therefore an administration without esteem, without authority among the people, let their power be never so great, let their power be never so arbitrary, will be ridiculed. The severest edicts, the most terrible punishments, cannot entirely prevent it.

— “ When a man has the misfortune to incur the hatred or contempt of the people, when public measures are despised, the audience will apply what never was, what could not be, designed as a satire on the present times. Nay, even though the people should not apply, those who are conscious of guilt, those who are conscious of the wickedness or weakness of their own conduct, will take to themselves what the author never designed. A public thief is as apt to take the satire, as he is apt to take the money, which was never intended for him.

— “ Hence, my Lords, I think it must appear, that the bill now before us cannot so properly be called ‘ a bill for restraining the licentiousness,’ as it may be called ‘ a bill for restraining the liberty,’ of the stage ; and for restraining it, too, in that branch, which in all countries has been the most useful : therefore, I must look upon the bill as a most dangerous encroachment upon liberty in general.

“ Nay farther, it is not only an encroachment upon liberty. but it is likewise an encroachment upon property. Wit, my Lords, is a sort of property of

those that have it, and too often the only property they have to depend on. It is, indeed, but a precarious dependence. Thank God! we, my Lords, have a dependence of another kind; we have a much less precarious support, and therefore cannot feel the inconveniences of the bill now before us: but it is our duty to encourage and protect wit, whosoever property it may be. Those gentlemen, who have any such property, are all I hope our friends: do not let us subject them to any unnecessary, or arbitrary, restraint. I must own, I cannot easily agree to laying any tax upon wit; but by this bill it is to be heavily taxed, it is to be excised: for, if this bill passes, it cannot be retailed in a proper way without a permit; and the Lord Chamberlain is to have the honour of being chief-gauger, supervisor, commissioner, judge, and jury.

— “ Let us consider, my Lords, that arbitrary power has seldom or never been introduced into any country at once; it must be introduced by slow degrees, and as it were step by step, lest the people should perceive it's approach. The barriers and fences of the people's liberty must be plucked up one by one, and some plausible pretences must be found for removing or hoodwinking, one after another, those sentries who are posted by the constitution of every free country for warning the people of their danger. When these preparatory steps are once made, the people may then, indeed, with regret see Slavery and Arbitrary Power making long strides over their land; but it will then be too late to think of preventing, or avoiding, the impending ruin. The Stage, my Lords, and the Press are two of our out-sentries: if we remove them, if we hood-wink them,

if we throw them into fetters, the enemy may surprise us. Therefore, I must look upon the bill now before us as a step, and a most necessary step too, for introducing Arbitrary Power into this kingdom. It is a step so necessary, that if any future ambitious king or guilty minister should form to himself so wicked a design, he will have reason to thank us for having done so much of the work to his hand: but such thanks, or thanks from such a man, I am convinced every one of your Lordships would blush to receive, and scorn to deserve."

In the ensuing session of parliament, great complaint was made of the depredations committed by the Spaniards on the British subjects trading to South America. When this affair was before the Lords, Chesterfield with his usual eloquence advised the most vigorous measures to procure satisfaction, and considering the navy as the natural strength of the kingdom, voted against the proposed augmentation of the army. The dispute with Spain being settled in 1739 by a Convention, which his Lordship deemed dishonourable and injurious to his country, he opposed the address of thanks to the King, which the ministry wished to push through both Houses with precipitation, and was one of the Forty Peers who protested against it. From the Commons it encountered a stronger mark of disapprobation, for it occasioned the celebrated Secession.

In the winter of the same year, however, it was discovered that the patriotic party were in the right: for, advantageous as the Convention was to Spain, that Court did not adhere to it; and the ministry found themselves under the necessity of advising a declaration of war. This event recalled the Opposi-

tion to their duty in parliament, and drew down upon the Cabinet Lord Chesterfield's animated and severe reprehensions.

During the same session, his Lordship took the lead in a violent debate upon the revival of the Pension Bill;* but all his eloquence and argument upon this occasion proved fruitless.

On the meeting of a new parliament in 1741, two different motions were made for addresses on the royal speech. Of these, one by the Duke of Argyll, conveying oblique reflexions upon the tardy and ineffectual operations of the fleet against Spain, was powerfully seconded by Lord Chesterfield; but its antagonist, through ministerial influence, was carried by a majority of twenty eight votes. His Lordship was, also, a strong advocate for the bill to indemnify such persons as should give evidence, in the course of the inquiry into the administration of Sir Robert Walpole.

In 1741, his health being much impaired, he was advised to make a tour on the continent. In his way to the Spa, he saw at Brussels Voltaire, with whom he had contracted a friendship in England, and who read to him several passages of his new tragedy of 'Mahomet.' At Spa, his reputation, and the facility with which he accommodated himself to the manners of different nations, drew upon him much flattering notice; and his panegyric of the rising Frederick of Prussia, uttered to the Envoy of that Monarch, procured for him a pressing invitation to the court of Berlin, with which he would gladly

* A bill, intended to exclude pensioners of the crown from seats in the House of Commons.

have complied, had he not been prevented by other engagements. A short stay at Paris introduced him to the most distinguished of both sexes for rank and talents in that capital; where he was equally gratified, and admired. His residence in the South of France was shortened by the state of political affairs at home.

In the year following, his Majesty having opened the session by a speech, acquainting the two Houses that 'he had augmented the British forces in the Low Countries with 16,000 Hanoverians,' the Earl of Chesterfield in the ensuing debate moved the previous question: and soon afterward, upon a motion for dismissing those troops, he was extremely vehement in it's favour; making use of some severe expressions concerning the King's partiality to his electoral dominions, which were not forgotten in the formation of the Cabinet immediately succeeding that of Sir Robert Walpole. In the new administration, he had no place.

About the same time, the bill for repealing the heavy duties which had been laid on spirituous liquors and licences for retailing those liquors, and for imposing others at an easy rate,* encountered a strong opposition in the House of Peers. Lord Chesterfield, upon this occasion, was not silent.

In 1744, when it was certain that an invasion by the Pretender was in great forwardness, the Commons passed a bill for inflicting the penalties of high treason upon those who should maintain a correspondence with his sons. On it's introduction into

* By some writers falsely called the 'Gin-Act,' whereas it was a repeal of that act.

the other House, the Chancellor Hardwicke moved, that 'a clause should be inserted for continuing the penalty of treason upon the posterity of those, who should be convicted of such correspondence.' Against this, Chesterfield strenuously exerted himself; representing it as 'an illiberal expedient, repugnant alike to the precepts of religion, the law of nations, and the rules of common justice, and tending to involve the innocent with the guilty.' The clause, however, was inserted; and being sent back to the Lower House with this amendment, was carried after a long debate, in which Mr. Pitt, and some other members who had countenanced the original bill, voted against it.

At the close of this year, upon another change in the ministry, some of his Lordship's friends urging the King to recall him to a station which he had formerly filled with so much honour, he was again nominated Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to the States General, and embarked for the Hague January 11, 1745. The object of his mission was, to engage the Dutch to enter heartily into the war, and to furnish their quota of troops and shipping. It was the business of the Abbé de la Ville, the French Envoy, to prevent them from listening to these proposals. The two ministers, therefore, could not visit each other; but on their accidentally meeting in company, Chesterfield begged to be introduced to his political adversary, observing, "Though we are national enemies, I flatter myself we may be personal friends." By this engaging address, he found means (as he informs his son, in his 'Letters') to "fish out from him whereabouts he was." Having carried his point, he returned to London in May,

with a letter from their High Mightinesses, in which they greatly extolled his services; and found that his Majesty, in the anticipation of his success, had appointed him, during his absence, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

Soon afterward, it was thought expedient that he should go over to his new charge, the court having received certain intelligence of the preparations of France to invade some part of the British Islands. His administration during his viceroyship is, to this hour, a subject of grateful remembrance across the channel:* it gave such satisfaction indeed at that critical juncture, that most of the Irish counties and chief cities entered into voluntary associations for the support of his Majesty's person and government. In April, 1746, he left Ireland, equally esteemed by the Roman Catholics and the Protestants, and followed by the universal regret of that generous nation.

* From this period, he invariably called the Irish his 'countrymen.' His first speech to a young Secretary, whom he took with him was, "Sir, you will receive the emoluments of the place; but I will do the business myself, being determined to have no first minister." In a similar spirit of decision he declared, that 'if any one should successfully apply for an office in the King's gift through any other channel, he would immediately throw up his appointment.' Thus attended by vigour on one hand and conciliation on the other, through his strict integrity and the undisguised frankness of his system of policy he kept every thing quiet in that kingdom, while his native island was over-run with terror and commotion. A characteristic instance of his behaviour, with respect to the Catholics, is on record. Being informed by a zealous Protestant, that 'one of his coachmen went privately to mass:' "Does he indeed?" he said: "Well, I will take care, that he shall never drive me thither."

In the October ensuing, he was pressed with an earnestness admitting no refusal to succeed the Earl of Harrington as Secretary of State, and held the seals till February, 1748; when a strong memorial of his upon the ill success of the public measures being disregarded, his health greatly impaired, and his inclination for a private life victorious in the struggle with his ambition, he desired leave to resign. His Majesty granted his request in these words: "I will not press you, my Lord, to continue in an office you are tired of, but I must insist on seeing you often, for you will ever live in my esteem." He then went to Bath, for the recovery of his health; and on his return to town in the winter, ordered the following lines, as descriptive of the life to which he intended to devote himself, to be affixed on the most conspicuous part of his library:

*Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno et inertibus horis,
Ducere sollicitæ jucunda oblivio vitæ.*

His senatorial exertions, after this period, were few and unimportant. To him however, in a considerable measure, may be ascribed the adoption of the New Style in the English Calendar. His speech on that occasion, it is certain, made a deep impression upon the noble audience, as well by the strength of its argument, as from the elegance of its composition, and the grace of its delivery. To this last characteristic he himself, in a letter 'to his son,' attributes all its popularity; fairly acknowledging that 'his acquaintance with the subject was superficial, and that the Earl of Macclesfield had the principal merit in framing and explaining the bill.' Beside a growing indifference to public matters, he was farther

disqualified for taking a part in them by a deafness,* which, to use his own words, “cut him off from

* Under this affliction he wrote the following Letter, probably to Dr. Monsey:

‘SIR,

‘*Bath, Nov. 8, 1757.*

‘Upon my word, I think myself as much obliged to you for your voluntary and unwearied attention to my miserable deafness, as if your prescriptions had removed or relieved it. I am now convinced, by eight years’ experience, that nothing can; having tried every thing that ever was tried, and perhaps more. I have tried the urine of hares so long and so often, that whether male, female, or hermaphrodite, I have probably had some of every gender. I have done more; I have used the galls of hares, but to as little purpose.

‘I have tried these waters in every possible way. I have bathed my head; pumped it; introduced the stream, and sometimes drops of the water, into my ears: but all in vain. In short, I have left nothing untried, and have found nothing effectual. Your little blisters, which I still continue, have given me more relief than any thing else.

‘Your faculty will, I hope, pardon me, if not having the vivacity of ladies, I have not their faith neither. I must own, that they always reason right in general; but I am sorry to say, at the same time, that they are commonly wrong in every particular. I stick to that middle point, which their alacrity makes them leap over.

‘I am persuaded, that you can do more than other people: but then, give me leave to add, that I fear *that more* is not a great deal. In the famous great fog, some years ago, the blind men were the best guides, having been long used to the streets: but, still, they only groped their way; they did not see it. You have, I am sure, too much of the skill and too little of the craft of your profession, to be offended with this image. I heartily wish, that it was not so just a one. Why physical ills exist at all, I do not know; and I am very sure, that no Doctor of Divinity has ever yet given me a satisfactory reason for it: but, if there be a reason, that same reason (be it what it will) must necessarily make the art of medicine precarious, and imperfect: otherwise, the end of the former would be defeated by the latter.

‘Of all the receipts for deafness, that which you mention, of

society, at an age when he had no pleasures but those left." His last exertion was in favour of a subsidiary treaty with Russia, upon the prospect of a rupture with France in 1754, when he displayed all his former animation: but he almost sunk under the effort. Henceforward, he confined his occupations principally to his pen and his books; contributing largely to 'The World,' a periodical publication conducted by Mr. Edward Moore and his literary associates.

His papers are Nos. 18, 24, 25, 29, 49, 90, 91, 92, 98, 100, 101, 105, 111, 112, 113, 114, 120, 148, 151, 189, and 196. These all attest his respect for pure morality and decorous manners. To his papers 90—92 on 'Hard Drinking,' in particular, has been ascribed no inconsiderable effect in lessening the prevalence of that odious and irrational vice. Being now about sixty years of age (for his first communication is dated May 3, 1753, and his last September 30, 1756) he was admirably qualified by his experience of the world to expose its vices and its follies, espe-

the roar of cannon upon Blackheath, would be to me the most disagreeable; and, whether French or English, I should be pretty indifferent. Armies of all kinds are exceedingly like one another: offensive armies may make defensive ones necessary, but they do not make them less dangerous. Those, who can effectually defend, can as surely destroy; and the military spirit is not of the neutral kind, but of a most active nature. The army, that defended this country against Charles I., subdued, in truth, conquered it under Cromwell.

'Our measure of distress and disgrace is not only full, but running over. If we have any public spirit, we must feel our private ills the less by the comparison. I know that, whenever I am called off from my station here, I shall, as Cicero says of the death of Crassus, consider it as *mors donata, non vita erepta*: till when I shall be with truth your faithful humble servant,

'CHESTERFIELD.'

cially those which were sanctioned by rank and fashion; and it ought to be added to his credit, that when he wrote in 'Fog's Journal,'* and other papers established for political purposes, his lucubrations almost always turned on subjects of morals, manners, and taste.

Of the above numbers Mr. Chalmers pronounces 49, 90, 91, 98, 105, and 151 unrivalled, perhaps, both for matter and manner. No. 148, 'On Civility and Good Breeding,' contains the outline of the purer part of his celebrated system.†

Nos. 100 and 101, are supposed to have been written to conciliate Dr. Johnson, then about to publish his 'Dictionary,' whom Lord Chesterfield was conscious he had offended. Continued neglect, it appears, had provoked Johnson to decline his Lordship's patronage; and it was not by the subjoined extract, that the offended Lexicographer could be soothed into a forgetfulness of his sufferings:

* To this work, which was published 1728—1731, his Lordship gave at least three communications; and to 'Common Sense,' another written by the opposition in 1737, he contributed Nos. 3, 4, 14, 16, 19, 25, 30, 32, 33, 37, 51, 54, 57, 89, 93, and 103.

† Of this composition Dr. Maty, in his 'Life of Lord Chesterfield,' prefixed to his Miscellaneous Works, gives the following anecdote: "Lord Chesterfield being at Bath showed one of his last 'Worlds' to his friend General Irwin, who dined with him almost every day. The General, in the course of conversation, mentioned good-breeding (as distinguished from mere civility) as a subject, that deserved to be treated by him. His Lordship at first declined it; but on his friend's insisting, and urging the singular propriety of it's being undertaken by a man, who was so perfect a master of the thing, he suddenly called for pen and ink, and wrote this excellent piece off hand, as he did all the others, without any erasure or interlineation. It ever afterward went by the name of 'General Irwin's Paper.'

“ During our free and open trade, many words and expressions have been imported; adopted, and naturalised from other languages, which have greatly enriched our own. Let it still preserve what real strength and beauty it may have borrowed from others; but let it not, like the Tarpeian Maid, be overwhelmed and crushed by unnecessary foreign ornaments. The time for discrimination seems to be now come. Tolerant, adoption, and naturalisation have run their lengths. Good order and authority are now necessary. But where shall we find them, and at the same time the obedience due to them? We must have recourse to the old Roman expedient in times of confusion, and choose a Dictator. Upon this principle, I give my vote for Mr. Johnson to fill that great and arduous post: and I hereby declare, that I make a total surrender of all my rights and privileges in the English language, as a free-born British subject, ~~to~~ the said Mr. Johnson during the term of his dictatorship. Nay, more: I will not only obey him, like an old Roman, as my Dictator; but like a modern Roman, I will implicitly believe in him as my Pope, and hold him to be infallible while in the chair—but no longer.” *

Unbribed by this proposition, the Doctor addressed to him his celebrated letter,† which whatever may

* ‘World,’ No. 100.

† Johnson had, for a long time, a remarkable delicacy with respect to the circulation of this Letter; having refused Bishop Douglas permission to read it to Lord Hardwicke, with a “No, Sir, I have hurt the dog too much already.” It certainly is not a composition, however Lord Chesterfield’s dissimulation might affect to be gay upon the occasion, which even the most scared conscience could endure without flinching:

be thought of the provocation, must ever be considered as a model of dignified resentment. What

“ MY LORD,

Feb. 7, 1751.

“ I have been lately informed, by the proprietor of the ‘World,’ that two papers, in which my ‘Dictionary’ is recommended to the public, were written by your Lordship. To be so distinguished, is an honour which, being very little accustomed to the favours of the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

“ When upon some slight encouragement I first visited your Lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address; and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself, *Le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre*;—that I might obtain that regard, for which I saw the world contending:—but I found my attendance so little encouraged, that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your Lordship in public, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing, which a retired scholar can possess. I had done all that I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

“ Seven years, my Lord, have now past, since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it at last to the verge of publication without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect—for I never had a Patron before.

“ The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

“ Is not a Patron, my Lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice, which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind: but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron, which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

“ Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation

effect it produced on Lord Chesterfield, is doubtful. He certainly felt, that it was necessary to offer some defence to his private friends; and it may be believed that, having befriended authors of much inferior merit, he must have deeply regretted that he had, by whatever appearance of neglect, dissolved a connexion which might have been mutually honourable.*

to any favourer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less: for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation,

“ My Lord,

“ Your Lordship’s most humble,

“ Most obedient servant,

“ SAM. JOHNSON.”

* And yet, if he meant Dr. Johnson by the subjoined portrait, how could he without criminal dissimulation affect to cultivate and value such a connexion?

“ There is a man, whose moral character, deep learning, and superior parts, I acknowledge, admire, and respect; but whom it is so impossible for me to love, that I am almost in a fever whenever I am in his company. His figure (without being deformed) seems made to disgrace, or ridicule, the common structure of the human body. His legs and arms are never in the position which, according to the situation of his body, they ought to be in, but constantly employed in committing acts of hostility upon the Graces. He throws any where, but down his throat, whatever he means to drink; and only mangles what he means to carve. Inattentive to all the regard of social life, he mis-times or mis-places every thing. He disputes with heat, and indiscriminately; mindless of the rank, character, and situation of those with whom he disputes: absolutely ignorant of the several gradations of familiarity or respect, he is exactly the same to his superiors, his equals, and his inferiors; and therefore, by a necessary consequence, absurd to two of the three. Is it possible to love such a man? No: the utmost I can do for him, is to consider him as a respectable Hottentot.”

Whether the ‘ respectable Hottentot,’ however, was really

By his wife Lord Chesterfield had no issue ; but he had a natural son Philip by Madame de Bouchet, a French lady, with whom he carried on a criminal intercourse for some years, chiefly during his residence at the Hague. This son, as he grew up, became the chief object of his attention ; and one cause of his relinquishing public employment was, that he might have more leisure to correspond with him while he was on his travels. As he could not transmit to him his real estate on account of his illegitimacy, he adopted a plan of strict economy, in order to raise him a fortune by his savings. With a view also to his advancement in the world, he took great pains to communicate to him ‘ the graces ;’ but without the desired effect. Yet the young man possessed in their stead some valuable and solid qualities, was brought into parliament, filled different diplomatic situations, and finally was appointed Envoy Extraordinary to the Court of Dresden. Falling afterward into a bad state of health, he repaired to the South of France, where in November 1768, he was carried off by a dropsy. This heavy blow was aggravated to his father’s feelings by the intelligence with which it was accompanied, that he had been secretly married several years, and had left two children. But his Lordship, whatever resentment or mortification he might feel at this particular instance of his own favourite

meant for Dr. Johnson, is not quite so certain as it was once supposed. Sir David Dalrymple, a contemporary writer in the ‘ World,’ maintained that it was intended for a late noble Lord, distinguished for abstruse science (Macclesfield). Yet there are traits in it applicable to the great Lexicographer, though not that of unmannerly eating, unless his Lordship took it upon report ; for Johnson declared to Boswell, that ‘ Lord Chesterfield never saw him eat in his life.’

dissimulation, took upon himself the care of providing for the orphans.

Henceforward he grew feeble and languid; although the flashes of wit and humour, for which he had formerly been celebrated, at times broke forth from the midst of his gloom. His old friend, Sir Thomas Robinson, who was above six feet high, telling him one day, that ‘if he did not go abroad and take exercise, he would die by inches;’ he drolly replied, “If that must be the case, then I am very glad I am not so tall as you, Sir Thomas.”

About the latter end of the year 1772, his son’s widow was ordered to visit him, and to bring with her his two grandsons. His Lordship upon this occasion laid aside the crutch, with which he used to support himself (being then very lame) and attempted to advance to embrace the children; but he was no longer able to stand alone, and would have fallen, if a servant had not instantly run to his support. The circumstance deeply affected him: but presently recollecting himself, he said smiling, “This is a fresh proof of my declension; I am not able to crawl without my three legs: the last part of the Sphynx’s riddle approaches, and I shall soon end as I began, upon all fours.”

His prediction was speedily verified: he lost the use of his limbs shortly afterward, though he retained his senses almost to the last hour of his life. He died at Chesterfield House, March 24, 1773.

His character is almost undefinable. He was, certainly, one of the greatest wits of his age. A patriot upon principle, he was sometimes, by no unusual effect of power, led to neglect or to forget those principles when in office. His public excellence was, chiefly, that

of being an able negotiator. In his politeness, affability, and knowledge of the human heart he possessed a key to the secrets, as well as to the foibles, of both sexes. By his talents for oratory he acquired the title of ‘the British Cicero;’ and his taste for learning and the polite arts, together with his occasional liberalities to their professors, gained him that of ‘the British Mæcenas.’* But having allowed that he was the ac-

* To some such impulse must we attribute the following lines, extracted from the conclusion of Thomson’s ‘Winter;’ as, with many accurate traits of character, they assuredly colour upon the whole far too highly.

‘O Thou, whose wisdom solid yet refined,
Whose patriot virtues and consummate skill
To touch the finer springs that move the world,
Joined to whate’er the *Graces* can bestow
And all Apollo’s animating fire,
Give thee with pleasing dignity to shine
At once the guardian, ornament, and joy
Of polish’d life; permit the rural Muse,
O Chesterfield, to grace with thee her song!
Ere to the shades again she humbly flies,
Indulge her fond ambition, in thy train
(For every Muse has in thy train a place)
To mark thy various full-accomplish’d mind;
To mark that spirit, which with British scorn
Rejects th’ allurements of corrupted power;
That elegant politeness, which excels,
Even in the judgement of presumptuous France,
The boasted manners of her shining court;
That wit, the vivid energy of sense,
The truth of Nature, which with Attic point
And kind well-temper’d satire smoothly keen
Steals through the soul, and without pain corrects.
Or, rising thence with yet a brighter flame,
O let me hail thee on some glorious day,
When to the listening senate ardent crowd
Britannia’s sons to hear her pleaded cause.

complished courtier, the perfect gentleman, and the able senator, we are in duty bound to add, that he did not pay a proper regard to those private obligations between man and man, which are the bonds of it's happiness and tranquillity. His 'Letters to his Son,' which were published by that gentleman's widow after his Lordship's death, and have been almost universally read with avidity, however able in several respects,* afford but too many proofs of his profligate

Then drest by thee, more amiably fair,
 Truth the soft robe of mild Persuasion wears :
 Thou to assenting Reason givest again
 Her own enlighten'd thoughts : call'd from the heart,
 Th' obedient Passions on thy voice attend ;
 And even reluctant Party feels awhile
 Thy boasted power, as through the varied maze
 Of eloquence, now smooth, now quick, now strong,
 Profound and clear, you roll the copious flood.'

* It should be remembered that these Letters, never intended for publication, were specially adapted to an individual of a particular disposition. In some parts however, whatever may be said of the necessity of simulation and dissimulation to a diplomatic character, they are wholly indefensible: though in others, through the medium of the purest stile, they furnish valuable lessons for the early cultivation of the understanding, and the formation of the temper and manners, especially in higher life.

Cowper's nervous Muse, in her noble reprobation of vice, has perhaps, too entirely forgotten the brighter features of the portrait :

' Petronius ! all the Muses weep for thee ;
 But every tear shall stain thy memory.
 The *Graces* too, while Virtue at their shrine
 Lay bleeding under that soft hand of thine,
 Felt each a mortal stab in her own breast,
 Abhor'd the sacrifice, and cursed the priest.
 Thou polish'd and high-finish'd foe to truth,
 Gray-beard corrupter of our listening youth !
 To purge and skim away the filth of vice,
 That so refined it might the more entice,

principles: and his will, drawn up at the close of his career, strongly evinces that his faculties had been for some time upon the decline. Inconsistent, partial, and peevish, it contains only one clause worthy of being quoted:

“Satiated with the pompous follies of this life, of which I have had an uncommon share, I would have no posthumous ones displayed at my funeral, and therefore desire to be buried in the next burying-place to the place where I shall die.” This order was punctually obeyed, for he was interred privately in the vault under South Audley Chapel.

Then pour it on the morals of thy son
To taint *his* heart—was worthy of *thine own*!
Now, while the poison all high life pervades,
Write if thou can'st, one Letter from the shades;
One, and one only, charged with deep regret,
That thy worst part, thy principles, live yet.
One sad Epistle thence may cure mankind
Of the plague spread by bundles left behind.
(‘*The Progress of Error.*’)

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.*

[1729—1774.]

OLIVER GOLDSMITH was born on the twenty ninth of November, 1728. at Pallas in the parish of Forney and county of Longford in Ireland. His father, the Rev. Charles Goldsmith, a native of the county of Roscommon, beside two daughters, had five sons, of whom Oliver was the second. After having been initiated in the classics at the school of Mr. Hughes at Edgeworthstown,† he was admitted a sizar at Trinity College, Dublin, June 11, 1744. During his residence there, he exhibited no specimens of that genius, which he displayed in his maturer years.‡ In February 1749, two years after the re-

* **AUTHORITIES.** *Memoirs of Goldsmith*, prefixed to his *Miscellaneous Works* in 5 volumes 12mo., 1806; *Boswell's Life of Johnson*; and *Biographia Dramatica*.

† He had previously acquired the rudiments of learning from a village-teacher, who had been a Quarter-Master in Queen Anne's wars; and having travelled much, and possessing a romantic turn of mind, is supposed to have given to his pupil the first tincture of that wandering and unsettled description, which so strikingly characterised his subsequent life.

‡ Under the unremitting persecutions of his savage tutor, the Rev. Theaker Wilder, he fell into habitual despondency, and its natural concomitant, idleness. He even ran away from col-

gular time, he obtained the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Shortly afterward, his father died; and finding himself equally disinclined to take orders, and to continue as tutor in a private family to which he had been recommended, after some whimsical rambles and adventures (in which he figured, chiefly, either as prodigal or as dupe) he turned his thoughts to the profession of physic; and by the kind and continued assistance of the Rev. Thomas Contarine (a learned and generous man, who had married his aunt) proceeding to Edinburgh in 1752 studied, with little regularity however or perseverance the several branches of medicine under the Professors of that University. But his beneficent disposition speedily involved him in unexpected difficulties; and in 1754 he was obliged, it is said, to leave Scotland precipitately, in consequence of having engaged himself to pay a considerable sum of money for a fellow-student. Having embarked on board a ship for Bourdeaux, with some Scotchmen who had been enlisting soldiers for the French service, and being driven by a storm into Newcastle, he was arrested

lege (after having received from his inhuman persecutor personal castigation) almost without money, or clothes; and suffered such extremity of hunger during his flight, that a handful of gray peas, given him by a girl at a wake, appeared to him a luxurious meal. His brother, however, clothed him afresh, and procured him to be received again. One of his contemporaries describes him, as "perpetually lounging about the college-gate." The very same is recorded by Boswell of Johnson, and shows that these two distinguished writers rose to their eminence in literature from the most unpromising beginnings. Yet occasional flashes of his genius pervaded the gloom; and some of his translations, in particular, are still remembered with applause.

along with his party, and only after a fortnight's imprisonment through the friendly offices of Mr. Laughlin Maclane and Dr. Sleigh procured his release. This eventually proved to be a signal interposition of Providence in his favour; for the ship, proceeding during his confinement on her voyage to Bourdeaux, was wrecked at the mouth of the Garonne, and every one on board perished. Upon his liberation, he took his passage on board a Dutch ship to Rotterdam, proceeded thence by land to Leyden, and resided at the latter place about a year; studying chemistry under Gaubius, and anatomy under the celebrated Albinus. His taste for gaming however, which he appears to have caught very early, coupled with his constitutional extravagance, frequently plunged him into difficulties. The very money, which he had borrowed, in order to enable him to leave Holland was expended on some costly flowers at a Dutch florist's as a present to his uncle! He, next, visited great part of Flanders; and after passing some time at Strasburg and Louvain, where he obtained the degree of Bachelor of Physic, proceeded to Geneva.

It appears, that Goldsmith traversed a considerable part of Europe on foot. In his 'Present State of Learning in Europe,' he says, "Countries wear different appearances to travellers of different circumstances. A man who is whirled through Europe in a post-chaise, and the pilgrim who walks the grand tour on foot, will form very different conclusions. *Haud inexpertus loquor.*" He had left England with very little money; and being of a philosophical turn, and at that time possessing a body capable of sustaining every fatigue and a heart not easily

terrified by danger, he became an enthusiast in the design, which he had formed, of seeing the manners of different countries. As he had some knowledge of the French language, and of music, and played tolerably well on the German flute, his learning produced him an hospitable reception at most of the religious houses he visited, especially those of the Irish nation; and his music insured him a welcome from the peasants of Flanders and Germany. "Whenever I approached a peasant's house toward night-fall (he makes George Primrose, the philosophical wanderer, say) I played one of my merriest tunes, and that generally procured me not only a lodging, but subsistence for the next day: but *in truth* (his constant expression) I must own, whenever I attempted to entertain persons of a higher rank, they always thought my performance odious, and never made me any return for my endeavours to please them."*

He was enabled to pursue his rambles, partly by demanding at Universities to enter the lists as a disputant; by which, according to the custom of many of them, he was entitkled on any display of dexterity to a gratuity in money, a dinner, and a bed for the night. Upon his arrival at Geneva, he was recommended as travelling-tutor to a young gentleman, who had been unexpectedly left a considerable sum of money by his uncle. This youth, who was articulated to an attorney, having determined on receipt of his fortune to see the world, upon engaging with his new governor made a proviso, that 'he should be per-

* Vicar of Wakefield, II. i. In this tour, many suppose Goldsmith to have recorded anecdotes of himself.

mitted to govern himself.' And the preceptor soon found his pupil understood the art of directing in money-concerns extremely well, as avarice was his prevailing passion.*

During Goldsmith's continuance in Switzerland, he assiduously cultivated his poetical talent, of which he had given some striking proofs at Edinburgh. It was hence, that he sent the first sketch of 'The Traveller' to his elder brother Henry, a clergyman in Ireland, who giving up fame and fortune had retired with an amiable wife to happiness and obscurity on an income of "forty pounds a-year." In the subjoined lines, the author gives a striking picture at once of his fraternal affection, and his cheerless situation :

" Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po ;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door ;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste expanding to the skies—
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee ;
Still to my brother turns with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend !
Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire :
Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair :
Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around

* Of the whole of this connexion, however, his intimate friends have doubted, whether it was not rather inferred from the story in the *Vicar of Wakefield*, than actually experienced by it's writer.

Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good!"

From Geneva, Goldsmith and his pupil proceeded to the south of France; where the young man, upon some disagreement with his tutor, paid him the small part of his salary which was due, and embarked at Marseilles for England. Thus thrown once more upon the world, he visited Padua, where he continued six months, Venice, Verona, and Florence. At length his curiosity being gratified, he bent his course toward England, and arrived at Dover in 1756.

His finances were so low upon his return, his whole stock of cash amounting to only a few halfpence, that he with difficulty reached the metropolis. On his arrival he applied under a feigned name to several apothecaries, with the hope of being received * in the capacity of a journeyman; but his broad Irish accent, and the uncouthness of his appearance, exposed him generally to insult. A chemist in the city however, struck with his forlorn condition and the simplicity of his manners, took him into his laboratory, where he continued till he discovered that his old friend Dr. Sleight † was in London. That gentleman received him with the warmest affection, and

* As if he had a presentiment of his future eminence. Having occasion to crave the recommendation of Dr. Radcliffe, who had been joint-tutor to him with his cruel enemy Wilder, he requested him to humour this innocent concealment.

† This gentleman subsequently settled in Cork, his native city, and was rapidly rising into eminence in his profession, when he was cut off in the flower of his age by an inflammatory fever; which deprived the world of a fine scholar, a skilful physician, and an honest man.

liberally invited him to share his purse till some establishment could be procured for him. He next settled, if any measure of his deserves that term, in Bankside, Southwark; and afterward removed to the Temple, or it's neighbourhood. Of his success as a physician, in either place, his own account was, that 'he got plenty of patients but no fees.' He now appears to have first had recourse to his pen; and a tragedy, which however he probably never finished, was his earliest attempt. In 1757, he undertook to assist* Dr. Milner, a dissenting minister who kept an academy at Peckham, during a fit of sickness; but he did not continue long in that situation.

The next year, through Dr. Milner's interest, he obtained a regular appointment as physician to one of the factories in India, but he never availed himself of it; and, in 1759, he gave to the world his 'Inquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe.' He also published a piece, called 'The Bee;' occasionally contributed during eight months to the Monthly Review, for which he received in return, by a formal agreement, his board and lodging and a handsome salary from it's editor, Mr. Griffiths; conducted for Wilkie the Lady's Magazine, and became a writer in Mr. Newbery's 'Public Ledger,' edited at that time by Mr. Kelly,† in which

* The miseries of such an employment he has feelingly described in his *Vicar of Wakefield*.

† The intimacy of these two brother-authors was dissolved, at a subsequent period, by dramatic jealousy. Goldsmith's fine comedy, the 'Good-natured Man,' was treated by the town with unjustifiable severity; while at the same time Kelly's 'False Delicacy' from the rage for sentimental writing was played every night at the other house to crowded audiences, was circulated in print to the amount of 10,000 copies in the

his 'Citizen of the World' originally appeared under the title of 'Chinese Letters.'

He had long felt an anxious desire of penetrating into the internal parts of Asia, and soon after the accession of his present Majesty applied to the Earl of Bute, then Prime Minister, for a salary to enable him to carry his favourite project into execution.* But

course of the season, and procured for it's lucky writer a present of plate and a public breakfast from the booksellers. This was too much for one, who though the anti-type of his own Good-natured Man in every other respect, in point of authorship could unfortunately

— 'bear no brother near the throne.'

Yet Goldsmith by his performance, undervalued as it was, cleared five hundred pounds. Nor should it be omitted, to his dispraise, that Kelly (though of humble extraction, and very limited education) had the merit of supporting a growing family with decency and credit. Alas! for the

— *Animis cælestibus iræ!*

* He also drew up an ingenious essay, now forming Letter cviii. in his 'Citizen of the World,' upon the 'utility and entertainment which might result from a journey into the East.' The Duke of Northumberland, at a subsequent period, frequently regretted to the Bishop of Dromore, that he 'had not been apprised of Goldsmith's wishes; since, by procuring him a salary for the purpose on the Irish establishment, he should have considered himself as strictly discharging his duty to that country in thus patronising it's literary genius. Johnson, however, observed that 'of all men Goldsmith was least fitted for such an employment, as he knew nothing of the state of the arts he was about to quit.'

To his Grace's general offer of assistance he is said, with his characteristic affection and simplicity, to have replied, that 'he had a brother in Ireland, a clergyman, who stood in need of help; as for himself, he had no dependence on the promises of great men: he looked to the booksellers; they were his best friends, and he was not inclined to forsake them for others!'

his name had not then attained distinction by any popular display of genius; and his petition, or memorial, was treated with neglect. The simplicity of his character however, the integrity of his heart, and the merit of his productions made his company very acceptable to a number of respectable persons; and about the middle of the year 1762 he migrated from his mean apartment in Green Arbour Court, near the Old Bailey, to Wine-Office Court, Fleet Street. At subsequent periods, as his fortunes improved, he inhabited successively the attic story of the Library staircase, and Brooke Court in the Temple.

Among those who were desirous of his acquaintance, was the Earl (afterward Duke) of Northumberland, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; and the circumstance which attended his introduction to that nobleman, as exhibiting a striking trait of his character, is worthy of being related. "I was invited," said Goldsmith, "by my friend Percy to wait upon the Duke, in consequence of the satisfaction he had received from the perusal of one of my productions. I dressed myself in the best manner I could, and after studying some compliments I thought necessary on such an occasion, proceeded on to Northumberland House, and acquainted the servants that 'I had particular business with his Grace.' They showed me into an ante-chamber, where after waiting some time, a gentleman very elegantly dressed made his appearance: taking him for the Duke, I delivered all the fine things I had composed, in order to compliment him on the honour he had done me: when, to my great astonishment, he told me 'I had mistaken him for his master, who would see me immediately.' At

that instant the Duke came into the apartment, and I was so confounded on the occasion, that I wanted words barely sufficient to express the sense I entertained of the Duke's politeness, and went away exceedingly chagrined at the blunder I had committed."

At the time of this visit, Goldsmith was much embarrassed in his circumstances; but, vain of the honour, he was continually mentioning it. An ingenious executor of the law, who had a writ against him, determining to turn this circumstance to his own advantage, informed him by letter that 'he was steward to a nobleman who was charmed with reading his last production, and had ordered him to desire the Doctor to appoint a place where he might have the honour of meeting him, to conduct him to his Lordship.' The vanity of poor Goldsmith immediately swallowed the bait; he appointed the British Coffee House, to which he was accompanied by his friend Mr. Hamilton, the printer of the *Critical Review*, who in vain remonstrated on the singularity of the application. On entering the coffee-room, the bailiff paid his respects to Goldsmith, and desired that he might have the honour of immediately attending him. But they had scarcely proceeded to Pall Mall, on their way to his Lordship, when he produced his writ. Mr. Hamilton generously paid the money, and redeemed Goldsmith from captivity.

In 1763, he corrected and revised many of Newbery's publications, particularly his 'Art of Poetry' in two volumes 12mo., and the 'Life of Beau Nash' in 8vo. He wrote also, about this time, the 'Letters on English History from a Nobleman to his Son,' in two volumes 12mo.; which have been inaccurately

attributed to Lord Lyttelton,* the Earl of Orrery, and other noble authors. About this time he became one of the original members of the Literary Club.†

In 1765, he published his ‘Traveller,’ by which his reputation was established.‡ At the same time, appeared a collection of his ‘Essays,’ which had previously been printed in various periodical publications. This was followed, in 1760, by his ‘Vicar of Wakefield,’ § and his ‘History of England’ in four volumes 8vo. He compiled likewise, with little advantage however to his fame, a ‘History of Rome’ in two volumes 8vo., and made an ‘Abridgement’ of it in one volume 12mo. For the latter he received fifty guineas; and for his ‘History of Eng-

* And, what is rather singular, never contradicted either directly or indirectly by that nobleman or by any of his friends. The work itself had, deservedly, a very rapid sale.

† For a more detailed account of this illustrious society, see the Life of Johnson.

‡ Johnson pronounced of it, that ‘there had not been so fine a poem since Pope’s time.’ The MS. had lain by him for some years; when that able writer not only persuaded him to publish it, but also gave him some hints, and some couplets, for its improvement. See the Life of Johnson. It introduced him to the invaluable acquaintance of Lord Nugent, Mr. Burke, Topham Beauclerc, Sir Joshua Reynolds, &c. who alternately loved the simplicity of the man, admired the elegance of the poet, and ridiculed the vanity of the egotist.

§ This work, written while he was under arrest for rent, was disposed of, some time before its publication, through Johnson to Newbery for sixty pounds; a “sufficient price,” according to his friendly agent, at the time. The bookseller, indeed, had so faint a hope of profiting by his bargain, that he did not publish it, till after the ‘Traveller’ had made its appearance. He had previously sold, what he himself (in a letter to his brother) calls “a catchpenny performance,” ‘the Life of Voltaire,’ composed in four weeks, for twenty pounds.

land,' 500*l*. In the 'History of Greece,' circulated under his name, it is believed that he had no concern. He drew up, about the same period, the Lives of Parnell and Lord Bolingbroke, and many other lighter compositions; and, in 1768, his 'Good-natured Man' * was successfully performed at Covent Garden theatre. He now derived large profits from his writings; but being extremely deficient in economy, and continuing addicted to gaming, though little acquainted with it's mysteries, he became the prey of those who were unprincipled enough to take advantage of his ignorance or his prodigality. The 'Doctor' (as he was generally called, though he never took any degree beyond that of Bachelor in Medicine) had also, we are told, a constant levee of his distressed countrymen, whose wants, as far as he was able, he always relieved; and he was often known to leave himself without a guinea, in order to supply the necessities of others.

Previously to the publication of his 'Deserted Village,† which he addressed to his friend Sir Joshua Reynolds,‡ the bookseller had given him a hundred

* The 'Croaker' of this drama, a character most happily conceived and most highly finished, Goldsmith owned he borrowed from the 'Suspirius' of the Rambler. It was so admirably personated by Shuter, particularly in his reading of the letter in the fourth act, that the author himself assured him, in the presence of all the performers, 'the fine comic richness of his colouring had made it appear almost as new to him as to any other person in the house.' The Prologue was furnished by Dr. Johnson.

† An edition of this poem has recently been published, with engravings, appropriating all it's striking localities to his favourite Irish village. The 'Village-preacher' is said, by some, to have been the poet's father.

‡ Who, on the establishment of the Royal Academy, pro-

guineas as the purchase-money of the copy. This the Doctor mentioned a few hours afterward to one of his friends, who observed it was 'a very large sum for so short a performance, being nearly five shillings a line.' "In truth," replied Goldsmith, "I think so too; it is much more than the honest man can afford, or the piece is worth. I have not been easy, since I received it: I will therefore go back, and return him his note;" which he actually did, leaving it entirely to the bookseller to pay him in proportion to the profits produced by the sale of the poem, which proved very considerable.

In 1770, he made a short trip to Paris in company with a party of ladies, including the two beautiful Miss Hornecks.

In 1772, his comedy entitled 'She stoops to conquer, or the Mistakes of a Night,' was performed at Covent Garden theatre with great applause.* About the same time, likewise, he wrote several prefaces. Of these, one prefixed to Dr. Brookes' 'New and Accurate System of Natural History' was drawn

cured for him the appointment of Professor of Ancient History; a mere complimentary distinction indeed, attended neither with emolument nor trouble.

* The grand mistake, upon which this admirable play is founded, of a gentleman's house for an inn, is said to have been actually made by himself, on one of his journeys from home to the school at Edgeworthstown. The ludicrous circumstance of the robbery is from 'Albumazar.' He entered the theatre himself only in the fifth act, when there was a hiss at the improbability Mrs. Harcastle's supposing herself forty miles from home though near her own house! "What's that?" he asked in alarm. "Pshaw!" replied Colman, "don't be fearful of squibs, when we have been sitting almost these two hours upon a barrel of gunpowder." This answer was never forgiven. The comedy cleared him eight hundred pounds.

up in a manner so captivating, that the booksellers engaged him to compile a 'History of the Earth and Animated Nature,' in eight volumes, 8vo. This, his last publication, appeared early in 1774; and though distinguished by it's elegance and purity of stile, it's interesting inferences, and it's striking descriptions, realised too fully by it's want of original information and it's numerous errors the prediction of Johnson, that 'he would make his Natural History as entertaining as a Persian tale.' He received for it however from his bookseller, it is said, not less than 850*l*.

He died April 4, 1774, in the forty fifth year of his age, of a nervous fever * consequent upon his old complaint, the strangury (in which he had taken James' fever-powder contrary to the advice of Dr. Hawes, who afterward published an account of his case) and was interred in the Temple burying-ground. A monument, executed by Nollekens, was subsequently erected for him, by a subscription among his friends of the Literary Club, in Westminster Abbey. This consists of a large medallion,

* Exasperated, it is to be feared, by uneasiness of mind under embarrassments brought on by his prodigalities, especially to needy Irish authors. "Sir Joshua Reynolds is of opinion (says Boswell) that he owed no less than 2,000*l*.! Was ever poet so trusted before?" He would sometimes even give away his whole breakfast to poor housekeepers; saying with a smile, after they were gone, "Now let me suppose I have eaten a heartier meal than usual, and am nothing out of pocket." No wonder he was embarrassed, though in fourteen years he is supposed to have received for his writings, at least, 8,000*l*.! Among other objects of his benevolence, we find a well-known name of later days. His biographer has published a very curious letter from Thomas Paine, soliciting the poet's interest in procuring 'an addition to the pay of excisemen!'

with a good resemblance of the Doctor in profile, and appropriate ornaments; and bears, on a tablet of white marble, the following inscription from the pen of Johnson:

OLIVARII GOLDSMITH,
Poetae, Physici, Historici,
Qui nullum ferè scribendi genus non tetigit,
Nullum, quod tetigit, non ornavit;
Sive risus essent movendi,
sive lacrymæ,
Affectuum potens, at lenis dominator:
Ingenio sublimis, vividus, versatilis;
Oratione grandis, nitidus, venustus:
Hoc Monumento memoriam coluit
Sodalium amor,
Amicrum fides,
Lectorum Veneratio.
Natus in Hiberniâ Fornice Longfordiensis,
In loco cui nomen Pullas,
*Nov. xxix. M DCC xxxi.**
Eblancæ literis institutus,
Obiit Londini
April iv. M DCC LXXIV.

His stature was under the middle size, his body strongly built, his limbs more sturdy than elegant, his complexion pale, his forehead low, and his face almost round and pitted with the small-pox, but marked with strong lines of thinking. His first appearance was not captivating; but, when he grew easy and cheerful in company, he relaxed into such a

* By mistake for 1728. In addition to this Latin epitaph Johnson honoured the memory of his friend with the following Greek tetrastich:

Τον ταφῇ ἱστοραῖς τοῦ Οὐλβερρίου· κοινῇ
 Ἀφροσὶ μὴ στερῆν, ζῆναι, ποδίσσι πατεῖ:
 Ὅσοι μὲν μὲν φιλοφρονεῖ, μετρεῖν χάρις, ἐργὰ παλαιῶν,
 Κλαίει ποιητῇ, ἱστορικῷ, φυσικῷ.

display of good humour, as speedily removed every unfavourable impression.

The poetical and dramatic compositions of Goldsmith possess great merit. No man indeed, as Mr. Boswell remarks, had the art of displaying to more advantage, as a writer, whatever literary acquisitions he made. *Nihil, quod tetigit, non ornavit.* His mind resembled a fertile, but thin soil. There was a quick, but not a strong, vegetation of whatever chanced to be thrown upon it. No deep root could be struck. The oak of the forest did not grow there; but the elegant shrubbery, and the fragrant parterre, appeared in gay succession. It has been generally believed, that he was a mere fool in conversation;* but, in truth, this has been greatly exaggerated. He had, no doubt, a more than common share of that hurry of ideas, which we often find in his countrymen, and which sometimes produces a laughable confusion in expressing them. He was very much what the French call *un étourdi*; and from vanity,† and an eager desire of

* "His common conversation," said Beattie, "was a strange mixture of absurdity and silliness; of silliness so great, as to make me think sometimes, and so too thought Sir Joshua Reynolds, that he affected it. Yet he was a genius of no mean rank: somebody (Lord Orford) who knew him well, called him 'an inspired idiot!' His ballad of 'Edwin and Angelina' is exceedingly beautiful; and in his two other poems, though there be great inequalities, there is pathos, energy, and even sublimity." Garrick described him as

— 'for shortness called 'Noll,'

Who wrote like an angel, 'and talk'd like "poor Poll."'

† This was so excessive, that though his maternal grandfather was called Oliver, he used to assert his own Christian name was in-

being conspicuous wherever he was, he frequently talked carelessly,* without knowledge of the subject, or even without thought. Those, who were in any way distinguished, excited envy in him to so ridiculous an excess, that the instances of it are hardly credible. On his French tour, he was seriously angry that more attention was paid to the Miss Hornecks, than to their beau companion; and once at the exhibition of the Fantoccini in London, when those who sat next him observed with what dexterity a puppet was made to toss a pike, he could not bear that it should have such praise, but exclaimed with some warmth; "Pshaw! I can do it better myself!"

With all his defects, as a writer, he was of the most distinguished abilities. Whatever he composed, he did it better than any other man could. He had the art of being minute without tediousness, and general without confusion; copious without exuberance, exact without constraint, and easy without weakness. His 'Vicar of Wakefield' in particular, which deservedly ranks in the first class of English novels, is drawn up in language which "angels might have heard, and virgins told." His enchanting prose is said to have received from him very few corrections: but in his verses, particularly his two great ethnic poems, nothing could exceed his patient and incessant revisal.

produced by some affinity or connexion with the family of the Protector; and he, also, claimed kindred with that of General Wolfe.

* "No man," said Johnson, "was more foolish when he had not a pen in his hand, or more wise when he had."

By Garrick he was severely, but not very inaccurately, characterised in his fable of ‘Jupiter and Mercury.’

“Here, Hermes (says Jove, who with nectar was mellow)
Go fetch me some clay; I will make an odd fellow:
Right and wrong shall be jumbled, much gold and some dross;
Without cause be he pleased, without cause be he cross:
Be sure, as I work, to throw in contradictions,
A great love of truth, yet a mind turn’d to fictions—
Now mix these ingredients, which warn’d in the baking,
Turn to learning and gaming, religion and raking.
With the love of a wench, let his writings be chaste;
Tip his tongue with strange matter, his pen with fine taste:
That the rake and the poet o’er all may prevail,
Set fire to the head, and set fire to the tail.
For the joy of each sex, on the world I’ll bestow it;
This scholar, rake, Christian, dupe, gamester, and poet.
Though a mixture so odd, he shall merit great fame,
And among brother-mortals be GOLDSMITH his name:
When on earth this strange mixture no more shall appear,
You, Hermes, shall fetch him to make us sport here.”

That he was, like Pope, however, a poet rather of reason than of fancy or pathos, appears to have resulted not merely from the character of his genius, but from the conviction of his judgement that it was the best: * as may be inferred from his commendation of Parnell’s Poems in his Life of that poet, who “considers the language of poetry as the language of life, and conveys the warmest thoughts in the simplest expression.” This, applying as it does rather to the outwardness than to the substance and essence of poetry, became on every occasion the cant both of Goldsmith and Johnson, with a view to depress and degrade the compositions of Gray,

* See the ‘*Censura Literaria*,’ by Sir Egerton Brydges, V. 68.

Collins, &c. of whom they indulged an illiberal envy. The ‘Traveller,’ however, is a very noble poem. It’s sentiments are always interesting, generally just, and often new ; it’s imagery is elegant, picturesque, and occasionally sublime ; and it’s language nervous, highly-finished, and full of harmony. It is, indeed, far superior to the ‘Deserted Village,’ which (to say nothing of it’s strange mixture of important truths and dangerous fallacies, in respect of political economy) with many beautiful passages, is strikingly defective in closeness of compression and novelty of imagery, and sicklied over with a tone of affected or morbid melancholy.

WILLIAM PITT,
EARL OF CHATHAM.*

—*Clarum et venerabile nomen
Gentibus, et multùm nostræ quod proderat urbi.*

[1708—1778.]

THIS illustrious statesman, the second son of Robert Pitt, Esq. of Boconnoc in Cornwall, and Harriet sister of the Earl of Grandison, was born on the fifteenth of November, 1708.† The early part of his education he received at Eton, as a scholar on the foundation; after which he spent a

* AUTHORITIES. *Life of the Earl of Chatham*, 1783; *Abstract of his Speeches*, 1779; Collins' *Peerage*, and Smollett's *History of England*.

† His grandfather was Thomas Pitt Esq., for some time Governor of Fort St. George, Madras, who sold to the King of France in 1717 for 135,000*l.* the celebrated diamond, commonly known by the appellation of 'Pitt's Diamond, or the Regent.' This extraordinary jewel, which weighed 136½ carats after cutting, he had purchased in 1706 for 20,000*l.* By Jefferies' canon of valuation, it is worth about 150,000*l.*

The largest diamond known in the world is one belonging to the King of Portugal, still uncut, which is estimated (according to some writers) at 224 millions sterling, and by the lowest computation exceeds in value 5½ millions. It weighs 1,680 carats.

The next, weighing 779 carats, adorns the Russian Sceptre,

short time, as gentleman commoner, at Trinity College, Oxford: but of his academical studies the only testimony remaining is, a copy of Latin verses in the '*Luctus*' published by that University upon the death of George I. It was, perhaps, in consequence of an hereditary disposition to the gout, which had appeared even while he was at school, that he left college without taking his degree, in order to try the effect of a tour on the Continent. If his disorder, however, intercepted in some degree his studies, it probably compensated to him this privation, by precluding the too usual indulgences of juvenile dissipation. Upon his return, he entered into the army, and became a cornet of horse: but he seems soon to have discovered, 'that the senate, and not the camp, the cabinet and not the field, were the scenes for which nature had destined him.' Accordingly, in 1735, through the interest of the Duchess Dowager of Marlborough he obtained a seat in the House of Commons, as representative (if it may be so called) for the borough of Old Sarum. In the same parliament his two friends, Lyttelton and Richard Grenville (subsequently Lord Temple) made their senatorial *début*.

Mr. Pitt uniformly voting with the Opposition, Sir

and is pronounced worth nearly 5 millions, though it cost little more than 135,000*l*.

The Diamond of the Great Mogul, cut in rose, weighs 279*½* carats, and is valued at 380,000 guineas.

Another Diamond of the King of Portugal, of 215 carats, is rated at 369,800 guineas.

The Emperor of Germany's Diamond, weighing 139*½* carats, is worth 100,520 guineas.

Robert Walpole took from him his commission, or to adopt the poetical language of Lyttelton,

—‘Snatch’d the servile standard from his hand!’

this, however, only raised him more rapidly to eminence as a patriot. In the ranks of the Minority, he quickly attained the first place. A manly figure, an expressive countenance, a melodious voice, a keen eye, and a graceful manner gave lustre to a copious elocution animated with the fire of genius, and frequently marked with passages which from their peculiar energy were almost irresistible. The records of the British senate scarcely present another name so distinguished by that eloquence, which ‘lightens and thunders and confounds!’ To these powers he added true elevation of mind, undeviating integrity, and a genuine love for the pure principles of the constitution.

It was not therefore surprising that, as an able and vigilant opposer of suspicious or impolitic measures, he should have risen so rapidly in the public estimation. He exerted himself against the Spanish Convention in 1738. He also, in 1740, opposed the bill for Registering Seamen, as a most arbitrary regulation. Upon the latter occasion the Minister’s brother, Mr. Horatio Walpole, having attacked him with great severity as ‘a young man,’ and observed that ‘the discovery of truth was little promoted by pompous diction and theatrical emotion,’ incurred a tremendous castigation from his indignant antagonist. Mr. Pitt, in answer, addressing himself to the Speaker, observed:

“Sir, The atrocious crime of being ‘a young man,’ which the Honourable Gentleman has with so much

spirit and decency charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny; but content myself with wishing, that I may be one of those whose follies cease with their youth, and not of that number who are ignorant in spite of experience. Whether 'youth' can be imputed to any man as a reproach, I will not assume the province of determining; but age becomes justly contemptible, if the opportunities which it brings have passed without improvement, and vice appears to prevail when the passions are subsided. The wretch who, having seen the consequences of a thousand errors, continues still to blunder, and whose age has only added obstinacy to stupidity, is surely an object of contempt or abhorrence, and deserves not that his grey head should secure him from insult. Much more, Sir, is he to be abhorred, who as he is advanced in age, has receded from virtue, and become more wicked with less temptation; who prostitutes himself for money which he cannot enjoy, and spends the remainder of his life in the ruin of his country.

But 'youth' is not the only crime I have been accused of; it has been said, 'I have acted a theatrical part.' A theatrical part may imply either some peculiarities of gesture, or a dissimulation of my real sentiments, and the adoption of the opinions and the language of another man. In the first sense, the charge is too trifling to be confuted, and deserves only to be mentioned to be despised. I am at liberty, like other men, to use my own language; and though, perhaps, I may have some ambition to please that Honourable Gentleman, I shall not lay myself under any restraint, nor very solicitously copy either his mien or his diction, however matured by

age or by experience. If any person, by charging me with theatrical behaviour, shall imply that I utter any sentiments but my own, I shall treat him as a calumniator and a villain; nor shall any protection shelter him from the treatment, which he deserves. I shall, on such an occasion, without scruple trample upon all those forms, with which Wealth and Dignity entrench themselves, nor shall any thing but Age restrain my resentment; Age, which always brings one privilege, that of being insolent and supercilious without punishment.

But with regard to those, Sir, whom I have offended, I am of opinion that, if I had acted a borrowed part, I should have avoided the censure. The heat which offended them is the ardor of conviction, and that zeal for the service of my country, which neither hope nor fear shall ever influence me to suppress. I will not sit unconcerned, while my liberty is invaded, nor look in silence upon public robbery. I will exert my endeavours, at whatever hazard, to repel the aggressor and drag the thief to justice, whoever may protect them in their villainy, or whoever may partake of their plunder."

It was in 1745, in which year he resigned his appointment as a Groom of the Bedchamber to Frederick Prince of Wales, that he was first proposed to George II. by the Duke of Newcastle for the post of Secretary at War: but so obnoxious had he rendered himself to his Majesty, probably on account of his constant opposition to Hanoverian politics,* that he was

* For his opposition to the measures of ministry upon various occasions, his early patroness the Duchess of Marlborough, who hated Sir Robert Walpole, bequeathed him a legacy of 10,000*l.*; "upon account of his merit," as her will expressly states, "in

decidedly rejected, and a general resignation of the Pelham party took place. Necessity, however, as they had foreseen, soon produced their re-instatement; and in February, 1746, he was appointed Joint Vice Treasurer of Ireland, and the same year Treasurer and Paymaster General of the Army, and a Privy Councillor.

As Paymaster of the Army, he had an opportunity of displaying his natural disinterestedness. It had been the custom of his predecessors to retain large balances of the public money in their hands, of which they made considerable advantage by subscribing them in government-securities. Mr. Pitt, on the contrary, invariably placed his surplusses in the Bank, in order that they might be at all times ready for the public service, and never derived from them the smallest private emolument. He even refused the usual perquisite, upon a subsidy voted to the King of Sardinia; and, still more to the surprise of that Sovereign, declined a large present, of which he had requested his acceptance.

In 1754, he married Hester, daughter of Richard Grenville, Esq. of Wotton in Buckinghamshire, a lady of great merit, with whom he passed his life in uninterrupted harmony.

A disappointment, however, about the post of Secretary of State, with his want of confidence in a weak and divided ministry, rendered him indifferent to a continuance of office; and when the King in 1755 returned from Hanover, bringing subsidiary treaties with Hesse-Cassel and Russia for its defence, he warmly joined Mr. Legge in opposing their ratification. Upon this account they both, and with them

the noble defence he has made for the support of the laws of England, and to prevent the ruin of his country."

the Grenvilles, were dismissed. He now strenuously opposed the favourite measures of defending England by foreign troops, and Hanover by subsidies. The war had opened disastrously; and the Duke of Newcastle, having in vain attempted to gain him over to his party, resigned. In the autumn of 1756, a fresh administration was formed, and Mr. Pitt became Secretary of State. A national militia was constituted; a body of Highlanders were levied to serve in North America; squadrons were despatched to the East and West Indies, and a successful expedition was sent out against Gorée. Still hostile however to the war in Germany, at least under the conduct of the Duke of Cumberland, the new Secretary in April 1757 with his friends Lord Temple and Mr. Legge received the royal command to resign. But such was the public discontent upon this precipitate measure, evinced by animated addresses from all parts of the kingdom, that the Duke of Newcastle was commissioned in the ensuing June to offer the Ex-minister his own terms. He, accordingly, resumed his office; and having arranged a cabinet, of which he was the pervading and master-spirit, raised his country from depression and disgrace to the highest pitch of glory. His fundamental principle was, to disregard all party and family-interests, and to employ talents wherever he found them. The result might naturally be anticipated. Never had been witnessed such an instantaneous and radical change. Whatever comprehensive genius, extended intelligence, deep political knowledge, and indefatigable industry could effect, was accomplished. From torpid supineness, England astonished the enemy with unremitted activity. Not a ship, or a man, was suffered to remain unemployed.

Europe, America, Africa felt the influence of his character in an instant. Under his auspices, Amherst and Boscawen reduced Cape Breton; Wolfe* and Saunders triumphed at Quebec; the French were defeated in the East Indies, and ruined in Europe; Belleisle was rent from their monarchy, their coasts were insulted and ravaged, their fleets destroyed, their trade annihilated, and their state reduced to bankruptcy.

In the duties of his office, he was exact and diligent beyond example. He gave all his time to business, and none to parade; not holding a single levee during his secretaryship. Well-informed of the practicability of his orders, he was peremptory in insisting upon the execution of them. In illustration of this feature of his character, the following anecdote has been frequently related. Preparatory to one of his secret expeditions, he had issued directions to the different officers presiding in the military, naval, and ordnance department, to prepare a large body of forces, a certain number of ships, and a proportional quantity of stores, &c. against an appointed day. He received answers from all the individuals concerned, affirming that ‘they could not possibly execute them within the time prescribed.’ It was then a very late hour of the night: but he instantly sent for his secretary, and despatched him with the following commands: “I desire, Mr. Wood, that you will immediately go to Lord Anson.—You need not

* Wolfe was appointed, in opposition both to the Prime Minister and to the King. It is said that, in order to secure himself from unconsciously doing any thing against the constitution, he by Lord Northington's recommendation availed himself of the assistance of Mr. Pratt, afterward the great Lord Camden.

trouble yourself to visit the Admiralty, he is not to be found there: you must pursue him to the gaming-house, and tell him from me, that 'if he does not fulfil the orders of government which he has received at my hands, I will most assuredly impeach him.' Proceed from him to Lord Ligonier; and though he should be bolstered with harlots, undraw his curtains, and repeat the same message. Then direct your course to Sir Charles Frederick, and assure him that 'if his Majesty's orders are not obeyed, they shall be the last which he shall receive from me.'" The consequence was, that in spite of impossibilities, every thing was ready at the time appointed.

Never, indeed, did any minister possess more of the public confidence. For a considerable period, opposition was scarcely heard of; and yet the art of managing a parliament was the least part of his study.* The events of his war-administration are too recent to require much detail. His Majesty, having refused to ratify the disgraceful convention of Closter-Seven, was enabled, by the victory of the Kings of Prussia over the French at Rosbach, to propose a resumption of arms in the North of Germany. This was acceded to by Mr. Pitt; whether through the desire of supporting himself in power by the royal favour, or under the hope of more important advantages to accrue from the talents of the new General (Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick) and the alliance of Frederick the Great, or from both united, it may be difficult to decide. His change

* 'He knew of no majorities,' he used to say, 'except such as arose from the sense of the House. Any others were the Duke of Newcastle's.'

of councils, undoubtedly, exposed his popularity at the time to a severe trial. The result, however, appears to have justified his conduct, and warranted his emphatic asseveration, that 'America was conquered in Germany.'

The series of successes, which with little interruption marked the ensuing years of the war, had nearly annihilated the navy of France, and left her scarcely a colony or a settlement in any part of the world. But a devolution of the crown had taken place at home.

On October 25, 1760, George III. ascended the throne; and the popularity of the 'Great Commoner' (as Mr. Pitt was now called) appeared to give no satisfaction to the new Monarch. Peace, likewise, began to be the national wish; and the negotiation, commenced with France, had only failed in consequence of an intermixture of Spanish interests. The Secretary, who had received accurate information of the hostile intentions and intrigues of the Court of Madrid, proposed in Council an immediate declaration of war against that kingdom; asserting, that 'this was the time for humbling the House of Bourbon, and that if the opportunity were suffered to pass unimproved, it might never be recovered. Spain (he added) was now willing to temporise; but as soon as her treasure was safe in her harbour, she would keep terms with us no longer.' Yet in spite of all he could say, and no energy was wanting to enforce it, he was over-ruled in the Cabinet; all the members, with the exception of his brother in law Lord Temple, declaring themselves of a contrary opinion. It was indeed but too manifest, that the Earl of Bute, who had possessed a considerable

share in directing the education of the young King, retained an ascendancy extremely injurious to the real interests of the kingdom. Mr. Pitt declared therefore that, 'as he had been called to the ministry by the voice of the people, to whom he deemed himself accountable for his conduct, he would no longer remain in a situation which made him responsible for measures he was no longer permitted to guide.' Accordingly, he retired from office October 5, 1761: and six days afterward his Lady was created Baroness of Chatham, and he himself accepted an annuity of 3000*l.* to be continued during his own life, that of his lady, and his eldest son.

On the twenty second of the same month, the following vote was passed in the Common Council of the city of London: 'Resolved, That the thanks of this court be given to the Right Hon. William Pitt, for the many great and eminent services rendered this nation during the time he so ably filled the high and important office of one of Majesty's principal Secretaries of State, and to perpetuate their grateful sense of his merits, who by the vigour of his mind had not **only** roused the ancient spirit of this nation from the pusillanimous state to which it had been reduced, but by his integrity and steadiness uniting us at home had carried it's reputation in arms and commerce to a height unknown before, by our trade accompanying our conquests in every quarter of the globe.

'Therefore the city of London, ever steadfast in their loyalty to their King, and attentive to the honour and prosperity of their country, cannot but lament the national loss of so able, and faithful a minister at this critical conjuncture.'

On the Lord Mayor's day following, the King and Queen dined with the chief magistrate and corporation of London. Mr. Pitt joined in the procession: and the friends of government had the mortification to see their young Sovereign, with whatever popularity he had ascended the throne, pass along almost unnoticed; while his discarded minister was hailed with every demonstration of public gratitude.*

* The year preceding, the first stone of the new bridge at Black Friars had been laid by the Lord Mayor, under which was placed a Latin inscription on large plates of pure tin, to the following purport: .

‘ On the last day of October, 1760,
and in the beginning of the most auspicious
Reign of GEORGE III.
Sir THOMAS CHITTY Knight, Lord Mayor,
laid the first stone of this Bridge,
Undertaken by the Common Council of
London
(amidst the rage of an extensive war)
for the public accommodation
and ornament of the city,
ROBERT MYLNE being Architect.
And, that there might remain to Posterity
a Monument of this City's Affection to the
Man,
who by the strength of his genius,
the steadiness of his mind,
and a certain kind of happy contagion of his
probity and spirit
(under the Divine Favour,
and fortunate Auspices of GEORGE II.)
recovered, augmented, and secured
the British Empire
in Asia, Africa, and America,
and restored the ancient reputation
and influence of his Country

The administration of Mr. Pitt may justly be regarded as the temporary triumph of the people. "By their voice," it has been said, "he was called into power: by their verdict he was supported. He carried his measures by the unbought suffrages of their representatives. An unanimity of this sort in parliament was altogether unexampled. And when he fell, he fell covered with popular honours: the gratitude of a mighty people followed, and illustrated him; and their indignation, and their curse, was the inheritance of his successors."

The continental struggle was carried on, however, with some vigour after his resignation. Lord Egremont was appointed to succeed him, as Secretary for the Southern department. It was found necessary, notwithstanding the decision of the cabinet but three short months before, to engage in a quarrel with Spain, the famous family-compact among the different branches of the Bourbon family having now generally transpired; and, accordingly, war was declared against that kingdom in January, 1762. The spirit, which Mr. Pitt had inspired, continued to operate; and the instrument he had used still vibrated, though its keys were no longer touched by the master-hand. The general outline of the campaign, and several of the particular plans, were his own. The Spaniards lost the Havannah, and Martinico; and several other islands in the West Indies were taken from the French. But negotiations for peace being entered into, some

among the Nations of Europe;
The Citizens of London have unanimously voted
this Bridge to be inscribed with the name of

WILLIAM PITT.

preliminaries were agreed upon, and canvassed in parliament. Upon that occasion Mr. Pitt, though he had been for some time confined to his bed by a severe fit of the gout, came down to the House of Commons, where he was allowed the unprecedented indulgence of a chair, and spoke for nearly three hours. He gave his opinion upon almost every article; and maintained, on the whole, that they were 'inadequate to the conquests and to the just expectations of the kingdom.' The definitive treaty between Great Britain, France and Spain, was however concluded at Paris in February, 1763, and received the sanction of both Houses; although it was far from giving satisfaction to the people at large.

From this period, various causes contributed to diffuse a general spirit of discontent. The affair of the Middlesex election, and the unconstitutional persecution of Mr. Wilkes, rendered the administration, and especially the Earl of Bute (then First Lord of the Treasury) highly unpopular. It was natural, indeed, that great indignation should be excited, when Mr. Pitt was removed to make way for one, who had none of the honourable talents of a statesman, and whose political principles were unfavourable to the interests of a free constitution.

Not long afterward, the Minister resigned his place to Mr. Grenville. In August 1763, the Earl of Egremont dying, an attempt was made to form a new cabinet under the auspices of Mr. Pitt; but the arrangement failed, and the Bedford party succeeded.

When the question of General Warrants was agitated, in 1764, in the House of Commons, Mr. Pitt

maintained their illegality with uncommon energy. He asserted, that ‘by such warrants the most innocent person might be dragged from his bed, and committed to prison. All his secrets might be exposed, and his papers converted into evidence against himself.’ “And how,” said he, “shall this be reconciled with the British constitution? It is a maxim of our law, that ‘Every Englishman’s house is his castle’—Not that it is surrounded with walls and battlements: it may be a straw-built shed; every wind of heaven may whistle round it; all the elements of nature may enter in. But the King cannot; the King dare not.”

In 1765, Sir William Pynsent of Somersetshire, bequeathed to him, in consideration of his patriotism, an estate of 3000*l.* *per ann.*

When those unjust measures were adopted, which at length ended in the separation of the American Colonies from the mother-country, they encountered his strenuous opposition. In March, 1766, the American Stamp-Act was repealed by the new ministry, at the head of which stood the Marquis of Rockingham. Mr. Pitt, though not one of their number, spoke with his accustomed emphasis in favour of the repeal. “The parliament of Great Britain,” he maintained, “had no right to tax the Colonies. The Commons of America, represented in their several Assemblies, had ever been in possession of the exercise of their constitutional right, of giving and granting their own money. They would have been slaves, if they had not enjoyed it. At the same time, this kingdom (he admitted) as the supreme governing and legislative power, had always bound the Colonies by her laws; by her regulations and restrictions in trade, in navigation, in ma-

nufactures; in every thing, in short, except that of taking their money out of their pockets without their consent."

The Marquis of Rockingham and his friends remained in administration only a short time; though, during their continuance in office, several measures had been introduced highly beneficial to the people and favourable to public liberty. In the ministry, by which they were succeeded, Mr. Pitt* was made Lord Privy Seal. At the same time he was created Viscount Pitt, of Burton Pynsent in the county of Somerset, and Earl of Chatham in the county of Kent. The Duke of Grafton was appointed First Lord of the Treasury, Charles Townshend Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the Earl of Shelburne and General Conway Secretaries of State. But among these new counsellors there was little harmony.* Lord Temple had deserted the side of the new Peer; and the Marquis of Rockingham with other individuals of great rank and influence refused to join him, disgusted (it is said) by the tone of haughty superiority,

* Burke, with his usual affluence of imagery, describes it as "an administration so chequered and speckled; a piece of joinery so crossly indented, and whimsically dovetailed; a cabinet so variously inlaid; such a piece of diversified Mosaic, such a tessellated pavement without cement; here a bit of black stone, and there a bit of white; patriots and courtiers, king's friends and republicans, whigs and tories, treacherous friends and open enemies—that it was indeed a very curious show, but utterly unsafe to touch, and unsure to stand on. The colleagues assorted at the same boards stared at each other, and were obliged to ask 'Sir, your name, &c.' It so happened, that persons had a single office divided between them, who had never spoken to each other in their lives; until they found themselves they knew not how, pigging together, heads and points, in the same truckle-bed."

which he was too much in the habit of assuming. He was himself heavily afflicted with the gout: the measures, which he recommended, were feebly supported; and it was supposed by many, that he had only been ennobled by a court-manceuvre, in order to remove him from the Lower House, and to lessen his general character. He affirmed, it is certain, that ‘promises had been made to him which were not adhered to,’ and complained in strong terms of deception and treachery. He relinquished his last public employment, November 2, 1768; and so greatly had he fallen in the public esteem, that he was scarcely missed upon his resignation. After the death of Charles Townshend, the Chancellorship of the Exchequer was filled by Lord North, who subsequently became First Lord of the Treasury, and for many years presided over a series of public measures but too faithfully recorded by the misfortunes of his country.

Lord Chatham was frequently so much tormented by the gout, as to be rendered almost totally incapable of public business. But in the intervals of his disorder, and sometimes even under it's visitation, he exerted himself with uncommon vigour. Having been reconciled with Lord Temple, he again frequently took a leading part in popular questions. He began with a spirited attack upon the proceedings of the Commons in the case of the Middlesex election. Lord Mansfield's * doctrine of Libels was another subject, upon

* Yet he always did justice to the talents of his formidable rival. Upon one signal occasion in the House of Lords, he said, “My Lords, I must beg the indulgence of this House. Neither will my health permit me, nor do I pretend to be qualified, to follow that noble Lord through the whole of his argument. No

which he strenuously maintained the principles of liberty.

In 1772, he spoke with much eloquence in support of a bill, for relieving Protestant Dissenting Ministers from the hardship of being required to subscribe to the doctrinal Articles of the Church of England. He, also, repeatedly reprobated the measures adopted respecting America. He made motion after motion, but in vain, for closing the breach; and he foretold, with almost prophetic accuracy, the fatal result. His anxiety upon the subject, indeed, raised him from his bed in the midst of pain and sickness, urged him to a vehemence beyond that of his best years, and at length was the proximate cause of his dissolution.

“The way, my Lords (he exclaimed upon one occasion, in 1775) must be immediately opened for reconciliation. It will soon be too late. I know not, who advised the present measures. I know not, who advises to a perseverance and enforcement of them; but this I will say, that whoever advises them ought to answer for it at his utmost peril. I know that no one will avow that he advised, or that he was the author of, these measures: every one shrinks from the charge. But somebody has advised his Majesty to these measures, and, if he continues to hear such evil councillors, he will be undone. He, indeed, may wear

man is better acquainted with his abilities and learning, nor has a greater respect for them than I have. I have had the pleasure of sitting with him in the other House, and always listened to him with attention. I have not now lost a word of what he said; nor did I ever.” At another time, having quoted Lord Somers and Chief Justice Holt in support of his law, and having drawn their characters in splendid colours, he turned to Lord Mansfield and said, “I vow to God, I think the noble Lord equals them both—in abilities.”

his crown; but, the American jewel out of it, it will not be worth the wearing.

“What more shall I say? I must not say, that ‘the King is betrayed;’ but this I will say, the nation is ruined. What foundation have we for our claims over America? What is our right to persist in such cruel and vindictive measures against that loyal and respectable people? They say, ‘You have no right to tax them without their consent.’ They say truly. Representation and Taxation must go together: they are inseparable. Yet there is hardly a man in our streets, though so poor as scarcely to be able to get his daily bread, but thinks he is the legislator of America. ‘Our American subjects,’ is a common phrase in the mouth of the lowest orders of our citizens. But property, my Lords, is the sole and entire dominion of the owner: it excludes all the world beside the owner. None can intermeddle with it. It is a unity; a mathematical point. It is an atom; untangible by any but the proprietor. The touch contaminates the whole mass: the whole property vanishes. The touch of another annihilates it; for whatever is a man’s own, is absolutely and exclusively his own.

“In the last parliament all was anger, all was rage. Administration did not consider what was practicable, but what was revenge. *Sine clade victoria* was the language of the ministry last sessions; but every body knew, an idiot might know, that such would not be the issue. But the ruin of the nation was a matter of no concern, if administration might be revenged. Americans, were abused, misrepresented, and traduced in the most atrocious manner; in order to give colour, and urge on to the most

precipitate, unjust, cruel, and vindictive measures that ever disgraced a nation:

*Gnossius hæc Rhadamanthus habet durissima regna,
Castigatque auditque dolos.*

“ My Lords, the very infernal spirits chastise, *castigatque: sed auditque*, my Lords. The very spirits of the infernal regions hear, before they punish. But how have this respectable people behaved under all their grievances? With unexampled patience, with unparalleled wisdom. They chose delegates by their free suffrages; no bribery, no corruption, no influence here, my Lords. Their representatives meet with the sentiments and temper, and speak the sense, of the Continent. For genuine sagacity, for singular moderation, for solid wisdom, manly spirit, sublime sentiments, and simplicity of language, for every thing respectable and honourable the Congress of Philadelphia shine unrivalled. This wise people speak out. They do not hold the language of slaves: they tell you what they mean. They do not ask you to repeal your laws as a favour: they claim it as a right: they demand it. They tell you, ‘ they will not submit to them:’ and I tell you, the acts must be repealed; they will be repealed; you cannot enforce them. The ministry are check-mated. They have a move to make on the board; and yet not a move, but they are ruined.

“ Repeal, therefore, my Lords, I say. But bare repeal will not satisfy this enlightened and spirited people. What! repeal a bit of paper! repeal a piece of parchment! That alone will not do, my Lords. You must go through. You must declare, ‘ you have no right to tax:’ then they may tax you; then they

will have confidence in you. I have heard a noble Lord speak, who seemed to lay some blame upon General Gage. I think that Honourable Gentleman has behaved with great prudence and becoming caution. He has entrenched himself, and strengthened his fortifications. I do not know what he could do more. His situation puts me in mind of a similar transaction in the civil wars of France, when the great Condé on one side, and Marshal Turenne on the other, with large armies lay many weeks very near each other. Turenne, conscious of the terrible consequences even of a victory to himself and his country, never came to a battle. On his return to the court of France, the Queen asked him; "Why, Marshal, I think you lay several days in sight of your enemy, and you might have been up with him at any time: pray why did you not take him?" The General shrewdly replied, "Should I have taken him, please your Majesty, I was afraid all Paris would have taken me." My Lords, there are three millions of Whigs. Three millions of Whigs, my Lords, with arms in their hands, are a very formidable body. It was the Whigs, my Lords, that set his Majesty's royal ancestors upon the throne of England. I hope, my Lords, there are yet double the number of Whigs in England, that there are in America. I hope the Whigs of both countries will join and make a common cause. Ireland is with the Americans to a man. The Whigs of that country will, and those of this country should, think the American cause their own. They are allied to each other in sentiment and interest, united in one great principle of defence and resistance: they should therefore, and they will, run to embrace and support their bre-

thren. The cause of Ship-money was the cause of all the Whigs of England. ‘You shall not take my money without my consent,’ is the doctrine and language of Whigs. It is the doctrine and voice of Whigs in America, and Whigs here. It is the doctrine, in support of which I do not know how many names I could—I may call in this House: among the living I cannot say how many I could, to join with me and maintain these doctrines with their blood; but among the dead I could raise a host innumerable. And, my Lords, at this day there are very many sound, substantial, honest Whigs, who should and who will consider the American controversy as a great common cause.

“My Lords, consistently with the preceding doctrines, and with what I have ever maintained and shall continue to maintain, I say I shall oppose America, whenever I see her aiming at throwing off the Navigation-Act, and other regulatory acts of trade made *bonâ fide* for that purpose, and wisely framed and calculated for reciprocation of interest and the general extended welfare and security of the whole empire. It is suggested, ‘such is their design.’ I see no evidence of it. But to come at a certain knowledge of their sentiments and designs on this head, it would be proper first to do them justice. Treat them as subjects, before you treat them as aliens, rebels, and traitors.

“My Lords, deeply impressed with the importance of taking some healing measures at this most alarming distracted state of our affairs, though bowed down with a cruel disease, I have crawled to this House to give you my best experience and counsel; and my advice is, to beseech his Majesty, &c. &c. This is

the best I can think of. It will convince America, that you mean to try her cause in the spirit and by the laws of freedom and fair inquiry, and not by codes of blood. How can she now trust you, with the bayonet at her breast? She has all the reason in the world now to believe you mean her death, or her bondage.

“ Thus entered on the threshold of this business, I will knock at your gates for justice without ceasing, unless inveterate infirmities stay my hand. My Lords, I pledge myself never to leave this business : I will pursue it to the end in every shape. I will never fail of my attendance on it, at every step and period of this great matter, unless nailed down to my bed by the severity of disease. My Lords, there is no time to be lost ; every moment is big with dangers. Nay, while I am now speaking, the decisive blow may be struck, and millions involved in the consequence. The very first drop of blood will make a wound, that will not easily be skinned over. Years, perhaps ages, may not heal it. It will be *irritabile vulnus*, a wound of that rancorous, malignant, corroding, festering nature, that in all probability it will mortify the whole body. Let us then, my Lords, set to this business in earnest ; not take it up by bits and scraps as formerly, just as exigencies pressed, without any regard to the general relations, connexions, and dependencies.

“ I would not by any thing I have said, my Lords, be thought to encourage America to proceed beyond the right line. I reprobate all acts of violence by her mobility : but when her inherent constitutional rights are invaded those rights that she has an equitable claim to the full enjoyment of by the

fundamental laws of the English constitution, and ingrafted thereon by the unalterable laws of nature, then I own myself an American; and feeling myself such, shall to the verge of my life vindicate those rights against all men, who strive to trample upon or oppose them."

His motion, however, was rejected by a considerable majority; and the violent measures adopted upon the occasion at length induced the Colonies to declare themselves 'Independent.'

On November 20, 1777, the King made a requisition of large supplies, in order to enable him to reduce his revolted subjects to obedience. The usual address was moved by Earl Percy; upon which Lord Chatham rose, and in the course of his reply observed:—"My Lords, this ruinous and ignominious situation, where we cannot act with success nor suffer with honour, calls upon us to remonstrate in the strongest and loudest language of truth, to rescue the ear of majesty from the delusions which surround it. The desperate state of our arms abroad is, in part, known. No man thinks more highly of them, than I do. I love and honour the English troops: I know their virtues, and their valour: I know they can achieve any thing—except impossibilities; and I know that the conquest of English America is an impossibility. You cannot, I venture to say it, you cannot conquer America. Your armies last war effected every thing, that could be effected; and what was it? It cost a numerous army, under the command of a most able General, now a noble Lord in this House, a long and laborious campaign to expel five thousand Frenchmen from French America. My Lords, you cannot conquer America. What is,

your present situation there? We do not know the worst; but we know, that in three campaigns we have done nothing, and suffered much. Beside the sufferings, perhaps total loss, of the northern force, the best appointed army that ever took the field commanded by Sir William Howe has retired from the American lines. He was obliged to relinquish his attempt; and, with great delay and danger, to adopt a new and distant plan of operations. We shall soon know, and in any event have reason to lament, what may have happened since. As to conquest therefore, my Lords, I repeat, it is impossible. You may swell every expense, and every effort, still more extravagantly; pile and accumulate every assistance you can buy or borrow; traffic and barter with every little pitiful German prince, that sells his subjects to the shambles of a foreign prince: your efforts are for ever vain and impotent; doubly so from this mercenary aid, on which you rely: for it irritates to an incurable resentment the minds of your enemies, to over-run them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty! If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms—never, never, never.

“ Your own army is infected with the contagion of these illiberal allies. The spirit of plunder and of rapine is gone forth among them. I know it: and notwithstanding what the noble Earl, who moved the Address, has given as his opinion of our American army, I know from authentic information and the most experienced officers that our discipline is deeply wounded. While this is notoriously our sinking situ-

ation, America grows and flourishes: while our strength and discipline is lowered, theirs rises and improves.

“ But, my Lords, who is the man, that in addition to these disgraces and mischiefs of our army has dared to authorise and associate to our arms the tomahawk and scalping-knife of the savage; to call into civilised alliance the wild and inhuman savage of the woods; to delegate to the merciless Indian the defence of disputed rights; and to wage the horrors of his barbarous war against our brethren? My Lords, these enormities cry aloud for redress and punishment; unless thoroughly done away, it will be a stain on the national character. It is a violation of the constitution: I believe it is against law. It is not the least of our national misfortunes, that the strength and character of our army are thus impaired. Infected with the mercenary spirit of robbery and rapine, familiarised to the horrid scenes of savage cruelty, it can no longer boast of the noble and generous principles which dignify a soldier; no longer sympathise with the dignity of the royal banner, nor feel ‘ the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war, that make ambition virtue!’ What ‘ makes ambition virtue?’ The sense of honour. But is the sense of honour consistent with a spirit of plunder, or the practice of murder? Can it flow from mercenary motives, or can it prompt to cruel deeds? Beside these murderers and plunderers, let me ask our ministers, what other allies have they acquired? What other powers have they associated to their cause? Have they entered into alliance with the King of the Gypsies?—Nothing, my Lords, is too low, or too ludicrous, to be consistent with their counsels.

“ The independent views of America have been stated, and asserted as the foundation of this Address. My Lords, no man wishes more for the due dependence of America on this country than I do. To preserve it, and not to confirm that state of independence into which your measures hitherto have driven them, is the object which we ought to unite in attaining. The Americans, contending for their rights against arbitrary exactions, I love and admire; it is the struggle of free and virtuous patriots: but contending for independency and total disconnexion from England, as an Englishman I cannot wish them success; for in a due constitutional dependency, including the ancient supremacy of this country in regulating their commerce and navigation, consist the mutual happiness and prosperity both of England and America. She derived assistance and protection from us; and we reaped from her the most important advantages. She was, indeed, the fountain of our wealth, the nerve of our strength, the nursery and basis of our naval power. It is our duty therefore, my Lords, if we wish to save our country, most seriously to endeavour the recovery of these most beneficial subjects: and in this perilous crisis, perhaps the present moment may be the only one, in which we can hope for success; for in their negotiations with France they have, or think they have, reason to complain. Though it is notorious, that they have received from that power important supplies and assistance of various kinds, yet it is certain they expected it in a more decisive and immediate degree. America is in ill humour with France, on some points that have not entirely answered her expectations: let us wisely take advantage of every possible moment of recon-

ciliation. Besides, the natural disposition of America herself still leans toward England, to the old habits of connexion and mutual interest that united both countries: this was the established sentiment of all the Continent; and still, my Lords, in the great and principal part, the sound part of America, this wise and affectionate disposition prevails.”—“ You cannot conciliate America by your present measures; you cannot subdue her by your present, or by any measures. What then can you do? You cannot conquer; you cannot gain—but you can address; you can lull the fears and anxieties of the moment into an ignorance of the danger, that should produce them. But, my Lords, the time demands the language of truth. We must not now apply the flattering unction of servile compliance, or blind complaisance. In a just and necessary war, to maintain the rights or honour of my country, I would strip the shirt from my back to support it: but in such a war as this, unjust in it's principle, impracticable in it's means, and ruinous in it's consequences, I would not contribute a single effort nor a single shilling. I do not call for vengeance on the heads of those, who have been guilty. I only recommend to them to make their retreat. Let them walk off:—and let them make haste, or they may be assured that speedy and condign punishment will overtake them.”

In the course of the debate which took place at this time, Lord Suffolk, Secretary of State for the Northern department, undertook to defend the employment of the Indians in the war! His Lordship contended that, beside it's policy and it's necessity, the measure was also allowable on principle; as

‘it was perfectly justifiable to use all the means that God and Nature put into our hands.’

“I am astonished! (exclaimed Lord Chatham, as he rose) shocked to hear such principles confessed, to hear them avowed in this House, or in this country; principles equally unconstitutional, inhuman, and unchristian!

“My Lords, I did not intend to have encroached again on your attention; but I cannot repress my indignation. I feel myself impelled by every duty: my Lords, we are called upon as members of this House, as men, as Christian men, to protest against such notions standing near the throne, polluting the ear of Majesty!—‘That God and nature put into our hands!’ I know not what ideas that Lord may entertain of ‘God and Nature;’ but I know, that such abominable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity. What! to attribute the sacred sanction of ‘God and Nature’ to the massacres of the Indian scalping-knife, to the cannibal savage torturing, murdering, roasting, and eating—literally, my Lords, eating—the mangled victims of his barbarous battles! Such horrible notions shock every precept of religion, divine or natural, and every generous feeling of humanity; and, my Lords, they shock every sentiment of honour: they shock me as a lover of honourable war, and a detester of murderous barbarity.

“These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation. I call upon that right reverend bench, those holy ministers of the Gospel, and pious pastors of our Church: I conjure them to join in the holy

work, and vindicate the religion of their God. I appeal to the wisdom and the law of this learned bench, to defend and support the justice of their country. I call upon the Bishops to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn, upon the learned Judges to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution. I call upon the honour of your Lordships, to reverence the dignity of your ancestors and to maintain your own: I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country, to vindicate the national character: I invoke the Genius of the Constitution! From the tapestry, that adorns these walls, the immortal ancestor of this noble Lord frowns with indignation at the disgrace of his country. In vain he led your victorious fleets against the boasted Armada of Spain; in vain he defended and established the honour, the liberties, the religion, the Protestant religion of this country against the arbitrary cruelties of Popery and the Inquisition, if these more than popish cruelties and inquisitional practices are let loose among us: to turn forth into our settlements, among our ancient connexions, friends, and relations the merciless cannibal, thirsting for the blood of man, woman, and child! to send forth the infidel savage—against whom?—against your Protestant brethren: to lay waste their country, to desolate their dwellings, and extirpate their race and name with these horrible hell-hounds of savage war!—‘hell-hounds,’ I say, ‘of savage war.’ Spain armed herself with blood-hounds, to extirpate the wretched natives of America; and we improve on the inhuman example even of Spanish cruelty. We turn loose these savage ‘hell-hounds’ against our brethren and countrymen in America, of

the same language, laws, liberties, and religion; endeared to us by every tie, that should sanctify humanity.

“ My Lords, this awful subject, so important to our honour, our constitution, and our religion, demands the most solemn and effectual inquiry: and I again call upon your Lordships, and the united powers of the state, to examine it thoroughly and decisively, and to stamp upon it an indelible stigma of the public abhorrence. And I again implore those holy Prelates of our religion, to do away these iniquities from among us. Let them perform a lustration: let them purify this House, and this country, from this sin.

“ My Lords, I am old and weak, and at present unable to say more; but my feelings and my indignation were too strong to have said less. I could not have slept this night in my bed, nor reposed my head on my pillow, without giving this vent to my eternal abhorrence of such preposterous and enormous principles.”

But all his eloquence was ineffectual: the same destructive measures continued to be pursued; and the Colonies succeeded in establishing their independence. Lord Chatham, though he detested the measures of administration, could not however but view with extreme regret this result of them. On April 8, 1778, upon a motion of the Duke of Richmond for the dismissal of Ministers, he again rose to deliver his sentiments. He appeared to be extremely feeble, and under a difficulty of utterance characteristic of severe indisposition, began with lamenting that ‘ his ill health had for some time obliged him to absent himself from the performance of his parliamentary

duty : he rejoiced, however, that he was yet alive to give his vote against so impolitic, so inglorious a measure, as the acknowledgement of American independence ; and declared he would much rather be in his grave, than see the lustre of the British throne tarnished, the dignity of the empire disgraced, the glory of the nation sunk to such a degree as it must be, by such a concession.'

The Duke of Richmond having addressed the House in reply, Lord Chatham, whose great soul seemed agitated with some mighty thought, again attempted to rise ; but his feelings proved too strong for his debilitated constitution, and suddenly pressing his hand on his stomach, he fell into a convulsive fit. The strangers below the bar, who were unusually numerous, were ordered instantly to withdraw ; the windows were thrown open, the House adjourned, and his Lordship was removed into the Prince's chamber, and soon afterward conveyed home.

From this state of exhaustion, he never recovered. He died at his seat, Hayes in Kent, on the eleventh of May following. Colonel Barré the same night moved in the House of Commons an Address to his Majesty, requesting that ' the remains of the late Earl of Chatham might be interred at the public expense.' He was seconded by Mr. Thomas Townshend. Mr. Rigby, after declaring his ' conviction of the great abilities of the deceased statesman, and of the eminent services which he had rendered his country,' with his usual art attempted to get rid of the motion by proposing a monument, as the most proper token of national respect. Mr. Dunning however, perceiving his design, judiciously observed, that ' the two motions might be made compatible with each other, by in-

serting after the word ‘interred,’ ‘and a monument erected at the public expense.’ This was carried accordingly.

The next day the Earl of Shelburne having moved, that ‘the Lords be summoned to attend the funeral,’ Lord Hillsborough opposed the motion; ‘not from any disrespect to the memory of the deceased, who had been an ornament to that House, but because it was an honour never conferred except at the obsequies of Princes.’ The question being put, was lost by only a single vote.

On the thirteenth of May, Lord North delivered a message from his Majesty, informing the Commons, that ‘directions should be given agreeably to their request.’* Lord John Cavendish took this opportunity of reminding the House, that ‘the immortal Chatham had signalised himself as much by his disinterestedness, as by his zeal and his abilities; the consequence of which was, that he had made no provision for his family, and he therefore hoped the national gratitude would be extended to his descendants.’ Upon this, an Address to his Majesty was carried; in answer to which the King stated, that he had ‘granted to the present Earl and to the heirs of the body of the late William Pitt, to whom the earldom of Chatham might descend, an annuity of 4000*l.* *per ann.* payable out of the Civil List revenue; and that, not having it in his power to extend the effect of this grant beyond the term of his own life, he recommended it to the House to consider of a proper method of extending, securing, and annexing the same

* The Sheriffs of London petitioned the House, that ‘his Lordship’s remains might be interred in the Cathedral of St. Paul’s:’ but their request could not be complied with.

to the earldom.' A motion was accordingly made by Mr. Thomas Townshend, to grant the said annuity in perpetuity to the heirs of the deceased Earl, to whom that title should descend; and this resolution being unanimously adopted, a bill was immediately passed through both Houses, and received the royal assent in the course of the following week.*

He was interred in the north cross of the Abbey, opposite to the monument of the Duke of Newcastle. The body was preceded by the Dukes of Manchester and Northumberland, the Marquis of Rockingham, and Lord Amherst: Sir George Savile, Edmund Burke, Esq., John Dunning, Esq., and the Hon. Thomas Townshend bore the pall; and the Hon. William Pitt (his second son) followed as chief mourner, supported by his brother-in-law Lord Mahon (now Earl of Stanhope) and his cousin Thomas Pitt, Esq., subsequently Lord Camelford.†

He left issue three sons, and two daughters.‡

It has been remarked of Lord Chatham, that his eloquence was one of his most striking characteristics. In this he far outstripped his competitors, and stood alone, the rival of antiquity. "Those (it was ob-

* His debts, also, were paid out of the public purse.

† The assistant mourners, all with their hair dishevelled, were the Earls of Shelburne, Effingham, Radnor, Abingdon, Harcourt, Cholmondeley, and Ferrers, Viscount Townshend, and Baron Camden; beside many others.

‡ Of his sons the youngest, who was in the navy, died unmarried in 1780. William, the second, after having swayed his Majesty's councils (with the short interruption of Mr. Addington's administration) for the long period of twenty two years, died also unmarried, January 23, 1806: and the eldest, though married, has no children. His daughters married Mr. Eliot, and Earl Stanhope.

served, soon after his death) who have been witnesses to it's wonders, who have listened to the music of his voice or trembled at it's majesty, who have seen the persuasive gracefulness of his action or have felt it's force; those who have caught the flame of eloquence from his eye, who have rejoiced in the glories of his countenance, or shrunk from his frowns, will remember the resistless power with which he impressed conviction. But to those, who never heard or saw this accomplished orator, the utmost effort of imagination will be necessary to form a just idea of that combination of excellence, which gave perfection to his eloquence: his elevated aspect, commanding the awe and mute attention of all who beheld him; while a certain grace in his manner, conscious of all the dignities of his situation, of the solemn scene he acted in, as well as his own exalted character, seemed to acknowledge and repay the respect he received: his venerable form, bowed with infirmity and age, but animated by a mind which nothing could subdue; and his spirit shining through him, arming his eye with lightning and clothing his lips with thunder, or if milder topics offered, harmonising his countenance in smiles and his voice in softness; for the compass of his powers was infinite. As no idea was too vast, no imagination too sublime, for the grandeur and majesty of his manner; so no fancy was too playful, nor any allusion too comic, for the ease and gayety with which he could accommodate to the occasion. But the character of his oratory was dignity: this presided throughout; giving force, because securing respect, even to his sallies of pleasantry. This elevated the most familiar language, and gave novelty and

grace to the most familiar allusions; so that, in his hand, even the crutch became a weapon of oratory.

“ This extraordinary personal dignity, supported on the basis of his well-earned fame, at once acquired to his opinions an assent, which is slowly given to the argument of other men. His assertions rose into proof: his foresight became prophecy. Beside the general sanction of his character, and the decisive dignity with which he pronounced his sentiments, it was also well known, that he carefully kept open the most authentic channels of intelligence. And it was an additional and just praise to him, that he exerted the great influence of his name, and his other opportunities, to investigate the most delicate traces of political information. But, as the activity of his public zeal stimulated him to such exertion, so the superiority of his genius directed him to higher objects. For other men, even the mechanical medium of official knowledge is a sphere too laborious. Though Lord Chatham’s duty did not disdain, his spirit soared above, those little adventitious advantages. His was intelligence in a truer sense, and from the noblest source, ‘ from his own sagacious mind.’ His intuition, like faith, seemed superior to the common forms of reasoning. No clue was necessary to the labyrinth illuminated by his genius. Truth came forth at his bidding, and realised the wish of the philosopher: she was seen, and beloved.”

The following character of this illustrious man, though circulated without a name, has been assigned by fame to the friend of Ireland, Henry Grattan:

The Secretary stood alone. Modern degeneracy had not reached him. Original and unaccommodat-

ing, the features of his character had the hardihood of antiquity. His august mind overawed majesty ; and one of our Sovereigns thought royalty so impaired in his presence, that he conspired to remove him, in order to be relieved from his superiority. No state-chicanery, no narrow system of vicious politics, no idle contest for ministerial victories sunk him to the vulgar level of the great ; but overbearing, persuasive, and impracticable, his object was England, his ambition was fame. Without dividing, he destroyed party : without corrupting, he made a venal age unanimous. France sunk beneath him. With one hand he smote the House of Bourbon, and wielded in the other the Democracy of England. The sight of his mind was infinite : and his schemes were to affect, not England, not the present age only, but Europe and posterity. Wonderful were the means, by which those schemes were accomplished ; always seasonable, always adequate, the suggestions of an understanding animated by ardor and enlightened by prophecy.

“ The ordinary feelings, which make life amiable and indolent, were unknown to him. No domestic difficulties, no domestic weakness reached him : but aloof from the sordid occurrences of life, and unsullied by it's intercourse, he came occasionally into our system, to counsel and to decide.

“ A character so exalted, so strenuous, so various, so authoritative astonished a corrupt age ; and the Treasury trembled at the name of Pitt through all her classes of venality. Corruption imagined, indeed, that she had found defects in this statesman, and talked much of the inconsistency of his glory, and much of the ruin of his victories ; but the history of

his country, and the calamities of the enemy, answered and refuted her.

‘Nor were his political abilities his only talents. His eloquence was an æra in the senate, peculiar and spontaneous, familiarly expressing gigantic sentiments and instinctive wisdom : not like the torrent of Demosthenes, or the splendid conflagration of Tully, it resembled sometimes the thunder, and sometimes the music of the spheres. Like Murray, he did not conduct the understanding through the painful subtilty of argumentation ; nor was he, like Townshend, for ever on the rack of exertion : but he rather lightened * upon the subject, and reached the point by the flashings of the mind, which like those of his eye were felt, but could not be followed.

‘Upon the whole, there was in this man something that could create, subvert, or reform ; an understanding, a spirit, and an eloquence, to summon mankind to society, or to break the bonds of slavery asunder, and to rule the wilderness of free minds with unbounded authority ; something, that could establish or overwhelm empire, and strike a blow in the world that should resound through the universe.’

The following note, in Nichols’ ‘Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century,’ † gives us a slight

* A somewhat different use of this figure is made by Smollett, in his character of the same individual : “His power of elocution flashed like the lightning of heaven against the ministers and sons of corruption, blasting where it smote, and withering the nerves of opposition : but his more substantial praise (he adds) was founded upon his disinterested integrity, his incorruptible heart, his unconquerable spirit of independence, and his invariable attachment to the interest and liberty of his country.”

† II. 210.

glimpse of the private life of this illustrious statesman: At Mr. Gilbert West's (at Wickham, in Kent) Lyttelton and Pitt, when weary of faction and debates, used to find books and quiet, a decent table and literary conversation.—There is at this place a walk made by Pitt; and what is of far more importance, here Lyttelton received that conviction, which produced his ‘Dissertation on St. Paul.’ Lord Chatham to the sublimer qualities of a great minister of state joined, in an extraordinary degree, the rare and pleasing talent of dressing or ornamenting a country, which (though depreciated by Johnson, in his Account of Shenstone) will probably be more esteemed for ages to come, than the Pindarics, &c. of many of the writers he holds out to public notice.* It was at one of the lodges on Enfield Chace, that he early in life displayed his taste this way. The spot was only fifty acres, given by government. It still subsists, and is admired; though Mr. Pitt sold it, and afterward exercised his genius at Hayes. The slightest particulars of so distinguished a personage deserve to be recorded. When he saw the astonishing spot at Ilam in Staffordshire, belonging to Mr. Porte, he said, ‘The ground rolls and tumbles finely here.’

He never would call our first Norman king, William ‘the Conqueror,’ but always referred to him as William I.† Cromwell he pronounced ‘a saint-like

* Unluckily for many of this order, Mr. Granger has justly observed, that ‘their head prefixed sells now for as much as the whole work, or rather that the latter would not sell at all but for the former.’

† *Conquestor*, indeed, from *conquirere*, generally means ‘an Acquirer:’ but some of our countrymen have been less critically scrupulous. Archbishop Parker calls him, by an unequivocal

thief, who under the cloke of liberty committed a burglary on the constitution, murdered his royal master to get possession of the diadem, and stole from the public their title to freedom.'

It was one of his predictions, that 'before the end of the century Parliament would either reform itself from within, or be reformed with a vengeance from without.' His plan was, to substitute additional county-members, in lieu of a certain number of representatives of rotten boroughs.

Of the numerous portraits which have been drawn of him, that of Lord Chesterfield, which appears to have been the result of close and candid observation, may here be introduced. "His private life was stained by no vice, nor sullied by any meanness. All his sentiments were liberal and elevated. His ruling passion was an unbounded ambition, which when supported by great abilities, and crowned with great success, make what the world calls 'a great man.' He was haughty, imperious, impatient of contradiction, and overbearing; qualities which too often accompany, but always clog, great ones. He had manners and address; but one might discern through them too great a consciousness of his own superior talents. He was a most agreeable and lively companion in social life, and had such a versatility of wit, that he would adapt it to all sorts of conversation. He had, also, a most happy turn to poetry, but he seldom indulged, and seldom avowed it. His eloquence was of every kind, and he excelled in the argumentative,* as well as in the declama-

appellation, *Regni Victor et Triumphator*; and Leland bestows upon him the former of these designations.

* And yet he says elsewhere, Mr. Pitt and Mr. Murray are,

tory way. But his invectives were terrible, and uttered with such energy of diction, and such dignity of action and countenance, that he intimidated those who were the most willing and the best able to encounter him."

Of his literary productions only a short poem or two had appeared, till in 1804 Lord Grenville published a volume of his 'Letters,' addressed to his nephew (afterward Lord Camelford) then at Cambridge. These are twenty three in number, and contain much excellent advice clothed in easy and familiar language, and reflecting equal honour on the head and heart of the writer.'

As a Specimen of his taste and talents, as well as of his warm affection for his young relation, two of them are here subjoined.*

beyond comparison the best speakers. Why? Only, because they are the best orators. They alone can inflame, or quiet, the House: they alone are so attended to, in that numerous and noisy assembly, that you might hear a pin fall while either of them are speaking. Is it that their matter is better, or their arguments stronger, than other people's? Does the House expect extraordinary information from them? Not in the least: but the House expects pleasur. from them, and therefore attends; finds it, and therefore approves. Mr. Pitt, particularly, has very little parliamentary knowledge; his matter is generally flimsy, and *his arguments often weak*: but his eloquence is superior, his action graceful, his enunciation just and harmonious; his periods are well-turned, and every word he makes use of is the very best and the most expressive that can be used in that place. This, and not his matter, made him Paymaster, in spite of both King and Ministers. Mr. Murray has less law (he adds) than many lawyers, but has more practice than any; merely upon account of his eloquence, of which he has a never-failing stream.

* The noble Editor has dedicated this valuable volume to the

LETTER III.

‘ MY DEAR NEPHEW,

‘ Bath, Jan. 12, 1754.

‘ Your letter from Cambridge affords me many very sensible pleasures: first, that you are at last in

inseparable interests of learning, virtue, and religion. “By the writers of that school,” he observes, “whose philosophy consists in the degradation of virtue, it has often been triumphantly declared, that ‘no excellence of character can stand the test of close observation;’ that ‘no man is a hero to his domestic servants, or to his familiar friends.’ How much more just, as well as more amiable and dignified, is the opposite sentiment, delivered to us in the words of Plutarch, and illustrated throughout all his writings! ‘Real virtue,’ says that inimitable moralist in his Life of Pericles, ‘is most loved, where it is most nearly seen; and no respect, which it commands from strangers, can equal the never-ceasing admiration it excites in the daily intercourse of domestic life.’ *Τῆς ἀληθοῦς ἀρετῆς καλλίστη φανίζεται τὰ μάλιστα φαινόμενα—καὶ τῶν ἀγαθῶν ἀνδρῶν ἔστιν ἔτι θαυμασιὸν τοῖς ἐκτός, ὥς ὁ κατ’ ἡμέραν βίος τοῖς συνῆσιν.* He afterward, stating the effect of these Letters upon the correspondent to whom they were addressed (eventually his own father-in-law), quotes from Tacitus his *Ingenium illustre altioribus studiis juvenis admodum dedit; non ut nomine magnifico segne otium velaret, sed quò firmior adversus fortuita Rempublicam capesseret*; and in a subsequent page, again referring to the above biography, which he justly terms ‘a beautiful work (in illustration of the benefits derived by Pericles from the study of Natural Philosophy) introduces the following splendid passage: ‘The lessons of Anaxagoras gave elevation to his soul, and sublimity to his eloquence: they diffused over the whole tenor of his life a temperate and majestic grandeur; taught him to raise his thoughts from the works of nature to the contemplation of that PERFECT and PURE INTELLIGENCE, from which they originate; and (as Plutarch expresses himself, in words that might best describe a Christian philosopher) instilled into his mind, instead of the dark and fearful superstition of his times, that piety which is confirmed by Reason and animated by Hope;’ *ἀντὶ τῆς φοβέρας καὶ φλεγμαινύσης διανοητικῆς τῆς πεφάλλῃ μετ’ ἐλπίδων ἀγαθῶν εὐσιώσαι σιγάζετο.*

a proper place for study and improvement, instead of losing any more of that most precious thing, time, in London. In the next place, that you seem pleased with the particular society you are placed in, and with the gentleman to whose care and instructions you are committed; and, above all, I applaud the sound right sense, and love of virtue, which appear through your whole letter. You are already possessed of the true clue to guide you through this dangerous and perplexing part of your life's journey, the years of education, upon which the complexion of all the rest of your days will infallibly depend: I say you have the true clue to guide you, in the maxim you lay down in your letter to me; namely, that 'the use of learning is, to render a man more wise and virtuous; not merely to make him more learned.' *Macte tuâ virtute.* Go on, my dear boy, by this golden rule; and you cannot fail to become every thing your generous heart prompts you to wish to be, and that mine most affectionately wishes for you. There is but one danger in your way; and that is perhaps natural enough to your age, the love of pleasure, or the fear of close application and laborious diligence. With the last, there is nothing you may not conquer: and the first is sure to conquer and enslave whoever does not strenuously and generously resist the first allurements of it, lest by small indulgences he fall under the yoke of irresistible habit. *Vitanda est improba Siren Desidia*, I desire may be affixed to the curtains of your bed, and to the walls of your chambers. If you do not rise early, you never can make any progress worth talking of: and another rule is, if you do not set apart your hours of reading, and never suffer yourself or any one else to break in

upon them, your days will slip through your hands unprofitably and frivolously ; unpraised by all you wish to please, and really unenjoyable to yourself. Be assured whatever you take from pleasure, amusements, or indolence for these first few years of your life, will repay you a hundredfold in the pleasures, honours, and advantages of all the remainder of your days. My heart is so full of the most earnest desire that you should do well, that I find my letter has run into some length, which you will, I know, be so good to excuse. There remains now nothing to trouble you with, but a little plan for the beginning of your studies, which I desire in a particular manner may be exactly followed in every tittle. You are to qualify yourself for the part in society, to which your birth and estate call you. You are to be a gentleman of such learning and qualifications, as may distinguish you in the service of your country hereafter; not a pedant, who reads only to be called ' learned,' instead of considering learning as an instrument only for action. Give me leave therefore, my dear nephew, who have gone before you, to point out to you the dangers on your road : to guard you against such things, as I experience my own defects to arise from; and at the same time, if I have had any little successes in the world, to guide you to what I have drawn many helps from. I have not the pleasure of knowing the gentleman who is your tutor, but I dare say he is every way equal to such a charge, which I think small one. You will communicate this letter to him, and I hope he will be so good to concur with me, as to the course of study I desire you may begin with; and that such books, and such only, as I have pointed out, may be read. They are as follow :—

Euclid; a Course of Logic; a Course of Experimental Philosophy; Locke's 'Conduct of the Understanding;' his Treatise, also, on the Understanding; his 'Treatise on Government,' and 'Letters on Toleration.' I desire, for the present, no books of poetry but Horace and Virgil: of Horace, the Odes; but, above all, the Epistles and *Ars Poetica*. These parts *nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ*. Tully *De Officiis, De Amicitia, De Senectute*; his Catilinarian Orations, and Philippics: Sallust. At leisure-hours, an abridgement of the History of England to be run through, in order to settle in the mind a general chronological order and series of principal events, and succession of Kings; proper books of English history, on the true principles in our happy constitution, shall be pointed out afterward. Burnet's 'History of the Reformation,' abridged by himself, to be read with great care. Father Paul on 'Beneficiary Matters,' in English. A French master; and only Moliere's Plays to be read with him, or by yourself, till you have gone through them all. Spectators, especially Mr. Addison's papers, to be read very frequently at broken times in your room. I make it my request, that you will forbear drawing totally, while you are at Cambridge: and not meddle with Greek, otherwise than to know a little the etymology of words in Latin, or English, or French; nor to meddle with Italian. I hope, this little course will soon be run through: I intend it as a general foundation for many things of infinite utility, to come as soon as this is finished.

‘ Believe me,

With the truest affection,

‘ My dear nephew,

‘ Ever yours.

Keep this letter, and read it again.’

LETTER IV.

' MY DEAR NEPHEW,

' Bath, Jan. 14, 1754.

' You will hardly have read over one very long letter from me, before you are troubled with a second. I intended to have written soon, but I do it sooner on account of your letter to your aunt, which she transmitted to me here. If any thing, my dear boy, could have happened to raise you higher in my esteem, and to endear you more to me, it is the amiable abhorrence you feel for the scene of vice and folly (and of real misery and perdition, under the false notion of pleasure and spirit) which has opened to you at your college; and at the same time the manly, brave, generous, and wise resolution and true spirit, with which you resisted and repulsed the first attempts upon a mind and heart, I thank God, infinitely too firm and noble, as well as too elegant and enlightened, to be in any danger of yielding to such contemptible and wretched corruptions. You charm me with the description of Mr. Wheler, and while you say you could adore him, I could adore you for the natural genuine love of virtue, which speaks in all you feel, say, or do. As to your companions, let this be your rule: Cultivate the acquaintance with Mr. Wheler, which you have so fortunately begun; and, in general, be sure to associate with men much older than yourself—scholars, whenever you can; but always with men of decent and honourable lives. As their age and learning, superior both to your own, must necessarily in good sense and in the view of acquiring knowledge from them entitle them to all deference and submission of your own lights to theirs; you will particularly practise that first and greatest rule for pleasing in

conversation, as well as for drawing instruction and improvement from the company of one's superiors in age and knowledge; namely, to be a patient, attentive, and well-bred hearer, and to answer with modesty: to deliver your own opinions sparingly and with proper diffidence: and, if you are forced to desire farther information or explanation upon a point, to do it with proper apologies for the trouble you give; or, if obliged to differ, to do it with all possible candour and an unprejudiced desire to find and ascertain truth, with an entire indifference to the side in which that truth is to be found. There is, likewise, a particular attention required to contradict with good manners; such as 'begging pardon,' 'begging leave to doubt,' and such like phrases. Pythagoras enjoined his scholars an absolute silence for a long noviciate. I am far from approving such a taciturnity: but I highly recommend the end and intent of Pythagoras' injunction; which is, to dedicate the first parts of life more to hear and learn, in order to collect materials, out of which to form opinions founded on proper lights and well-examined sound principles, than to be presuming, prompt, and flippant in hazarding one's own slight crude notions of things; and thereby exposing the nakedness and emptiness of the mind, like a house opened to company before it is fitted either with necessities, or any ornaments for their reception and entertainment. And not only will this disgrace follow from such temerity and presumption, but a more serious danger is sure to ensue, that is, the embracing of errors for truths, prejudices for principles; and, when that is once done (no matter, how vainly and weakly) the adhering perhaps to false and dangerous notions, only because one has declared for

them, and submitting for life the understanding and conscience to a yoke of base and servile prejudices, vainly taken up and obstinately retained. This will never be your danger: but I thought it not amiss to offer these reflexions to your thoughts. As to your manner of behaving toward these unhappy young gentlemen you describe, let it be manly and easy: decline their parties with civility; retort their raillery with raillery, always tempered with good-breeding: if they banter your regularity, order, decency, and love of study, banter in return their neglect of them; and venture to own frankly, that you came to Cambridge to learn what you could, not to follow what they are pleased to call pleasure. In short, let your external behaviour to them be as full of politeness and ease, as your inward estimation of them is full of pity mixed with contempt.

I come now to the part of the advice I have to offer to you, which most nearly concerns your welfare, and upon which every good and honourable purpose of your life will assuredly turn; I mean, the keeping up in your heart the true sentiments of Religion. If you are not right toward God, you can never be so toward man: the noblest sentiment of the human breast is here brought to the test. Is gratitude in the number of a man's virtues? if it be, the highest benefactor demands the warmest returns of gratitude, love, and praise: *Ingratum qui dixerit, omnia dixit*. If a man wants this virtue where there are infinite obligations to excite and quicken it, he will be likely to want all others toward his fellow-creatures, whose utmost gifts are poor, compared to those he daily receives at the hands of his never-failing Almighty Friend. 'Remember thy

Creator in the days of thy youth,' is big with the deepest wisdom. 'The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom; and an upright heart, that is understanding.' This is externally true, whether the wits and rakes of Cambridge allow it or not: nay, I must add of this Religious Wisdom, 'Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace; whatever your young gentlemen of pleasure think of a whore and a bottle, a tainted health and a battered constitution. Hold fast, therefore, by this sheet-anchor of happiness, Religion: you will often want it in the times of most danger, the storms and tempests of life. Cherish true Religion as precious, as you will fly with abhorrence and contempt superstition and enthusiasm. The first is the perfection and glory of the human nature; the two last, the deprivation and disgrace of it. Remember, the essence of Religion is, a heart void of offence toward God and man; not subtle speculative opinions, but an active vital principle of faith. The words of a heathen were so fine, that I must give them to you: *Compositum jus fasque animi, sanctosque recessus Mentis, et incoctum generoso pectus honesto.*

'Go on, my dear child, in the admirable dispositions you have toward all that is right and good, and make yourself the love and admiration of the world. I have neither paper, nor words, to tell you how tenderly

'I am, yours.'

No one can read the above, without deeply feeling the value of such advice so administered, and under circumstances of so much interest. To a boy embarking upon the ocean of academical life, where so

many gilded vessels of the most gallant trim have suffered shipwreck,

‘ Youth on the prow and Pleasure at the helm,’

how inestimable such a Mentor !

Alas ! how justly may the inexperienced mariner, in too numerous instances, complainingly ask, with the son of Alcmena,

—— *Il primo dunque,*

Il più difficil passo

Nel cammin della vita

Mover solo io dovrò?

(Metastasio, ‘ Alcide al Bivio.’)

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.*

[1709—1784.]

SAMUEL, the son of Michael Johnson, a bookseller by trade, and in principle a high-churchman and a Jacobite, was born at Lichfield, September 18, 1709. His mother, Sarah, was aunt to the Rev. Cornelius Ford, whom Hogarth has satirised as a clergyman of dissolute character in his ‘Modern Midnight Conversation.’ She was a woman of good natural understanding, unimproved by education; and instilled into the mind of her son, as he often acknowledged with gratitude, sentiments of piety in his earliest years. To her death, which took place in 1759, he tenderly alludes in his *Idler*, No. 41, and (as appears from several of his letters) ever loved her with the most anxious affection; having always, often indeed when he knew not where to recruit his own finances, contributed liberally to her support.

From his father he inherited, with an athletic body and an active mind, a scrophulous taint which

* AUTHORITIES. Boswell’s *Life of Johnson*, and *Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides*; Piozzi’s *Anecdotes*; Towers’ *Essay on his Life, Character, and Writings*; and Chalmers’ *British Essayists*, xix

impaired his sight and his hearing, and a disposition to morbid melancholy which, with all his intellectual vigour, he was not always able to shake off. For his bodily ailment he was (by the advice of Sir John Floyer, a physician of Lichfield) carried to London, when two years old, to receive the healing touch from the hand of Queen Anne, the last of our sovereigns who encouraged that popular superstition. The mental infirmity even royal empirics have never affected to remove.

He was initiated in the rudiments of learning in his native city. From his second Latin master, Mr. Hunter, a man of severe discipline but an attentive teacher, as he has himself informed us, he frequently received well-deserved and salutary correction; and, throughout life, he persisted in pleading for a liberal use of the rod. The powers of his memory* enabling him to gain more than others in a given time, he acquired a habit of aversion from stated tasks; but, conscious in after-life how much depends on regularity of study, he frequently prescribed to himself certain portions of reading, and recommended the same practice to others. After paying a long visit at the age of fifteen to his uncle Dr. Ford, his master refused (for reasons now unknown) to receive him again on the foundation of Lichfield school. He was, therefore, removed to Stour-

* Upon these he prided himself to his last hour, and considered their failure as the prelude of total decay. Even an occasional lapse of recollection he, perhaps too rigorously, regarded as indicating something radically wrong: but great authorities agree with him in pronouncing this memory a tolerably accurate standard of mental strength.

bridge, in Worcestershire; continued subsequently two years at home with his father, and only at nineteen became a commoner of Pembroke College, Oxford.*

His going to college was effected by the suggestion of a Mr. Corbet of Shropshire, the father of one of his schoolfellows, from whom however he never received any assistance. But his literary character must not be considered as having been formed at Oxford. He read there indeed, "solidly," Homer and Euripides, and now and then a little epigram; but even his favourite study of metaphysics received from him only a desultory attention. His first tutor, Mr. Jorden, was a man, whose abilities could command from Johnson little respect. Already furnished with a large store of information, he seems to have been careless of his character with re-

* A short time before his death he sent to this College a present of all his works, to be deposited in their library, and he had thoughts of leaving to it his house at Lichfield: but his friends, who were about him, very properly dissuading him from it, he bequeathed it to some poor relations. He took a pleasure in boasting of the many eminent men, who had been educated at Pembroke. In this list are found the names of Hawkins the Poetry-Professor, Shenstone, Sir William Blackstone, and others: not forgetting the celebrated popular preacher, George Whitefield; of whom, though Johnson did not think very highly, it must be acknowledged that his eloquence was powerful, his views pious and charitable, and his assiduity almost incredible; and that, since his death, the integrity of his character has been fully vindicated. Being himself a poet, he was peculiarly happy in mentioning, 'how many of the sons of Pembroke were poets;' adding, with a smile of sportive triumph, "Sir, we are a nest of singing birds." (*Boswell's 'Life of Johnson.'*)

His regard for this society he retained to the last. His apartment was that upon the second floor over the gateway.

spect both to the discipline, and also to the studies, of the place: and his indigence generated a kind of despair, which he attempted to hide by affected turbulence and frolic. Yet, even so circumstanced, he distinguished himself by his poetical talents. Among other specimens, he translated Pope's Messiah into Latin verse, as a Christmas exercise, with uncommon rapidity and in a masterly manner. The English author himself was greatly delighted with his new dress. With Jorden's successor, Dr. Adams (afterward the head of Pembroke College) Johnson maintained a strict intimacy to the end of his life.

In 1731, he was compelled, through increasing distress of circumstances, which must forcibly have reminded him of his own Juvenal's

*Haud facîle emergunt, quorum virtutibus obstat
Res angusta domi,*

to leave college after a residence of three years without a degree, and accept the ushership of a school at Market Bosworth, Leicestershire, whither he went on foot in July, 1732. About this period of his life, he was first led to think in earnest of religion by the perusal of Law's 'Serious Call to the Unconverted;' and it cannot be doubted, that his feelings on this most important of topics received a considerable impression from the principles inculcated in that powerfully written book.

His new employment from the haughty treatment of the patron* proving extremely irksome to him, he soon quitted it, and was invited by Mr. Hector, who had been his schoolfellow, to pass some time at Birmingham. Mr. Warren, the first established

* Sir Wolstan Dixie, Bart.

bookseller in that town, at whose house Mr. Hector lodged, was very attentive to Johnson; and, in return, obtained the assistance of his pen in furnishing some numbers of a periodical Essay printed in the newspaper, of which he was at that time the proprietor. He continued to live as Mr. Hector's guest for about six months, and then hired lodgings in another part of the town. During his stay, he made some valuable acquaintances: among these were Mr. Porter, a mercer, whose widow he subsequently married,* and Mr. Taylor, who by his ingenuity in mechanical inventions and his success in trade acquired a large fortune. He translated, like-

* Of this lady, who was about twenty years older than himself, and had a fortune of 800*l.*, he had previously loved the daughter: but, though their conjugal harmony was not uninterrupted, he lamented her death with unfeigned sorrow, and retained an enthusiastic veneration for her memory. That it was 'a love-match, indeed, on both sides' (as he used to assert) can hardly be admitted, in the usual acceptation of the term: for Johnson was at that time "lean and lank, so that his immense structure of bones was hideously striking to the eye, and the scars of the scrophula were deeply visible. He also wore his hair, which was straight and stiff and separated behind, and he often had seemingly convulsive starts and odd gesticulations, which tended to excite at once surprise and ridicule: while she (according to Garrick) was very fat, with a bosom of more than ordinary protuberance; having swelled cheeks of a florid red, produced by thick painting and increased by the liberal use of cordials; flaring and fantastic in her dress, and affected both in her speech and in her general behaviour." Yet Johnson was susceptible of the tender passion. Miss Molly Aston in particular, the sister of Mrs. Walmaley, he praised as a beauty, a scholar, and a wit—though a Whig, who talked all in praise of liberty—as the loveliest creature, in short, that he ever saw. Upon her he made the following program:

Liber ut esse velim suasisti, pulcra Maria;

Ut mancā liber, pulcra Maria, vale.

wise, from the French 'Lobo's Voyage to Abyssinia,' which was published in one volume 8vo. in 1735, and for which he received from the bookseller five guineas. In this small volume occurs little to mark the hand of Johnson; but the preface and the dedication furnish a few passages in that energetic and manly stile, which he may be said to have invented and taught to his countrymen.

Previously to it's publication he returned to Lichfield, and there issued proposals for 'printing the Latin Poems of Politian with his Life, a History of Latin Poetry from the æra of Petrarch to that of Politian, and Notes, in thirty sheets 8vo., price five shillings:' alas! he did not meet with a sufficient number of subscribers, to encourage him to proceed! In 1735, he married, and soon afterward set up a private academy, for which purpose he hired a large house well situated near his native city.* But the only pupils placed under his care were the celebrated Garrick and his brother George, with a young gentleman of fortune named Offely, who died early. Disappointed in this project, he determined to visit London in March 1737, in company with Garrick, who at that time intended to follow the profession of the law. From this, however, he was quickly diverted by his strong propensity to the stage. Johnson was recommended by his friend Gilbert Walmsley, † Registrar of the Prerogative Court at

* In the Gentleman's Magazine, for 1736, is the following advertisement: 'At Edial, near Lichfield, in Staffordshire. young gentlemen are boarded and taught the Latin and Greek languages by SAMUEL JOHNSON.'

† O. one, who could discern such great and different merit, reader may not be displeased to hear a little more; and

Lichfield, to Mr. Colson an eminent mathematician and master of an academy at Rochester, in a letter

from whom can he hear it with so much pleasure, or effect, as from his grateful *Protegé*? “Of Gilbert Walmsley, thus presented to my mind, let me indulge myself in the remembrance. I knew him very early; he was one of the first friends that literature procured me, and I hope, that at least my gratitude made me worthy of his notice. He was of an advanced age, and I was only yet a boy; yet he never received my notions with contempt. He was a Whig, with all the virulence and malevolence of his party (N. B. It should be remembered, that the writer was a Tory, with all the &c. &c. &c. of his. When men are the statuarys, lions are vanquished); yet difference of opinion did not keep us apart. I honoured him, and he endured me. He had mingled in the gay world without exemption from it's vices, or it's follies, but had never neglected the cultivation of his mind. His belief of Revelation was unshaken: his learning preserved his principles; he grew first regular, and then pious. His studies had been so various, that I am not able to name a man of equal knowledge. His acquaintance with books was great; and what he did not immediately know, he could at least tell where to find. Such was his amplitude of learning, and such his copiousness of communication, that it may be doubted whether a day now passes, in which I have not some advantage from his friendship. At this man's table I enjoyed many cheerful and instructive hours, with companions such as are not often found—with one who has lengthened, and one who has gladdened, life: with Dr. James, whose skill in physic will be long remembered; and with David Garrick, whom I hoped to have gratified with this character of our common friend—but what are the hopes of man! I am disappointed by that stroke of death, which has eclipsed the gayety of nations, and impoverished the public stock of harmless pleasure!” (*Johnson's Life of Edmund Smith.*)

How does this last line pay a life of exertion!

Walmsley's epitaph, written by one more favourable to his political memory, the father of the late Miss Seward, is here subjoined:

‘Reader, if Science, Truth, and Reason charm,
If social charities thy bosom warm;

containing the following passage: "Davy Garrick is to be with you early the next week (as a pupil) and Mr. Johnson to try his fate with a tragedy, and to see to get himself employed in some translation, either from the Latin or the French. Johnson is a very good scholar and a poet, and I have great hopes will turn out a fine tragedy-writer."

How disproportionate were the after-fates of these two youthful travellers! Of this however the fault, if any, rested (as Chalmers observes) with the public. But Johnson reserved to himself the privilege of laughing at his friend's foibles, as in the character of Prospero in the *Rambler*, No. 200 (where he has exaggerated some of the traits beyond nature, in order to render vanity still more ridiculous) and would not tamely suffer any other person to attack them.

It may here be remarked, that Swift likewise had a friend, upon whose success in life he could not always look with complacency: "Stratford (says he) is worth a plum, and is now lending government 40,000*l.*; yet we were educated together at the same school and university." These schoolfellows Budgell, in the *Spectator*,* thus describes: "One of them was not only thought an impenetrable blockhead at

If smiling Bounty ope thy heart and door,
If Justice stile thee guardian of the poor;
Firm to Britannia's liberties and laws,
If Freedom fire thee in her sacred cause;
With sympathetic grief these relics see:
Yet think not Walmsley dead—he lives in thee.

But, if thy country's rights thou would'st betray,
And barter laws for arbitrary sway;
If Briton born, thy soul's a Gallic slave,
Start from his tomb he would, and call thee Fool and Knave.

* No. 353.

school, but still maintained his reputation at the university; the other was the pride of his master, and the most celebrated person in the college of which he was a member. The man of genius is at present buried in a country-parsonage of eightscore pounds a years; while the other, with the bare abilities of a common scrivener, has gotten an estate of above a hundred thousand pounds." Stratford, however, eventually sunk from his elevation *gravioire casu*, as appears from Swift's 'Journal.'

The earliest patron of Johnson in London was Edward Cave, printer of the Gentleman's Magazine; and from his compositions for that publication, which obviously acquired great improvement under his suggestions, he for many years derived his principal support. He was considered indeed, for some time, as it's conductor or editor, and received 100*l.* *per ann.* for his labours. His first contribution was a Latin Ode, *Ad Urbanum*, in March 1738.

In the summer of 1739 he returned to Lichfield, and during a residence of three months finished his 'Irene,* which, upon his second arrival in the metropolis, he ineffectually offered to Flectwood, the patentee of Drury Lane.

In 1738, he published 'London, a Poem, in Imitation of the Third Satire of Juvenal.' This gained him considerable reputation, and excited the attention even of Pope, who prophesied that 'the author would soon be *deterre*.'† Yet even this, so cautiously did

* Founded upon a passage in Knolles' 'History of the Turks;' a book, afterward highly praised in his 'Rambler,' No. 122.

† Praise the more liberal and valuable, as 'London' appeared on the same morning with Pope's 'Seventeen Hundred and

young authors then present themselves to the public, was at first conveyed by Johnson to Cave as the production of 'one, who was under very disadvantageous circumstances of fortune, and was willing not only to correct the press, but even to alter any stroke of satire that the printer might disapprove.' Cave, whose heart appears to advantage in this transaction, made him a present for the use of his poor friend, and recommended to him Dodsley as a purchaser. With Dodsley's offer, ten guineas, he not only declared himself fully satisfied, but was ever afterward ready to acknowledge his useful patronage.

The difficulties however which he encountered in the capital led him, in 1739, to solicit the mastership of a country free-school, at a salary of 60*l. per ann.*! Yet even this humble situation he could not attain. It was necessary, that he should be a Master of Arts; and Lord Gower solicited a friend of Swift's to procure for him, through the Dean's interest, the degree required from Trinity College, Dublin. But his application* was unsuccessful; † and there is great reason to believe, that this was the source of that dislike to

Thirty Eight,' and was so eagerly bought up that a second edition became necessary in less than a week.

* From his Lordship's letter, which has been printed, the following paragraph is extracted, as affording a striking picture of a man of genius in distress, under the eye of a nobleman capable of feeling his merit! "They say, he is not afraid of the strictest examination, though he is of so long a journey. And yet he will venture it, if the Dean think it necessary; choosing rather to die upon the road, than to be starved to death in translating for booksellers, which has been his only subsistence for some time past."

† From Swift's letters of that date (August, 1738) it appears, that he was then incapable of attending to any business.

Swift, which Johnson subsequently manifested both in his conversation and in his writings.

His engagement in the 'Gentleman's Magazine' furnished occasion to the exercise of his powers in a new way. The parliamentary proceedings were originally given to the public, in that Miscellany, under the fiction of 'Debates in the Senate of Lilliput,' and the speakers were disguised by feigned names. Guthrie, a writer of history, for a while composed these speeches from such heads as could be brought away in the memory. Johnson first assisted in this department, and then entirely filled it;* and the public were delighted with the extraordinary eloquence displayed in these compositions, though almost exclusively the product of his own invention. In process of time, he came to consider this deceit as an unjustifiable imposition upon the world.

In 1739, he published 'A complete Vindication of the Licensor of the Stage from the malicious and scandalous Aspersions of Mr. Brooke, author of *Gustavus Vasa*;' an ironical attack upon the Lord Chamberlain, for his unjustifiable suppression of that tragedy. During the same year, likewise, he wrote his '*Marmor Norfolciense*;' or an Essay on an ancient prophetic Inscription in Monkish Rhyme,

* Guthrie composed these speeches from July 1736 to November 1740; and by Johnson they were continued till February 1742-3: from that time, till 1760, they were written by Dr. Hawkesworth. That Johnson adhered in them, generally, to the tenor of argument really employed by the respective speakers, may fairly be supposed: otherwise, they would scarcely have been received as genuine. He owned, however, that in dealing out his reason and rhetoric he was not quite impartial; but 'took care, that the *Wing Dogs* should not have the best of it.'

lately discovered near Lynn in Norfolk, by Probus Britannicus:’ in which, as Norfolk was the county of Sir Robert Walpole, he took an opportunity of inveighing against the British succession, and the measures of government connected with that arrangement. The appended commentary, also, was extremely unfavourable to the family upon the throne.

Of this work, which (whether not understood, or not regarded) made little impression on the public, Sir John Hawkins affirms a prosecution was ordered; but no traces of such a measure are to be found in the public offices. It was reprinted, in 1775, by one of his political enemies, to show what a change had been effected in his principles by a pension: but, perhaps, it was the object rather than the character of his politics, which had undergone alteration.

He had, previously, circulated proposals for printing the ‘History of the Council of Trent, translated from the Italian of Father Paul Sarpi; with the Author’s Life, and Notes Theological, Historical, and Critical, from the French Edition of Dr. Le Courayer.’ Twelve sheets of this were printed, in 4to. by Cave, for which Johnson received forty nine pounds; but the work was never finished.* He drew up, however, a Memoir of that author. In 1744, he published in 8vo. his ‘Life of Richard Savage.’

His acquaintance with Savage was one of the most memorable incidents of his life at this period. That unfortunate and misguided man to his literary talents added an easy politeness of manner and elegance of conversation, which had at least their full value in

* A rival version by another translator, who was also called Samuel Johnson, librarian of St. Martin’s in the Fields, was used about the same time, but was never completed.

the eyes of a rustic scholar. Johnson sympathised in his misfortunes, and was captivated with his society, to such a degree as to become his companion in nocturnal rambles, in which he was a spectator of the vice and disorder of the metropolis, and a sharer in the hardships of penury and irregularity. This connexion, it is said, produced a short separation from his wife, who was now come to London: but the breach speedily closed; and whatever temporary injury the morals of Johnson might receive from it, the stain was soon obliterated by the influence of rooted principles of piety and virtue. The *Life* itself is generally admired, both as an interesting and curious individual portrait, and as the vehicle of many admirable reflexions on life and manners. The facility, with which it was composed, deserves to be recorded. He actually wrote forty eight pages of the printed copy in the course of twelve hours!

In the same year, also, he supplied the preface to ‘the Harleian Miscellany.’ The year following, he published a pamphlet entitled, ‘Miscellaneous Observations on the Tragedy of Macbeth, with Remarks on Sir Thomas Hammer’s Edition of Shakspeare,’ to which he affixed ‘Proposals for a new edition of that poet.’ But little notice was taken of his project: and Warburton was known to be engaged in a similar undertaking. Warburton, however, had the liberality to praise his ‘Observations on Macbeth,’ as the production of a man of parts and genius; and Johnson never forgot the favour. Praise was, indeed, then “of value” to him. Yet, when Johnson’s edition of the great Dramatic Bard appeared, Warburton’s opinion was altered: “Of this Johnson,” he says to Dr. Ford, “you and I, I believe,

think alike." In a letter to another friend, he observes, "The remarks he makes in every page on my Commentaries are full of insolence and malignant reflexions, which had they not in them as much folly as malignity, I should have reason to be offended with. As it is, I think myself obliged to him, in thus setting before the public so many of my notes, with his remarks upon them: for though I have no great opinion of that trifling part of the public, which pretends to judge of this part of literature in which boys and girls decide, yet I think nobody can be mistaken in this comparison. Though I think their thoughts have never yet extended thus far as to reflect, that to discover the corruption in an author's text, and by a happy sagacity to restore it to sense, is no easy task; but when the discovery is made, then to cavil at the conjecture, to propose an equivalent and defend nonsense, by producing out of the thick darkness it occasions a weak and faint glimmering of sense (which has been the business of this editor throughout) is the easiest, as well as dullest, of all literary efforts."

At length after a number of abortive projects, some deserted by himself and others coldly received by the public,* he settled in earnest to a work which was to form the basis of his philological fame, and entitle him to the gratitude of a long succession of writers in his native language. In 1747, he addressed the 'Plan of his Dictionary of the English Language' to the Earl of Chesterfield, at that time

* One of his plans to emancipate himself from the drudgery of authorship was, to be introduced to the Bar at Doctors' Commons; but there the want of a degree in Civil Law proved an insurmountable impediment.

Secretary of State. The booksellers, who contracted with Johnson for the execution of this undertaking, were Dodsley, Hitch, Millar, the two Longmans, and the two Knaptons; and the price stipulated was, fifteen hundred and seventy five pounds. He now hired a house in Gough Square, engaged six amanuenses for the mechanical part of the work, and began a task which he carried on by fits, as inclination and health permitted, for nearly eight years. But the expenses of his assistants and his own were so considerable, that before it's conclusion he had received the whole of it's stipulated price. When his task was nearly completed, Lord Chesterfield affected to interest himself in it's success; but he had rendered so little service to the author at a period when even small services would have been both gratifying and valuable, that he expressed himself in terms not a little contemptuous of his pretended patron.*

In 1749, he published 'The Vanity of Human Wishes, in imitation of the Tenth Satire of Juvenal.' This poem, of which he composed seventy lines in one day without committing any of them to paper till the whole were finished, is a noble effort of ethic poetry. The instances of variety of disappointment are chosen so judiciously, and painted so strongly, that the moment they are read, they bring conviction to every thinking mind. Yet he only received for it the sum of fifteen guineas! The same year, his tragedy of 'Irene' was performed for the first time at Drury Lane. By the favour of Gar-

* His Letter, upon this occasion, to the Noble Lord has frequently been quoted as a model of pointed and dignified contempt. It affords, indeed, a valuable lesson to both authors and patrons. See the 'Life of Chesterfield.'

rick, the manager,* it had thirteen nights of exhibition; but it was not received with any great degree of applause.

In March 1750, appeared his 'Rambler' in periodical numbers, at the rate of two a week, and it was concluded in March 1752. To this admirable performance, as it is observed by Dr. Towers, he owes much of his reputation. It was not, however, at first very generally read; but its merit was, at length, universally acknowledged. The sale seldom exceeded five hundred in its original circulation: but its author lived to see ten large editions printed in England, beside those which were clandestinely issued in other parts of Great Britain, in Ireland, and in America. Since his death, at least ten more may be added to the number. It has, also, been translated into various foreign languages. It contains, indeed, the finest sentiments recommended and embellished by the greatest harmony and splendor of language. In his 'Lives of the Poets,' as well as in some of his other works, occur no small number of exceptionable passages; but his *Ramblers* are almost

* Garrick owed him some theatrical retribution; for upon assuming his managership, in 1747, he had obtained from him a prologue, generally esteemed superior (with the exception, perhaps, of Pope's prologue to 'Cato') to every production of the kind in the English language. Some alterations of his play, suggested by Garrick, he received with great reluctance: but he had the consolation of three nights' profits, and Dodsley purchased the copy-right for 100*l*. This may be deemed fully adequate to its value; when we consider that, though dignified in sentiment and splendid in diction, it is greatly deficient in those vivid and natural expressions of emotion, which can alone be relied upon for theatrical effect. He felt, indeed, that he was not formed to excel in this species of composition, and judiciously abstained from all farther trial.

uniformly entitled to applause. The morality inculcated is pure, the piety rational, and the criticisms acute and instructive. It is one of those productions, which may repeatedly be read, and which will never be read without delight. In comparing it with the Spectator, Chalmers remarks, neither of the authors had a predecessor. We can find no humour like Addison's, no energy and dignity like Johnson's. They had nothing in common, but moral excellence of character; they could not have exchanged stiles for an hour. Yet there is one respect, in which we must give Addison the preference, more general utility. His writings could have been understood at any period: Johnson's would perhaps have been unintelligible a century ago, and are calculated for the more improved and liberal education now so common. In both, however, what was peculiar was natural. The earliest of Dr. Johnson's works confirm this: from the moment he could write at all, he wrote in stately periods; and his conversation, from first to last, abounded in the peculiarities of his composition. In general we may say, with Seneca, *Riget ejus oratio, nihil in eâ placidum, nihil lenè*. Addison's stile was the reverse of this. The retribution which he received from Mr. John Payne, a bookseller in Paternoster Row (and, subsequently, Chief Accountant in the Bank of England) was, two guineas for each paper, a sum which at that time must have been to him very considerable, and a portion of the profits of the work subsequently to it's being collected into volumes, which share he afterward sold. When it is added that, during it's whole progress, the aggregate of the assistance which he re-

ceived scarcely amounted to five papers,* we cannot but admire the fertility of mind engaged at the same time in that stupendous enterprise, 'The English Dictionary,' and frequently distracted by disease and anguish.

"Of these discourses," we are informed by his accurate biographer, "many which we should suppose had been produced with all the slow attention of literary labour, were written in haste as the moment pressed, without even being read over by him before they were printed." It appears, indeed, to have been generally believed by Johnson's friends, that he wrote as correctly and elegantly in haste, and under various obstructions of person and situation, as others who have health, and ease, and leisure for the *limæ labor*. For this Murphy endeavours to account by stating, that "he never took his pen in hand till he had well weighed his subject, and grasped in his mind the sentiments, the train of arguments, and the arrangement of the whole." Chalmers, who justly regards it as creditable to have gleaned a new fact after Boswell, naturally expresses his surprise that one, so determined

'To lose no drop of that immortal man,'

should have never heard, or discovered, that Johnson almost 're-wrote' the Rambler after the first folio edition; correcting not only the second, but the third, edition to an extent perhaps never before known in

* Four billets in No. 10, from Miss Mulso, subsequently Mrs. Chapone; No. 30, from Mrs. Talbot; No. 97, from Mr. Richardson; and Nos. 44, and 100, from Miss Carter.

the annals of literature, by the introduction of upward of six thousand alterations! *

In this year, likewise, he drew up the preface and postscript to Lauder's pamphlet, entitled 'An Essay on Milton's Use and Imitation of the Moderns in his *Paradise Lost*.' †

The death of his wife, in 1752, three days after the termination of his 'Rambler,' he felt as a severe affliction. He had been too little accustomed to elegant female society, to receive disgust from her defects; and he seems always to have recollected her with the greatest tenderness and gratitude. He composed a funeral sermon for her (which however was not delivered, but was given to Dr. Taylor, and has been published since his death) and, to the end of his life, she was a frequent subject of his prayers; for he appears to have agreed with the Romanists in imagining, that supplications might properly, and usefully, be offered up for the deceased. Not long afterward he took into his house, as an inmate, Mrs. Anne Williams the friend of his step-daughter, and

* See, on this subject, his own Rambler, No. 169.

† Johnson's conduct in this business, influenced by his bigoted hostility to Milton, forms perhaps the darkest spot in his character. See Dr. Symmons' 'Life of Milton,' where his participation is established, and reprobated. He may be regarded, however, as having made the *amende honorable* by writing a prologue to 'Comus,' when acted at Drury Lane for the benefit of Milton's grand-daughter. Lauder, it ought to be added, though in a letter to the Rev. Dr. Douglas, who detected his sophistries, he had acknowledged his guilt (and that letter was dictated by Johnson) returned, in 1754, to his "dirty work," and published another pamphlet accusing Milton of forgery against Charles L. But this effort, also, of his malice was abortive; and he died at Barbadoes, an object of general contempt, in 1771.

the offspring of a physician of South Wales who had consumed his time and his fortune in a fruitless pursuit of the longitude.* Her destitute condition aggravated by blindness, with her talents for writing and conversation, recommended her to his warm and persevering benevolence. In 1766, he furnished the preface, and some of the pieces of a volume of poetical ‘Miscellanies’ published by this lady; who, though of a temper far from being pleasant, had now gained over him an ascendancy, frequently maintained or displayed in a peevish and fretful manner. His house was filled, indeed, with dependents, whose perverseness often drove him out of it: yet it was invariably his humane expression, “If I dismiss them, who will take them in?”

The ‘*Adventurer*,’ conducted by Dr. Hawkesworth, succeeded the ‘*Rambler*’ as a periodical work; and Johnson, through friendship for the editor, deeply interested himself in its success. He supplied it with several contributions, of which he gave the profit (two guineas a paper) to his friend Dr. Bathurst, a physician of little practice, but of a most amiable character; and he obtained for it, likewise, the valuable assistance of the Rev. Thomas Warton.

In 1755, the University of Oxford, at the solicitation of his friend Warton, conferred upon him the degree of M.A. by diploma;† and the same year he published, in two volumes folio, his ‘*Dic-*

* For the father likewise, in 1755, he drew up an Account of this arduous attempt, which was published both in English and in Italian.

† It was only twenty years afterward, that he obtained from this learned body (through the interest of Lord North, its Chancellor) the higher distinction, which he greatly valued, of LL.D.

tionary of the English Language.* He afterward, occasionally, employed himself in writing for magazines, and other periodical publications.† In 1758,

* In the year following, he published an Abridgement of it, in two volumes octavo : and a highly improved edition of the original work is now (1816) making it's appearance under the care of the Rev. W. Todd. It is melancholy to add, that as he had exhausted his claims upon the proprietor-booksellers previously to it's appearance, he remained still, even after this mighty effort, entirely dependent upon the exertions of the day for his support ; and, though justly esteemed an honour to his country, was actually under arrest for the paltry sum of 5*l.* 18*s.* in the subsequent year !

In acknowledgement of his valuable labours, he received from the Academia della Crusca a present of their '*Vocabolario*,' and from the French Academy (consisting of Forty Members) their '*Dictionnaire*.' It was in reference to the comparative ill-success of the latter body in settling their language, that his old pupil Garrick addressed him, upon his lexicographical achievement, in the following Epigram :

' Talk of war with a Briton, he'll boldly advance,
That 'one English soldier will beat ten of France.'
Would we alter the boast from the sword to the pen,
Our odds are still greater, still greater our men :
In the deep mines of science though Frenchmen may toil,
Can their strength be compared to Locke, Newton, and Boyle?
Let them rally their heroes, send forth all their powers,
Their verse-men and prose-men, then match them with ours !
First Shakspeare and Milton, like gods in the fight,
Have put their whole Drama and Epic to flight :
In Satires, Epistles, and Odes would they cope,
Their numbers retreat before Dryden and Pope ;
And JOHNSON, well-arm'd like a hero of yore,
Has beat forty French, and will beat forty more.'

† Among his various critiques upon books stand prominent his very masterly review of James Jenyns' '*Inquiry into the Origin of Evil*,' and his defence of Tea against Mr. Hanway, in which he describes himself as a 'hardened and shameless tea-drinker, who has for many years diluted his meals with only

he gave to the world his 'Idler,' which he continued for two years; and, in 1759, his 'History of Rasselas. Prince of Abyssinia,' made it's appearance.

This elegant and philosophical, though too gloomy fiction, of which the immediate object was to raise a sum sufficient to defray the expenses of his mother's funeral, and to discharge her few remaining debts, was written during the evenings of a single week, and sent in successive portions (as it flowed from his pen) to the press. For the copy he received 100*l.* from Messrs. Strahan, Johnston, and Dodsley, and 25*l.* more upon it's attaining a second edition. Few works of the kind have been more generally, or more extensively, diffused through the medium of translation.*

Among his other productions about this time were, his translation of a 'Dissertation on the Greek Comedy,' for Mrs. Lennox's English version of Brumoy, the general conclusion of the volume, and an introduction to the 'World Displayed,' a collection of voyages and travels projected by his friend Newbery. When a new bridge, also, was about to be

the infusion of this fascinating plant; whose kettle has scarcely time to cool; who with tea amuses the evening, with tea solaces the midnight, and with tea welcomes the morning:

Te veniente die, Te decedente——?

Hanway published an angry reply, and Johnson after a full and deliberate pause rejoined; the only instance, in which he ever condescended to answer any thing written against him.

* His version of 'Lobo,' probably, suggested his placing the scene in Abyssinia; and there is a scarce little volume, entitled 'The Late Travels of S. Giacomo Baratti, an Italian gentleman, into the remotest countries of the Abyssins, or of Ethiopia Interior' (London, 1670, 12mo.) from which, it may be suspected, he took some additional hints.

built over the Thames at Blackfriars, he wrote some papers against the elliptical plan of Mr. Mylne. His principal motive seems to have been his regard for Mr. Gwyn, who had likewise given in a plan; and, probably, he only clothed the arguments of the rival architect, in favour of circular arches, in his own stately language. Such a contest was certainly not within his province, and he could derive little other advantage than the pleasure of serving his friend. He appeared more in character, when he assisted his contemporaries with prefaces and dedications, which were frequently solicited from his pen. Poor as he was, he taught how the latter might be written without servile submission or flattery, and yet with all the courtesy and elegance which a liberal mind could expect.

Such indeed, about this period, was his indigence, that he was obliged to break up house-keeping, and retire to chambers; where he lived, as we are informed by Mr. Murphy, in poverty, total idleness, and the pride of literature.

But an end was, at last, approaching to his pecuniary embarrassments. In 1762, while he was proceeding with his edition of Shakspeare, he was surprised by the information, that ‘his present Majesty had been pleased to grant him a pension of 300*l.* *per ann.*; not, as has been invidiously asserted, in order to induce him to write for administration, but as the reward of his literary merit.* Had it been other-

* The obloquy, which attended this circumstance of his life, in the enjoyment of conscious independence he might well despise: for why should not he, as a literary benefactor to his country, accept a reward from a public functionary, and issuing

wise, he had surely the strongest inducement to have exerted his talents in favour of Lord Butc, by whose recommendation the favour was bestowed, and who wanted much more powerful support than the hired advocates of government were able to supply. But it is well known, he wrote no public tract for nearly eight years afterward. He then, indeed, complained of being called upon to compose political pamphlets, and even threatened to resign his pension.

With a remarkable fondness for liberal and cultivated conversation, he sought it in a society of enlightened men soon after his first settling in the metropolis. His advanced reputation, and amended fortunes, now enabled him to indulge it in a higher stile; and in 1764 was founded the Club, which existed long without a name, but at Garrick's funeral assumed the name of 'Literary.'* Its original members were Sir Joshua Reynolds (who had the merit of having first proposed it), Edmund Burke, Johnson, Topham Beauclerk, Bennet Langton, Drs.

in effect from the national purse? Yet Churchill's were bitter lines:

— 'To all principles untrue,
Not fix'd to old friends nor to new,
He damns the pension which he takes,
And loves the Stuart he forsakes.'

He had himself, indeed, unluckily branded with an ignominious definition the term, 'Pensioner,' in his own Dictionary! Churchill, also, in the same year pursued him with unabated rancour, under the character of 'Pomposo,' in his Poem upon the Cock-lane Ghost.

* Of this illustrious body, at present denominated simply 'the Club,' which met originally at the Turk's Head in Gerrard Street, Soho, the number has been gradually increased

Goldsmith and Nugent, Mr. Chamier, and Sir John Hawkins.

to thirty five. The following additional names, most of them truly splendid ones, were in June 1792 to be found upon it's list :

Lord Ashburton.	Sir William Jones.
Samuel Dyer.	George Colman.
David Garrick.	George Steevens.
Bishop Shipley.	Dr. Burney.
Mr. Vesey.	Rev. Dr. Joseph Warton.
Rev. Thomas Warton.	Edmund Malone.
Dr. Adam Smith.	Earl of Upper Ossory.
Earl of Charlemont.	Earl Spencer.
Sir Robert Chambers.	Earl of Lucan.
Bishop Percy.	Viscount Palmerston.
Bishop Barnard.	Lord Eliot.
Bishop Marlay.	Earl Macartney.
Charles James Fox.	Richard Burke, Junior.
Dr. George Fordyce.	Sir William Hamilton.
Sir William Scott.	Dr. Warren.
Sir Joseph Banks.	John Courtenay.
Sir Charles Bunbury.	Bishop Hinchliffe.
William Windham.	Duke of Leeds.
Richard Brinsley Sheridan.	Bishop Douglas.
Edward Gibbon.	James Boswell.

What a constellation of genius ! And how many of those stars have already set ! The late Marquis of Bath, Sir Charles Blagden, Dr. Farmer, the Hon. Frederick North, and Major Rennell have, also, belonged to this brilliant group.

Previously to 1811, it received the additional names of

John Hookham Frere.	Earl Minto.
Thomas Grenville.	Dr. French Lawrence.
Dean of Westminster (Vincent).	Sir Henry Englefield.
Master of the Rolls (Sir W. Grant).	Lord Holland.
Sir George Staunton.	Earl of Aberdeen.
Bishop Horsley.	Charles Hatchett.
Charles Wilkins.	Charles Vaughan.
Sir William Drummond.	Sir Humphry Davy.
Sir Henry Halford.	Rev. Dr. Charles Burney.
William Lock, Junior.	Wm. Gell, Esq.
George Ellis.	

N.B. A single black-ball excludes a candidate.

It would have gratified the Editor to give the List to the present moment with perfect precision ; but one of it's members,

In 1765, the degree of LL.D. was conferred upon him (according to the Diploma, *ob egregiam scriptorum elegantiam et utilitatem*) by Trinity College, Dublin. In the same year, likewise, he published his edition of Shakspeare. This was ushered in by a preface written with all the powers of his masterly pen, and certainly (whether we consider the beauty and energy of it's composition, the fertility of it's classical allusions, the justness of it's general precepts of criticism, or it's accurate estimation of the excellences and the defects of his author) among the most valuable of his disquisitions. He appears in it indeed, as it has been emphatically remarked, to rival by the lustre of his praises the splendor of the original; and to follow this Eagle of British poetry, through all his gyres, with as keen an eye, and upon as strong a wing. His arguments against the existence of even a temporary illusion of the spectator during a dramatic performance seem, however, to indicate that want of ductility to impressions on the organs of sense, which may be traced in his estimates of other works of imaginations. The edition itself disappointed all those, who had conceived high expectations of his ability to elucidate the obscurities of his author. Sound sense was, frequently, displayed in his comparisons of different readings; but there appeared little felicity of original conjecture, and only a slight knowledge of the language and writings of contemporary writers, the principal, if not the exclusive source of successful illustration. Yet Malone affirms, that 'Johnson's vigorous and comprehensive

who is a man rather of letters than of epistles (and his conscience will make the application) has withheld the information solicited, till it is no longer capable of being introduced.

understanding threw more light on his author, than all his predecessors had done.'

In 1765, also, he obtained an introduction into the family of Mr. Thrale, an opulent brewer, and member of parliament for Southwark. "Nothing," as Mr. Boswell remarks, "could have been more fortunate for Johnson than this connexion. He had at Mr. Thrale's all the comforts, and even luxuries, of life: his melancholy was diverted, and his irregular habits lessened, by association with an agreeable and well-ordered family. He was treated with the utmost respect, and even affection. The vivacity of Mrs. Thrale's* literary talk roused him to cheerfulness and exertion, even when they were alone. But this was not often the case; for he found here a constant succession of what gave him the highest enjoyment: the society of the learned, the witty, and the eminent in every way, who were assembled in numerous companies, called forth his wonderful powers, and gratified him with admiration to which no man could be insensible." In 1767, he had an interesting private interview with his Majesty, in the library at the Queen's Palace. And in the same year, upon the institution of the Royal Academy, he was appointed Professor in Ancient Literature. In 1770, he published his 'False Alarm,' upon the resolution of the House of Commons, in the case of Wilkes, that 'expulsion implied incapacitation: † in 1771, his 'Thoughts con-

* His rupture with this lady, on her subsequent marriage with Signor Piozzi, has by some been ascribed to his disappointment at not having been permitted to marry her himself! See Miss Seward's Letters.

† Wilkes lived to see this offensive resolution expunged from the Journals, and even to be reconciled to his reviler, who with unabated dislike of his moral character could not help admiring his classical learning and social talents.

cerning Falkland's Islands,' showing the unreasonableness of going to war about them;* and in 1774, on the eve of the general election, his 'Patriot,' a party-production called for on one day, and written the next. His 'Taxation no Tyranny,' in the ensuing year, was a more considerable effort, directed against the arguments of the American Congress. All these pamphlets have considerable merit in point of language; but they contain much misrepresentation and malignity, and exhibit principles totally inconsistent with a free constitution. His own political powers, however, Johnson appears to have estimated so highly, that he longed to try their force in senatorial debate; and some of his friends even entertained an idea of gratifying his wish, by bringing him into parliament. But the scheme received no encouragement from the ministry; and his reputation was, probably, no sufferer from its defeat.

In the autumn of the year 1773, he made 'a Journey to the Hebrides or Western Islands of Scotland,' of which he gave a narrative in one volume octavo, in 1775. He was accompanied by Mr. Boswell; whose habitual good-humour, vivacity, love of literature, and personal attachment to the *Moralist*, together with his natural influence in Scotland, rendered him a very agreeable companion. †

* The burst of animated reprobation, with which he depicts the miseries as well as the absurdity of unnecessary war, will probably never be exceeded. And scarcely inferior, in vehemence of expression, is his character of Junius.

† Of the same journey Mr. Boswell himself, also, published an excellent account. The only alteration made by Johnson in his second edition was, the expunging of the paragraph in p. 133, in which he had asserted, that Macleod of Raasay "acknowledges Macleod of Dunvegan as his chief, though his ancestors formerly disputed the pre-eminence."

This work was much admired for it's just and philosophical views of society, and the elegance and vivacity of it's descriptions. The greatest offence, which it gave to national feeling, was by the author's decisive sentence against the authenticity of the poems ascribed to Ossian. By the charge of imposture, the alleged translator, Macpherson, was so much irritated, that he sent a menacing letter to Johnson, which drew from him the following stern and contemptuous reply :

“ I received your foolish and impudent letter. Any violence offered me, I shall do my best to repel ; and what I cannot do for myself, the law shall do for me. I hope I shall never be deterred from detecting what I think a cheat by the menaces of a ruffian.

“ What would you have me retract ? I thought your book an imposture : I think it an imposture still. For this opinion I have given my reasons to the public, which I here dare you to refute. Your rage I defy. Your abilities, since your Homer, are not so formidable ; and what I hear of your morals inclines me to pay regard not to what you shall say, but to what you shall prove. You may print this, if you will.”

Nothing farther ensued from their hostility.

In 1775, he travelled into France with Mr. and Mrs. Thrale, and Mr. Baretti ; and from Foote, who happened to be at Paris at the same time, we learn that the French were perfectly astonished at his figure, manner, and dress, which was exactly the same as he had been accustomed to wear in London. He, also, interested himself deeply in the case of the Rev. Dr. Dodd, and drew up for him in a style of most pathetic eloquence two petitions, two letters,

a speech to be delivered at the bar, and a sermon to be preached to his brother-convicts, with some other papers.

In 1777, upon the request of the London booksellers with the view of putting down a surreptitious edition of the English Poets published at Edinburgh, he undertook, and in 1779 he accomplished the writing of, a series of Prefaces, biographical and critical, to an improved collection of their works. For this production, even if it had not during its progress, from the fertility of the author's mind, exuberated far beyond its projected extent, the stipulated remuneration of two hundred guineas was certainly not too liberal. But though he wrote (by his own confession) "dilatorily and hastily, unwilling to work, and working with vigour and haste," he performed so much more than was expected, that his employers generously presented him with an additional hundred pounds. The volumes contain, indeed, a body of criticism, which for acuteness and elegance will probably never be surpassed. Free however, as they are in a great measure, from the stiffness of his earlier compositions, they must be admitted to display occasionally the operation of strong prejudices both in political and in poetical respects: * but after all reasonable exceptions have been made, where may we hope to find discussions comparable to those which accompany the Lives of Cowley, and Milton, and Dryden, and Pope? They were read

* Never, says Bishop Newton, was any biographer more sparing of his praises, or more abundant in his censures. He seemingly delights more in exposing blemishes, than in recommending beauties; slightly passes over excellences, and enlarges upon imperfections. Blackmore, Watts, Pomfret, and ten, were inserted by his recommendation.


and praised with a degree of eagerness, which must have been highly gratifying to his heart, ever alive to the pleasure and value of literary reputation; and, in 1781, the public demand justified a separate edition of them in four volumes octavo. This was his last public labour.

His concluding years were saddened by the loss of many old friends (among whom, he particularly lamented Mr. Thrale), by a progressive decline of health, and still more by the prospect of approaching death, which neither his religion nor his philosophy had taught him to bear with even decent composure. His piety indeed, though sincere and ardent, had received such a dark tinge either from temper or from system, that it was evidently a source to him rather of apprehension than of comfort. By a paralytic stroke in June, 1783, he was greatly alarmed; but he had still sufficient vigour of constitution to recover from it's sensible effects. Asthma, and dropsical symptoms, followed; and such was the tenacity, with which he clung to life, that he expressed a great desire to seek amendment in the climate of Italy. This scheme some officious persons endeavoured to render feasible by soliciting from the minister an increase of his pension. The application was made without his knowledge; but he appears to have been mortified by it's want of success. The circumstance, however, gave occasion to very generous pecuniary offers from two individuals (Lord Chancellor Thurlow, and Dr. Brocklesby) which did equal honour to all parties. He had no medical encouragement, indeed, to make the projected trial; and his best friends rather wished to prepare him for the inevitable termination. Still unable to reconcile himself to the thought of dying,

he cried out to the surgeon, who was making slight scarifications in his swollen legs; "Deeper! deeper! I want length of life, and you are afraid of giving me pain, which I do not value:" and, subsequently, with his own hand multiplied the punctures made for this purpose. But devotion is said to have shed its tranquillity over the closing scene, which took place December 13, 1785, in the seventy fifth year of his age. His remains, attended by a most respectable concourse of friends, were interred near those of his early friend Garrick in Westminster Abbey; and a monumental statue, by Bacon, has since been placed to his memory in St. Paul's Cathedral.* He left his property, with the exception of a few legacies, to Mr. Francis Barber, a faithful black servant, who had long lived in his service.

* Steady and inflexible (says Mr. Boswell) in maintaining the obligations of piety and virtue, both from

* The inscription, from the pen of the Rev. Dr. Parr, is as follows:

A  Ω
SAMUELI · JOHNSON
GRAMMATICO · ET · CRITICO
SCRIPTORUM · ANGLICORUM · LITERATE · PERITO
POETE · LUMINIBUS · SENTENTIARUM
ET · PONDERIBUS · VERBORUM · ADMIRABILI
MAGISTRO · VIRTUTIS · GRAVISSIMO
HOMINI · OPTIMO · ET · SINGULARIS · EXEMPLI
QUI · VIXIT · ANN · LXXV · MENS · II · DIEB · XIII
DECESSIT · IDIB · DECEMB · ANN · CHRIST · CIO · IDCC · LXXXIII
SEPULT · IN · ÆD · SANCT · PETR · WESTMONASTERIENS
XIII · KAL · JANUAR · ANN · CHRIST · CIO · IDCC · LXXXV
AMICI · ET · SODALES · LITERARII
PECUNIA · CONLATA
H · M · FACIUND · CURAVER'

lines by the Right Hon. Henry Flood (who contended, Mr. Malone, that 'Johnson's epitaph ought to be in the

a regard to the order of society, and from a veneration for the Great Source of all order; correct, nay, stern in his taste; hard to please, and easily offended; impetuous and irritable in his temper, but of a most humane and benevolent heart; having a mind stored with a vast and various collection of learning and knowledge, which he communicated with peculiar perspicuity and force in rich and choice expression—he united a most logical head with a most fertile imagination, which gave him an extraordinary advantage in arguing: for he could reason close or wide, as he saw best for the moment. He could, when he chose it, be the greatest sophist that ever wielded a weapon in the schools of declamation; but he indulged this only in conversation, for he owned he sometimes talked for victory: he was too conscientious to make error permanent and pernicious, by deliberately writing it. He was conscious of his superiority. He loved praise, when it was brought to him, but was too proud to seek for it. He was somewhat too susceptible of flattery. His mind was so full of imagery, that he might have been perpetually a poet. It has been often remarked, that ‘in his poetical pieces, which it is to be regretted are so few because so excellent, his stile is easier than in his prose.’ There is deception in this: it is not easier,

vernacular tongue’) though not intended as a regular monumental inscription. deserve to be here inserted:

“ No need of Latin, or of Greek, to grace
 Our Johnson’s memory, or inscribe his grave:
 His native language claims this mournful space.
 To pay the immortality he gave.”

but better suited to the dignity of verse ; as one may dance with grace, whose motions in ordinary walking in the common step are awkward. He had a constitutional melancholy, the clouds of which darkened the brightness of his fancy, and gave a gloomy cast to his whole course of thinking : yet though grave and awful in his deportment, when he thought it necessary or proper, he frequently indulged himself in pleasantry and sportive sallies. He was prone to superstition, but not to credulity. Though his imagination might incline him to a belief of the marvellous and mysterious, his vigorous reason examined the evidence with jealousy. He had a loud voice, and a slow deliberate utterance, which no doubt gave some additional weight to the sterling metal of his conversation.*

His person was approaching to the gigantic, and grown unwieldy from corpulency. His countenance, naturally of the cast of an antient statue, was somewhat disfigured by scrophulous scars. His sight had always been somewhat weak ; yet so much does mind govern, and even supply, the deficiency of organs,

* “ Lord Penbroke said once to me at Wilton, with a happy pleasantry and some truth, that ‘ Dr. Johnson’s sayings would not appear so extraordinary, were it not for his how-wow way.’ But I admit the truth of this only on some occasions : the Messiah, played upon the Canterbury organ, is more sublime than when played upon an inferior instrument ; but very slight music will seem grand, when conveyed to the ear through that majestic medium. While, therefore, Dr. Johnson’s sayings are read, let his manner be taken along with them. Let it, however, be observed, that the sayings are generally great ; that, though he might be an ordinary composer at times, he was for the most part a Handel.” (Boswell.)

that his perceptions were uncommonly quick and accurate. His head, and sometimes his body, shook with a kind of motion like the effect of a palsy: he appeared to be frequently disturbed by cramps or convulsive contraction, of the nature of that distemper called St. Vitus' dance. "Upon his Scottish tour (adds his biographer) he wore a full suit of plain brown clothes, with twisted hair buttons of the same colour, a large bushy grayish wig, a plain shirt, black worsted stockings, and silver buckles. When journeying, he also wore boots, and a very wide brown cloth great coat, with pockets which might have held the two volumes of his folio Dictionary: and he carried in his hand a large English oak stick. Let me not be censured for mentioning such minute particulars. Every thing relative to so great a man is worth observing. I remember Dr. Adam Smith, in his rhetorical lectures at Glasgow, told us he was glad to know that Milton wore latchets in his shoes, instead of buckles."*

His mind, observes Mrs. Piozzi, was so comprehensive, that no language but that he used could have expressed it's contents; and so ponderous was his language, that sentiments less lofty and less solid than his own would have been encumbered, not adorned by it. Mr. Johnson was not intentionally, however, a pompous converser; and though he was accused of using big words as they are called, it was

* Yet, as Chalmers well remarks, these *minutiae* may be recorded too minutely: "The world would not assuredly have sunk in darkness, if it had not been told, how Dr. Johnson pared his nails, and scraped the joints of his fingers—what he paid for an ounce of vitriol—in what estimation he held Bologna sausages—or what he did with squeezed oranges."

only when little ones would not express his meaning as clearly, or when perhaps the elevation of the thought would have been disgraced by a dress less superb. He used to say, ‘that the size of a man’s understanding might always be justly measured by his mirth;’ and his own was never contemptible. He would laugh at a stroke of genuine humour, or sudden sally of odd absurdity, as heartily and freely as I ever yet saw any man: and though the jest was often such as few felt beside himself, yet his laugh was irresistible, and was observed immediately to produce that of the company; not merely from the notion that it was proper to laugh when he did, but purely out of want of power to forbear it. His manner of repeating deserves to be described, though at the same time it defeats all power of description; but whoever once heard him repeat an ode of Horace, would be long before they could endure to hear it repeated by another.

His equity in giving the character of living acquaintance ought not undoubtedly to be omitted in his own, whence partiality and prejudice were totally excluded, and truth alone presided in his tongue; a steadiness of conduct the more to be commended, as no man had stronger likings or aversions. His veracity was, indeed, from the most trivial to the most solemn occasions, strict even to severity; he scorned to embellish a story with fictitious circumstances, which (he used to contend) took off from its real value. A story, he said, should be a specimen of life and manners; but if the surrounding circumstances are false, as it is no more a representation of reality, it is no longer worthy our attention.

One of the great features of his character (remarks

Dr. Towers) was a degree of bigotry, both in politics and in religion,* which is now seldom to be met with in persons of a cultivated understanding. Few other men could have been found in the present age, whose political bigotry would have led them to stifle the celebrated John Hampden ‘the zealot of rebellion;’ and the religious bigotry of the man, who when at Edinburgh would not go to hear Dr. Robertson preach, because ‘he would not be present at a Presbyterian assembly,’ is not easily to be paralleled in this age and in this country. His habitual incredulity with respect to facts, of which there was no reasonable ground for doubt, as stated by Mrs. Piozzi, and remarked by Hogarth, was also a singular trait in his character; and, especially, when contrasted with his superstitious credulity on other occasions.† To the close of life, he was not only occupied in forming schemes of personal reformation, but even to a very late period of it he seems to have been solicitous to apply himself to study with renewed diligence

* This, if we may trust the correspondence of Miss Seward recently published, went so far as to induce him to approve even the Smithfield barbarities of Queen Mary; and, indeed, from his recorded dialogue with the ingenious Mrs. Knowles, on the subject of a young lady who had preferred 2,000*l.* with quakerism to 100,000*l.* without it, he must be regarded as intolerantly bigoted.

† He had even made it a rule, that a particular foot should make the first actual movement, on his setting out any whither; and he used to take off his hat in token of reverence, whenever he approached the places where popish edifices had formerly stood!! It should be added, as no little infirmity, that he unjustly depreciated the merit of all who had been educated at Cambridge!

and vigour. Even in his sixty fourth year he attempted to learn the Low Dutch language; and, in his sixty seventh, he farther undertook the Italian and the Greek."

In other men (it has been observed) the conferring of obligations is occasionally an excuse for supercilious insolence; in Johnson, it was the most certain motive to delicacy and forbearance. He did not, like many pretenders to Christianity, refuse his assistance to actual distress, because it might possibly be fictitious; or rest satisfied with doing nothing, because it was impossible to do every thing. What he had it in his power to give, he gave with willingness; and, however he might lament the poverty of his circumstances, he did not suffer those resources which he had to be unprofitably wasted.

His piety was fervent and unremitting. Whatever might be the nature of the pursuits in which he was engaged, or the society with which he associated, he never neglected or forgot the duties of religion. Those hours, which were not occupied in study or conversation, were spent in the private offices of devotion. "Prayer was all his business," "all his pleasure, virtue;" and no day was suffered to pass by without some act of "benevolence to man, or reverence to God."

His 'Prayers and Meditations' have been held up, by men who pretend to the characters of philosophers, as the objects of ridicule. To us they have always appeared as the most convincing proofs of his purity of heart, and his reverence for truth. He who believes the precepts of the Gospel to have proceeded from the lips of a Divine Speaker, or the pen of an

inspired writer, and yet imagines that the enthusiasm of Johnson was either contemptible or ridiculous, has profited but little from his study of the Sacred Writings. In them we are commanded to “watch and pray,” “to work out our salvation with fear and trembling,” and to “humble ourselves before the Lord our Maker.” He, therefore, who ridicules the scrupulous anxiety and the fervent piety of Johnson, has few pretensions to the knowledge, the enthusiasm, or the benevolence of the genuine Christian.

It is probable, indeed, that this self-denial and this piety were carried to excess; that he sometimes, through a mistaken zeal, refused himself innocent and necessary indulgences;* and that he made religion the object, rather than the motive, of his actions: but the same authority, which commands us to be diligent in virtue, instructs us that it is more dangerous to perform too little than too much.

When arrived, says Dr. Aikin, at the pinnacle of reputation, the lavish admiration and submissive deference with which he was treated nourished his self-consequence and his positiveness to such a degree, that he became offensively dictatorial and impatient of contradiction. In conversation he assumed a superiority, which usually silenced all fair discussion; and, when he condescended to argue, it was generally for a victory rendered as humiliating as possible to his audacious opponent. This disposition prevented him from making any progress in subduing that intolerance, with which he set out in life;

* A lesson learnt, perhaps, from his first theological tutor, Law; whose views of religion unfortunately found in Johnson a nature but too apt to see things in their gloomiest point of view.

his arrogant rudeness often carrying him beyond the bounds not only of politeness, but also of humanity. Yet had he a fund of kindness and benevolence in his nature, which was continually displaying itself in acts of substantial generosity; and he was capable of a warmth of affection, which did honour to his feelings. In his habits of living, he was sensual; but he could, occasionally, exercise great self-denial. His extreme indolence and dilatoriness would have precluded him from any powerful exertion, had he not been capable, upon a sudden call, of pouring forth his collected stores with equal copiousness and accuracy. But he required a strong stimulus to set him in motion; and his great works were the product of his irresistible necessities.

As a writer, he was more remarkable for the manner in which he presented his thoughts, than for the thoughts themselves. His style, which has formed a kind of cra in English composition, is distinguished by a preference of words of Latin extraction, by the frequent use of abstract terms, and by an arrangement of clauses calculated to produce a sonorous rotundity of period. He delivers moral maxims and dictatorial sentences with wonderful force, and lays down definitions with singular precision: he gives a keen point to sarcasm, and adds pomp to magnificent imagery. But with his invariable hostility to the easy and the familiar, he sometimes overloads petty matter with unsuitable ornament, and lavishes upon trivial sentiments oracular dignity. Yet, as he well understood the true signification of words, and aimed rather at perfection than innovation, he may be reckoned a real improver of his native language,

which he left much more accurate, and affluent, and majestic than he found it.

His powers of composition he displayed in a great variety of departments; having distinguished himself as a Philosopher, a Biographer, a Critic, a Moralist, a Novelist, a Divine, a Politician, and a Poet.

His works were published by Sir John Hawkins, in eleven volumes 8vo., in 1787; and with an Essay on his Life* and Genius, in twelve, by Mr. Murphy: to which some others have, subsequently, been added. Two volumes, in 8vo., of 'Letters to and from him,' have also been published by Mrs. Piozzi. But what exhibits this illustrious writer in the strongest light to mankind is the very elaborate and satisfactory biography of Mr. Boswell,

—quo fit, ut omnis
Votivâ pateat veluti descripta tabellâ
Vita senis; Hor.

and which has proved that the life of a mere scholar may be rendered most instructive, most entertaining, and most interesting. In this production so many instances are given of the warmth of his friendship and the tenderness of his heart, that it would be difficult to produce the name of a man (says Mr. Chalmers) who possessed these virtues, especially the last, in higher perfection. It is well known, that he distributed a fourth part at least of his income in charity, and his charity was of no common kind. It was such as, we may say without hazard of contradiction, few philanthropists would have courage or patience to imitate. Not content with bestowing his alms on

* Injudiciously taken, however, from the inaccurate narrative of Sir John Hawkins, or the Jippant Anecdotes of Mrs. Piozzi.

the casual poor, he collected objects from the distressed of his acquaintance, received them into his house as soon as he was rich enough to be master of a house, and gave them that shelter and assistance, which scarcely any man thinks himself obliged to give, unless to those who are connected by the nearer ties of blood: to be poor and needy, was to him sufficient recommendation; and to be peevish, discontented, and ungrateful was neither a bar to their reception, nor a plea for dismissing them.*

Such was the man, whom some have reviled for his rudeness and his petulance,† and by repeating a single anecdote to his disadvantage, have multiplied it in imagination to a thousand; concluding, contrary to all evidence, that his whole conversation was repulsive, and his whole conduct unsocial. Yet, during his long life, no man's company was more courted by persons distinguished for genius or rank;

* Out of the many instances upon record of this rigorous charity, the following may be selected as an eminent proof of tenderness of heart; and of his unwearied desire to administer those comforts to others, which he frequently wanted himself. It is related by himself, in a private letter. "Mrs. Williams is in the country, to try if she can improve her health: she is very ill. Matters have come so about, that she is in the country with very good accommodation; but age and sickness and pride have made her so peevish, that I was forced to bribe the maid to stay with her, by a secret stipulation of half a crown a-week over her wages."

† *Iracundior est paulò, minus aptus acutis
Naribus horum hominum; rideri possit, eo quòd
Rusticius tonso toga defluit, et malè laxus
In pede calceus hæret. At est bonus, ut melior vir
Non alius, quisquam; at tibi amicus; at ingenium ingens
I. culto latet hoc sub corpore.* (HOR.)

and those, who knew him most intimately, held him in the highest veneration. Such respect, paid by all, who were admitted into his society, must have had a solid foundation: it implies an elevation far beyond the common order, to be able to procure such esteem and preserve such attachments. And elevated he certainly was, by piety, by genius, and by wisdom. With all his defects, not a single vice * has been imputed to him; while he is allowed to have possessed every virtue in principle, and as far as his limited means permitted, to have excelled in the practice. Every man, who knew him, was made wiser and better by the association; nor ought it ever to be forgotten, that in his presence neither wealth nor rank could protect those, who dared to utter the language of irreligion or licentiousness.

His conversation abounded in information: on every topic of the most trifling kind he threw a new light; and many, who thought they had settled their opinions, were surprised when by some unexpected illustration he proved, that they had overlooked the point on which the whole depended. By a habit which he appears to have early acquired of considering a question in every possible view, he was sometimes ready to take either side; and, for the sake of contest or of information, to argue contrary to his real

* This character, even with the qualifications inserted toward its conclusion, will be deemed by many readers too high. But perhaps, in respect to Miss Seward's counter-evidence, a little mortified vanity, arising from some momentary and possibly unconscious neglect on his part, may have stimulated her insinuation: and at all events, that writer has no title to be considered as infallible, who has represented the sensitive and suffering author of the 'Task' merely as "a querulous egotist."

opinion. This gave to conversation the spur and variety, in which he delighted; but it never was allowed to interfere with his preceptive duties: when he wrote for the public, he supported religion and morality upon their genuine principles, and delivered the sentiments, which he honestly believed were the best calculated to promote the interests of truth and virtue. Indeed, few men have more strictly adhered to truth on every occasion. His reverence for it was such, that he never lost sight of its obligations in the most minute occurrences, or scrupled to check the lax vivacity of his intimate friends and those to whom he was most indebted.

It is, however, far from our intention to exhibit him as a perfect character. Such praise is foolishly given to man in this state of being; nor is it necessary to attribute more to him, than he claimed for himself. Compared to men in general, with regard to literary accomplishments, he was entitled to a just superiority; and he was conscious of it: and what man has ever excelled, without being conscious of it? But it is hoped none will look upon him with less reverence, when they behold him as a fallible and peccant being, as a dependent creature entreating Heaven for grace and support; humble and lowly; full of acknowledgements of defects, and weaknesses; penitent and sorrowful for his many infirmities; thankful for the mercies he had received; earnest in employing "the means of grace," and fervently anxious for "the hope of glory." His 'Prayers and Meditations' exhibit his mind continually struggling with imperfections, and continually supplicating for help where only it can be found; lamenting the

loss of time, and undervaluing what he had done, like Grotius, who at the close of life exclaimed, “*Hæu! vitam perdidit operosè nihil agendo.*”

But the world has agreed to think more highly of the public services of Dr. Johnson, and to rank him among the most illustrious writers of any age or nation, and among the benefactors to religion, virtue, and learning. Nor can these desultory thoughts on his character be concluded in more appropriate terms, than the pathetic tribute uttered by an eminent friend on the occasion of his death: “He has made a chasm which not only nothing can fill up, but which nothing has a tendency to fill up.—Johnson is dead.—Let us go to the next best:—there is nobody;—nobody can be said to put you in mind of Johnson.” *

EXTRACTS.

From the Review of Soame Jenyns’ ‘Free Inquiry into the Nature and Origin of Evil.’

“Treating on death, he has expressed the known and true doctrine with sprightliness of fancy, and neatness of diction. I shall, therefore, insert it. There are truths which, as they are always necessary, do not grow stale by repetition.

“Death, the last and most dreadful of all evils, is so far from being one, that it is the infallible cure for all others.

* Sir Joshua Reynolds.

To die, is landing on some silent shore,
 Where billows never beat, nor tempests roar.
 Ere well we feel the friendly stroke, 'tis o'er.

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For, abstracted from the sickness and sufferings usually attending it, it is no more than the expiration of that term of life God was pleased to bestow on us without any claim or merit on our part. But was it an evil ever so great, it could not be remedied but by one much greater, which is by living for ever; by which means our wickedness, unrestrained by the prospect of a future state, would grow so insupportable, our sufferings so intolerable by perseverance, and our pleasures so tiresome by repetition, that no being in the universe could be so completely miserable as a species of immortal men.* We have no reason, therefore, to look upon death as an evil, or to fear it as a punishment, even without any supposition of a future life: but if we consider it as a passage to a more perfect state, or a remove only in an eternal succession of still-improving states (for which we have the strongest reasons) it will then appear a new favour from the Divine Munificence; and a man must be as absurd to repine at dying, as a traveller would be, who proposed to himself a delightful tour through various unknown countries, to lament that he cannot take up his residence at the first dirty inn which he baits at on the road.

“ The instability of human life, or the changes of it's successive periods, of which we so frequently complain, are no more than the necessary progress of it to this necessary conclusion; and are so far from

* This is illustrated by Swift's *Struldbrugs*, and by *Godwin's St. Leon*.

being evils deserving these complaints, that they are the source of our greatest pleasures, as they are the source of all novelty from which our greatest pleasures are ever derived. The continual successions of seasons in the human life, by daily presenting to us new scenes, render it agreeable; and like those of the year, afford us delights by their change, which the choicest of them could not give us by their continuance. In the spring of life the gilding of the sun-shine, the verdure of the fields, and the variegated paintings of the sky are so exquisite in the eyes of infants at their first looking abroad into a new world, as nothing perhaps afterward can equal. The heat and vigour of the succeeding summer of youth ripens for us new pleasures, the blooming maid, the nightly revel, and the jovial chace: the serene autumn of complete manhood feasts us with the golden harvests of our worldly pursuits; nor is the hoary winter of old age destitute of its peculiar comforts and enjoyments, of which the recollection and relation of those past are perhaps none of the least; and at last death opens to us a new prospect, whence we shall probably look back upon the diversions and occupations of this world with the same contempt we do now on our tops and hobby-horses, and with the same surprise that they could ever so much entertain or engage us."

'I would not willingly detract from the beauty of this paragraph; and in gratitude to him who has so well inculcated such important truths, I will venture to admonish him, since the chief comfort of the old is the recollection of the past, so to employ his time and his thoughts, that when the imbecility of age

shall come upon him, he may be able to recreate it's languors by the remembrance of hours spent, not in presumptuous decisions but modest inquiries, not in dogmatical limitations of Omnipotence but in humble acquiescence and fervent adoration. Old age will show him, that much of the book now before us has no other use than to perplex the scrupulous, and to shake the weak ; to encourage impious presumption, or stimulate idle curiosity.

‘ Having thus despatched the consideration of particular evils, he comes at last to a general reason, for which ‘evil’ may be said to be ‘our good.’ He is of opinion, that there is some inconceivable benefit in pain abstractedly considered ; that pain, however inflicted, or wherever felt, communicates some good to the general system of being, and that every animal is some way or other the better for the pain of every other animal. This opinion he carries so far as to suppose, that there passes some principle of union through all animal life, as attraction is communicated to all corporeal nature ; and that the evils suffered on this globe may, by some inconceivable means, contribute to the felicity of the inhabitants of the remotest planet.

‘ How the origin of evil is brought nearer to human conception by any inconceivable means, I am not able to discover. We believed that the present system of creation was right, though we could not explain the adaptation of one part to the other, or account for the whole succession of causes and consequences. Where has this inquirer added to the little knowledge, that we had before ? He has told us of the benefits of evil which no man feels, and

relations between distant parts of the universe, which he cannot himself conceive. There was enough in this question inconceivable before, and we have little advantage from a new inconceivable solution.

‘I do not mean to reproach this author for not knowing what is equally hidden from learning and from ignorance. The shame is, to impose words for ideas upon ourselves or others; to imagine that we are going forward, when we are only turning round; to think that there is any difference between him that gives no reason, and him that gives a reason, which by his own confession cannot be conceived.

‘But that he may not be thought to conceive nothing but things inconceivable, he has at last thought on a way, by which human sufferings may produce good effects. He imagines that as we have not only animals for food, but choose some for our diversion, the same privilege may be allowed to some beings above us; who may deceive, torment, or destroy us for the ends only of their own pleasure or utility. This he again finds impossible to be conceived, but that impossibility lessens not the probability of the conjecture, which by analogy is so strongly confirmed.

‘I cannot resist the temptation of contemplating this analogy, which I think he might have carried farther, very much to the advantage of his argument. He might have shown, that these hunters, whose ‘game is man.’ have many sports analogous to our own. As we drown whelps and kittens, they amuse themselves now and then with sinking a ship, and stand round the fields of Blenheim or the walls of Prague, as we encircle a cock-pit. As we shoot a bird flying, they take a man in the midst of his busi-

ness or pleasure, and knock him down with an apoplexy. Some of them, perhaps, are virtuosi, and delight in the operations of an asthma, as a human philosopher in the effects of the air-pump. To swell a man with a tympany, is as good sport as to blow a frog. Many a merry bout have these frolic beings at the vicissitudes of an ague; and good sport it is, to see a man tumble with an epilepsy, and revive and tumble again, and all this he knows not why. As they are wiser and more powerful than we, they have more exquisite diversions; for we have no way of procuring any sport so brisk and so lasting as the paroxysms of the gout and stone, which undoubtedly must make high mirth, especially if the play be a little diversified with the blunders and puzzles of the blind and deaf. We know not, how far their sphere of observation may extend. Perhaps now and then a merry being may place himself in such a situation, as to enjoy at once all the varieties of an epidemical disease, or amuse his leisure with the tossings and contortions of every possible pain exhibited together.

‘ One sport the merry malice of these beings has found means of enjoying, to which we have nothing equal or similar. They now and then catch a mortal proud of his narts, and flattered either by the submission of those who court his kindness, or the notice of those who suffer him to court theirs. A head thus prepared for the reception of false opinions, and the projection of vain designs, they easily fill with idle notions, till in time they make their plaything an author. Their first diversion commonly begins with an ode or an epistle, then rises perhaps to a political irony, and is at last brought to it’s height by a trea-

tise of philosophy. Then begins the poor animal to entangle himself in sophisms, and flounder in absurdity; to talk confidently of the scale of being, and to give solutions which himself confesses impossible to be understood. Sometimes, however, it happens that their pleasure is without much mischief. The author feels no pain; but while they are wondering at the extravagance of his opinion, and pointing him out to one another as a new example of human folly, he is enjoying his own applause and that of his companions, and perhaps is elevated with the hope of standing at the head of a new sect.

‘Many of the books, which now crowd the world, may be justly suspected to be written for the sake of some invisible order of beings; for, surely, they are of no use to any of the corporeal inhabitants of the world. Of the productions of the last bounteous year, how many can be said to serve any purpose of use or pleasure? The only end of writing is, to enable the readers better to enjoy life, or better to endure it: and how will either of those be put more in our power by him, who tells us that we are puppets, of which some creature not much wiser than ourselves manages the wires? That a set of beings unseen and unheard are hovering about us, trying experiments upon our sensibility, putting us in agonies to see our limbs quiver, torturing us to madness that they may laugh at our vagaries, sometimes obstructing the bile that they may see how a man looks when he is yellow, sometimes breaking a traveller’s bones to try how he will get home; sometimes wasting a man to a skeleton, and sometimes killing him fat for the greater elegance of his hide.

‘ This is an account of natural evil, which though like the rest not quite new, is very entertaining; though I know not how much it may contribute to patience. The only reason why we should contemplate evil is, that we may bear it better; and I am afraid nothing is much more placidly endured, for the sake of making others sport.’

From the ‘ False Alarm.’

‘ But it cannot, I am afraid, be said, that as we are grown wise, we are made happy. It is said of those, who have the wonderful power called ‘ Second Sight,’ that they seldom see any thing but evil. Political second sight has the same effect: we hear of nothing but of an alarming crisis, of violated rights, and expiring liberties. The morning rises upon new wrongs, and the dreamer passes the night in imaginary shackles.

‘ The sphere of anxiety is now enlarged: he, that hitherto cared only for himself, now cares for the public; for he has learned that the happiness of individuals is comprised in the prosperity of the whole, and that his country never suffers but he suffers with it, however it happens that he feels no pain.

‘ Fired with this fever of epidemic patriotism, the tailor slips his thimble, the draper drops his yard, and the blacksmith lays down his hammer: they meet at an honest alehouse, consider the state of the nation, read or hear the last petition, lament the miseries of the time, are alarmed at the dreadful

crisis, and subscribe to the support of the Bill of Rights.

‘ It sometimes indeed happens, that an intruder of more benevolence than prudence attempts to disperse their cloud of dejection, and ease their hearts by seasonable consolation. He tells them that, though the government cannot be too diligently watched, it may be too hastily accused; and that, though private judgement is every man’s right, yet we cannot judge of what we do not know: that we feel at present no evils which government can alleviate, and that the public business is committed to men, who have as much right to confidence as their adversaries: that the freeholders of Middlesex, if they could not choose Mr. Wilkes, might have chosen any other man, and that he trusts we have within the realm *five hundred as good as he*: that even if this which has happened to Middlesex had happened to every other county, that one man should be made incapable of being elected, it could produce no great change in the parliament, nor much contract the power of election: that what has been done is probably right, and that if it be wrong it is of little consequence, since a like case cannot easily occur: that expulsions are very rare; and if they should, by unbounded insolence of faction, become more frequent, the electors may easily provide a second choice. .

‘ All this he may say, but not half of this will be heard: his opponents will stun him and themselves with a confused sound of ‘ pensions and places, venality and corruption, oppression and invasion, slavery and ruin.’

‘ Outcries like these, uttered by malignity and echoed by folly, general accusations of indeterminate

wickedness, and obscure hints of impossible designs, dispersed among those that do not know their meaning by those that know them to be false, have disposed part of the nation, though but a small part, to pester the court with ridiculous petitions.

‘ The Progress of a Petition is well known. An ejected placeman goes down to his county or his borough, tells his friends of his inability to serve them, and his constituents of the corruption of the government. His friends readily understand, that he who can get nothing, will have nothing to give. They agree to proclaim a meeting: meat and drink are plentifully provided: a crowd is easily brought together; and those, who think that they know the reason of their meeting, undertake to tell those who know it not. Ale and clamor unite their powers; the crowd, condensed and heated, begins to ferment with the leaven of sedition. All see a thousand evils, though they cannot show them; and grow impatient for a remedy, though they know not what.

‘ A speech is then made by the Cicero of the day: he says much, and suppresses more; and credit is equally given to what he tells, and what he conceals. The petition is read, and universally approved. Those, who are sober enough to write, add their names, and the rest would sign it—if they could.

‘ Every man goes home, and tells his neighbour of the glories of the day: how he was consulted, and what he advised: how he was invited into the great room, where his Lordship called him by his name: how he was caressed by Sir Francis, Sir Joseph, or Sir George: how he ate turtle and venison, and drank ‘ Unanimity to the Three Brothers.

‘ The poor loiterer, whose shop had confined him,

or whose wife had locked him up, hears the tale of luxury with envy, and at last inquires ‘ what was their petition !’ Of the petition nothing is remembered by the narrator, but that it spoke much of fears and apprehensions, and something very alarming, and that he is sure it is against the government: the other is convinced that it must be right, and wishes he had been there, for he loves wine and venison, and is resolved, as long as he lives, to be against the government.

‘ The petition is then handed from town to town, and from house to house; and wherever it comes, the inhabitants flock together, that they may see that which must be sent to the King. Names are easily collected. One man signs, because he hates the Papists; another, because he has vowed destruction to the turnpikes: one, because it will vex the parson; another, because he owes his landlord nothing: one, because he is rich; another, because he is poor: one to show that he is not afraid, and another to show that he can write.’

‘ *From the Falkland’s Islands.*’

‘ Such is the loss of Spain: let us now compute the profit of Britain. We have, by obtaining a disavowal of Buccarelli’s expedition and a restitution of our settlement, maintained the honour of the crown, and the superiority of our influence. Beyond this, what have we acquired? What, but a bleak and gloomy solitude, an island thrown aside from human use, stormy in winter, and barren in summer; an

island, which not the southern savages have dignified with habitation; where a garrison must be kept in a state, that contemplates with envy the exiles of Siberia; of which the expense will be perpetual, and the use only occasional; and which, if Fortune smile upon our labours, may become a nest of smugglers in peace, and in war the refuge of future Buccaneers! To all this the government has now given ample attestation, for the island has been since abandoned; and perhaps was kept only to quiet clamors with an intention, not then wholly concealed, of quitting it in a short time.

‘ This is the country, of which we have now possession, and of which a numerous party pretends to wish that we had murdered thousands for the titular sovereignty! To charge any men with such madness, approaches to an accusation defeated by it’s own incredibility. As they have been long accumulating falsehoods, it is possible that they are now only adding another to the heap, and that they do not mean all that they profess. But of this faction what evil may not be credited? They have hitherto shown no virtue, and very little wit beyond that mischievous cunning, for which it is held by Hale that children may be hanged.

‘ As war is the last of remedies, *cuncta prius tentanda*, all lawful expedients must be used to avoid it. As war is the extremity of evil, it is surely the duty of those, whose station intrusts them with the care of nations, to avert it from their charge. There are diseases of animal nature, which nothing but amputation can remove: so there may, by the depravation of human passions, be sometimes a gangrene in collective life, for which fire and the sword are the

necessary remedies. But in what can skill or caution be better shown, than in preventing such dreadful operations, while there is yet room for gentler methods?

‘It is wonderful, with what coolness and indifference the greater part of mankind see war commenced. Those that hear of it at a distance, or read of it in books, but have never presented it’s evils to their minds, consider it as little more than a splendid game, a proclamation, an army, a battle, and a triumph. Some, indeed, must perish in the most successful field; but they die upon the bed of honour,

Resign their lives amidst the joys of conquest,
And fill’d with England’s glory smile in death.

‘The life of a modern soldier is ill represented by heroic fiction. War has means of destruction more formidable than the cannon and the sword. Of the thousands and ten thousands, that perished in our late contests with France and Spain, a very small part ever felt the stroke of an enemy: the rest languished in tents and ships, amidst damps and putrefaction; pale, torpid, spiritless, and helpless; gasping and groaning, unpitied among men made obdurate by long continuance of hopeless misery; and were at last whelmed in pits, or heaved into the ocean, without notice and without remembrance. By incommodious encampments and unwholesome stations, where courage is useless and enterprise impracticable, fleets are silently dispeopled, and armies sluggishly melted away.

‘Thus is a people gradually exhausted, for the most part with little effect. The wars of civilised

nations make very slow changes in the system of empire. The public perceives scarcely any alteration, but an increase of debt; and the few individuals, who are benefited, are not supposed to have the clearest right to their advantages. If he that shared the danger enjoyed the profit, and after bleeding in the battle grew rich by the victory, he might show his gains without envy. But at the conclusion of a ten years' war, how are we recompensed for the death of multitudes and the expense of millions, by contemplating the sudden glories of paymasters and agents, contractors and commissaries, whose equipages shine like meteors and whose palaces rise like exhalations?

'These are the men, who without virtue, labour, or hazard are growing rich as their country is impoverished: they rejoice, when obstinacy or ambition adds another year to slaughter and devastation; and laugh from their desks at bravery and science, while they are adding figure to figure and cypher to cypher, hoping for a new contract from a new armament, and computing the profits of a siege or a tempest.'

Γνωστὶ σεαυτοῖς.

(*Post Lexicon Anglicum auctum et emendatum.*)

*Lexicon ad finem longo luctamine tandem
Scaliger ut duxit, tenuis pertæsus opellæ,
Vile indignatus studium nugasque molestas
ingemit exosus, scribendaque Lexica mandat
Damnatæ, pœnam pro pœnis omnibus unam.*

*Ille quidem rectè, sublimis, doctus, et acer,
Quem decuit majora sequi majoribus aptum;
Qui veterum modò facta ducum, modo carmina vatam,
Gesserat et quicquid Virtus, Sapientia quicquid
Dixerat, imperiique vices calique meatus
Ingentemque animo sæclorum volveret orbem.*

*Fallimur exemplis: temerè sibi turba scholarum
Ima tuas credit permitti, Scaliger, iras.
Quisque suum nôrit modulum: tibi, prime virorum,
Ut studiis sperem aut ausim par esse querelis,
Non mihi sorte datum; lenti seu sanguinis obsint
Frigora, seu niniùm longo jacuisse veterno,
Sive mihi mentem dederit Natura minorem.
Te sterili functum curâ, vocumque salebris
Tutò eluctatum, spatiis Sapientia dia
Excipit æthereis, Ars omnis plaudit amicè,
Linguarumque omni terrâ discordia concors
Multiplici reducem circumsonat ore magistrum.*

*Me, pensi immunis cùm jam mihi reddor, inertis
Desidiæ sors dura manet, graviorque labore
Tristis et atra quies, et tardæ tædia vitæ.
Nascuntur curis curæ, vexatque dolorum
Importuna cohors, vacuæ mala somnia mentis.
Nunc clamosa juvant nocturnæ gaudia menses,
Nunc loca sola placent: frustra te Somne recumbens
Alme voco, impatiens noctis metuensque diei.
Omnia percurro trepidus, circum omnia listro,
Si què usquam pateat melioris semita vitæ;
Nec quid agam invenio meditatus grandia: cogor
Notior ipse mihi fieri, incultumque fateri
Pectus, et ingenium vano se robore jactans.
Ingenium, nisi materiem doctrina ministrat,
Cessat inops rerum; ut torpet, si marmoris absit
Copia, Phidiaci secunda potentia cæli.*

*Quicquid agam, quòcunque feror, conatibus obstat
Res angusta domi et mævræ penuria mentis.
Non rationis opes animus, nunc parta recensens,
Conspicit aggestas, et se miratur in illis;
Nec sibi de gazâ præcipuus quicquid postulat usus
Summus adesse jubet, celsâ dominator ab arce:
Non, operum scribæ sortem dum computat ævi,*

*Præteritis fruitur, lætos aut sumit honores
Ipse sui judex, actæ benè munera vitæ—
Sed sua regna videns, loca nocte silentia lædè,
Horret, ubi vanae species umbræque fugaces
Et rerum volitant raræ per inane figuræ.*

*Quid faciam? Tenebrisne pigram damnare senectam
Restat; an accingar studiis gravioribus audax?
Aut, hoc si nimium est, tandem nova Lexica poscam?*

Of this picture of himself, drawn (according to Murphy) with as much truth and as firm a hand, as can be seen in the portraits of Hogarth or Sir Joshua Reynolds, a translation by that gentleman is here subjoined.

KNOW YOURSELF.

(After revising and enlarging his English Dictionary.)

‘ When Scaliger, whole years of labour past,
Beheld his Lexicon complete at last,
And weary of his task, with wondering eyes
Saw from words piled on words a fabric rise;
He cursed the industry, inertly strong,
In creeping toil that could persist so long—
And, ‘ If (enraged, he cried) Heaven meant to shed
It’s keenest vengeance on the guilty head,
The drudgery of words the damn’d would know,
Doom’d to write Lexicons in endless woe.’

‘ Yes, you had cause, great Genius, to repent:
“ You lost good days that might be better spent; ”
You well might grudge the hours of lingering pain,
And view your learned labours with disdain.
To you were given the large expanded mind,
The flame of genius and the taste refined:
’Twas yours on eagle wings aloft to soar,
And amidst rolling worlds the Great First Cause explore;
To fix the eras of recorded time,
And live in every age and every clime;
Record the chiefs who propp’d their country’s cause,
Who founded empires and establish’d laws:

To learn whate'er the Sage with virtue fraught,
Whate'er the Muse of moral wisdom taught.
These were your quarry: these to you were known,
And the world's ample volume was your own.

' Yet warn'd by me, ye pigny wits, beware,
Nor with immortal Scaliger compare.
For me, though his example strike my view,
Oh! not for me his footsteps to pursue!
Whether first Nature, unpropitious, cold,
This clay compounded in a ruder mould;
Or the slow current, loitering at my heart,
No gleam of wit or fancy can impart—
Whate'er the cause, from me no numbers flow;
No visions warn me, and no raptures glow.
A mind, like Scaliger's, superior still,
No grief could conquer, no misfortune chill:
Though for the maze of words his native skies
He seem'd to quit, 'twas but again to rise;
To mount once more to the bright source of day,
And view the wonders of th' ethereal way.
The love of Fame his generous bosom fired;
Each Science hail'd him, and each Muse inspired:
For him the Sons of Learning trimm'd the bays,
And nations grew harmonious in his praise.
' My task perform'd, and all my labours o'er,
For me what lot has Fortune now in store?
The listless will succeeds, that worst disease,
The rack of indolence, the sluggish ease.
Care grows on care, and o'er my aching brain
Black Melancholy pours her morbid train.
No kind relief, no lenitive at hand,
I seek at midnight clubs the social band;
But midnight clubs, where wit with noise conspires,
Where Comus revels and where wine inspires,
Delight no more: I seek my lonely bed,
And call on Sleep to sooth my languid head.
But Sleep from these sad lids flies far away;
I mourn all night, and dread the coming day.
Exhausted, tired, I throw my eyes around,
To find some vacant spot on classic ground;
And soon—vain hope! I form a grand design:
Languor succeeds, and all my powers decline.

If Science open not her richest vein,
Without materials all our toil is vain.
A form to rugged stone when Phidias gives,
Beneath his touch a new creation lives.
Remove his marble, and his genius dies :
With nature, then, no breathing statue vies.

‘ Whate’er I plan, I feel my powers confined
By Fortune’s frown, and penury of mind.
I boast no knowledge glean’d with toil and strife,
That bright reward of a well-acted life :
I view myself—while reason’s feeble light
Shoots a pale glimmer through the gloom of night,
While passions, error, phantoms of the brain,
And vain opinions fill the dark domain—
A dreary void, where fears with grief combined
Waste all within, and desolate the mind.

‘ What then remains ? Must I, in slow decline,
To mute inglorious ease old age resign ;
Or, bold ambition kindling in my breast,
Attempt some arduous task ? Or were it best,
Brooding o’er Lexicons to pass the day,
And in that labour drudge my life away ?’

SIR WILLIAM JONES.*

[1746—1794.]

SIR WILLIAM JONES was the only son of William Jones, Esq. F.R.S., an eminent mathematician, of the isle of Anglesey, who had the pride of numbering among his intimate friends Newton and Halley, and died in 1749, leaving by Mary (the youngest daughter of George Nix, citizen of London) two children; Mary, subsequently married to Mr. Rainsford, a merchant; and William, the subject of this memoir, born in London September 28, 1746.

As Mr. Jones did not long survive his son's birth, the care of his education devolved upon his mother, a woman of uncommon energy, and extraordinary talents for instruction;† and she did him justice. Rejecting the severity of discipline, and leading his mind insensibly

* AUTHORITY. Lord Teignmouth's *Life of Sir W. Jones*.

† As a proof of her resemblance to her son, both in her capacity of acquiring knowledge and the benevolence with which she applied it to use, it may be recorded, that being intrusted with the care of a nephew designed for the sea, she made herself perfect in trigonometry and the theory of navigation, with a view of instructing him in those branches of his destined profession.

to exertion, she constantly endeavoured to excite his curiosity, and to direct it to useful objects. To his incessant importunities for information on casual topics, which she watchfully stimulated, she always replied, "Read, and you will know;" a maxim, to the observance of which he invariably acknowledged himself indebted for his subsequent attainments. Her success was adequate to her efforts. In his fourth year, her pupil was able to read distinctly and rapidly any English book. She particularly attended to the cultivation of his memory, by making him repeat some of the popular speeches in Shakspeare, and the best of Gay's Fables. An accident, which about this time injured one of his eyes, gave some check to his progress: but his appetite for books increased; and before he was five years of age, he was so much struck by the sublimity of the description of the Angel in the tenth chapter of the Apocalypse, as ever afterward to remember it with emotions of rapture.

At Michaelmas 1753, he was sent to Harrow-School, then under the care of Dr. Thackeray, where at first he was remarked for industry rather than for talent. Two years afterward, in consequence of the fracture of his thigh-bone, he was detained at home for twelve months. This period he passed not in indolence, but in familiarising himself with the translations of Pope and Dryden, and in endeavouring to imitate them. Yet it operated to his disadvantage on his return to school, unjustly creating prejudices against his application or his capacity; which emulation, however, speedily excited him to overcome. Such, indeed, was his integrity and his manly courage that, neither disgusted nor depressed by this unjust usage, he quickly rose through his extraordinary exer-

tions to the top of his class. In his twelfth year, he reached the upper school, and here first his extraordinary memory began to display itself. At the same time, he translated certain portions of Ovid and Virgil into English verse, and he composed a dramatic piece on the story of Meleager. He was particularly celebrated, it may be added, for his knowledge of Latin prosody.

When he had reached the age of fifteen, his old master was succeeded by Dr. Sumner, who immediately took him under his patronage. From this time his habits and acquirements are characterised as follows, by the pen of his schoolfellow Sir John Parnell.

The boyish period of life is not, usually, marked by extraordinary anecdote: but small circumstances become interesting, when we can trace in them the rudiments of talents and virtues subsequently renounced. He gave early proofs of his possessing very eminent abilities. His industry was singular, and his love of literature was the result of disposition, not of submission to control. He excelled, principally, in his knowledge of the Greek language. His compositions were distinguished by his precise application of every word agreeably to the most strict classical authority. The choruses of Sophocles he imitated so successfully, that his writings seemed to be original Greek compositions; and he wrote even the characters of that language with great correctness.* His passion for study prevented his joining in those amusements, which occupied the time of his school-

* This regard for calligraphy, extended however to every language within the wide range of his comprehension, characterised the late Professor Porson, whom it is better to pass over in silence, than to commend briefly.

fellows, but it induced no other singularity in his manners: they were mild, conciliating, and cheerful. When I first knew him (adds his friend) about the year 1761, he amused himself with the study of botany, and in collecting fossils. In general, the same pursuits, which gave employment to his mature understanding, were the first objects of his early attention: and in like manner the inflexible decision of mind, the enthusiastic love of liberty, and the uniform spirit of benevolence which characterised his youth, were the guiding principle of his more advanced life.

It may not be without it's advantage to younger readers to be informed, how this illustrious boy, destined to be a still more illustrious man, employed his leisure-hours. In his first Harrow vacations, he acquired from his mother the rudiments of drawing. In his twelfth year, he gave a remarkable instance of the powers of his memory, by writing down the whole of Shakspeare's 'Tempest' from his own recollection. Beside his voluntary translations from Ovid and Virgil, and his 'Meleager,' he learned French and arithmetic, and studied Italian during his holidays. When in the upper school, he made himself acquainted with the Arabic characters, and attained so much of the Hebrew, as enabled him to read some of the Psalms. His sight being affected by his great application, during the last months of his stay at Harrow, he employed the intervals in the study of chess, by practising the games of Philidor!

The time now approached, when he was to leave school; and his destination in life became a subject of solicitude with his mother. Some of her friends recommended the profession of the law, and adv

his being initiated into it in a special pleader's office : but the expense deterred the parent ; and the barbarous language, in which the science was clothed, prejudiced the son. These reasons, strengthened by the wishes of Dr. Sumner, prevailed in favour of the University ; and upon Oxford, with some hesitation, the choice was at last fixed. In 1764, therefore, he was removed to University College.

At Oxford, he experienced in the outset that disappointment, which all boys elevated by the fame of a great school, and sanguinely anticipating it's extension, are usually doomed to encounter. After a residence of a few months, he was elected one of the four scholars on the foundation of Sir Simon Bennet. He now began to indulge that passion for Oriental literature, which he subsequently carried to so high a degree ; and, by the help of a native of Aleppo,* he acquired the pronunciation of Arabic. These occupations, with his Greek studies, quickly reconciled him to his new situation ; and he received that countenance from his tutors, which facilitated the advantageous employment of his time. To the study of the Arabic he, next, added that of the Persic ; and his progress in languages was already astonishing.

After a year, fearful of encroaching too far on the slender income of his mother, he accepted the situa-

* This man, Mirza by name (who, though no scholar, could speak and write the vulgar Arabic with fluency) he had discovered in London, and maintained in Oxford at an expense which his income could but ill afford. In severe application, and nights devoted to study, he perhaps was not altogether unequalled : but in this instance, by the enthusiasm with which he prosecuted his passion for knowledge, he surely surpassed every rival.

tion of tutor to Viscount Althorpe.* In this capacity he spent part of the year at Wimbledon Park, and part in London, and was in both places introduced to the society and the admiration of the great. Here, too, he first formed an acquaintance with Miss Shipley, subsequently Lady Jones: and here, not unambitious of fashionable accomplishments, he took the opportunity of acquiring the arts of dancing and fencing. Lord Spencer's library,† likewise, afforded him inexhaustible entertainment and instruction; and in it, in his twenty first year, he began his 'Commentaries on Asiatic Poetry.' He was elected Fellow of his college, August 7, 1766.

In 1767, he attended the Spencer family on a journey to Spa: and at the close of the same year conceived the resolution, which subsequently fixed him to the profession of the bar, from reading Fortescue's Treatise '*De Laudibus Legum Angliæ*.'

In 1768, Mr. Sutton, Under Secretary of State, at

* Now Earl Spencer—a pupil in political, literary, and moral respects worthy of his teacher. Can a higher panegyric be pronounced? To this station he was recommended by that elegant scholar and correct judge of men and of books, Dr. Shipley, subsequently Bishop of St. Asaph, who knew him only by his school-compositions, particularly a Greek oration. He had himself, it is said, first attracted the notice of Stephen Poyntz, Esq., governor to William Duke of Cumberland and father of the Dowager Lady Spencer, in a similar manner, by his 'Luctus' on the death of Queen Caroline, in the Oxford collection. At his house he first saw Miss Mordaunt (afterward Mrs. Shipley) cousin of Mrs. Poyntz, and a descendent of an Earl of Peterborough.

† The literary glory of England. With it's more ancient portion the world have recently been made acquainted by the accurate bibliographer, Mr. Dibdin, in his '*Bibliotheca Spenceriana*.'

the desire of the King of Denmark, induced him to undertake the *Life of Nadir Shah* from an Eastern MS. into French. It was only by much importunity however, and particularly by suggesting that his Danish Majesty might be obliged, to the disgrace of this country, to carry his manuscript into France, that the negotiator * gained his point. Unwilling to be thought churlish and morose (says his noble biographer) and eager for reputation, he undertook the work. The task would have been far easier to him, if he had been directed to finish it in Latin; for the acquisition of a French stile was infinitely more tedious, and it was necessary to have every chapter corrected by a native of France, before it could be offered to the discerning eye of the public; since in every language there are certain peculiarities of idiom, and nice shades of meaning, which a foreigner can never attain to perfection.

This ‘most disagreeable task’ (as he himself pronounces it) he achieved within a twelvemonth, though it was not published till 1770. He added to it a *Treatise on Oriental Poetry*, composed in French, a work which no other person in England could then have produced.

As his royal employer had particularly desired that “the whole translation might be perfectly literal, and the Oriental images accurately preserved,” he had been laid under such severe restraint in his version, that he subjoined the *Treatise* to prove what

* Mr. Jones advised the offering of it to Major Dow, who had already distinguished himself by his translation of a Persian history; but that gentleman excused himself, on account of his numerous engagements.

he could have done, had he been left to write according to his own discretion. That he received no other recompence for this tedious undertaking, than forty copies of the work upon large paper (one of them bound with uncommon elegance, for the King himself) beside a diploma constituting him Member of the Royal Society of Copenhagen, and a strong recommendation to the favour of his own Sovereign, appears from his Dedication of the ‘Speeches of Isæus,’ published nearly ten years afterward, in which he takes occasion to pronounce Lord Chancellor Bathurst his only benefactor!*

In the same year, he formed an acquaintance with Reviczki, afterward Imperial Minister at Warsaw, and Ambassador at the Court of England with the title of Count; an accomplished nobleman, strongly attached to Oriental studies, and captivated by the splendid attainments of Mr. Jones. This intimacy gave birth to a long and learned correspondence between them, principally in Latin.†

* In justice, however, to his Danish Majesty it should be observed, that Mr. Jones through a noble friend had informed him, “he neither wished for nor valued money, but was anxious only for some honorary mark of his approbation.”

† In the first published Letter of Jones occur the following passages: “*Permagno enim vinculo conjungi solent ii, qui iisdem utuntur studiis, qui literas humaniores colunt, qui in iisdem curis et cogitationibus evigilant. Studia eadem sequimur, eadem colimus et consecramur. Hoc tamen inter nos interest: nempe tu in literis Asiaticis es quàm doctissimus; ego verò ut in iis doctus sim, nilor, contendo, elaboro. In harum literarum amore non patiar ut me vincas; ita enim incredibiliter illis delector, nihil ut supra possit: equidem pœsi Græcorum jam inde à puero ita delectabar, ut nihil mihi Pindari carminibus clatius, nihil Anacreonte dulcius, nihil Sapphūs, Archilochi, Alcæi, ac Simonidis aureis illis reliquis*

In the ensuing summer he accompanied Lord Althorpe, as tutor, to Harrow, where he had an opportunity of drawing still closer the ties of intimacy with Dr. Sumner.

Of his Letters, written about this period, we subjoin (as a specimen of his epistolary composition) that addressed to Lady Spencer, dated September 7, 1769, which contains an account of his excursion from Oxford to Forest Hill.

“ The necessary trouble of correcting the first printed sheets of my History prevented me to-day from paying a proper respect to the memory of Shakspeare, by attending his Jubilee. But I was resolved to do all the honour in my power to so great a poet; and set out in the morning in company with a friend, to visit a place where Milton spent some part of his life, and where in all probability he composed several of his earliest productions.

“ It is a small village, situated on a pleasant hill about three miles from Oxford, and called Forest

politius aut nitidius esse videretur. At cum pœsin Arabicam et Persicam degustarem, illic exarescere, &c.”

Again he says, in 1768, “ *Si cupis legum nostrarum et consuetudinum pleniorcm habere notitiam, perlegas velim Smithi Librum de Republicâ Anglorum, et Fortescuei Dialogum de Laudibus Legum Angliæ. Primum Latinè, nec ineleganter, scripsit Thomas Smithus, Legatus olim noster in Galliâ sub regno Elizabethæ: alter libellus est, de quo dici potest id, quod de fluvio Telebo âscripsit Xenophon, Μίγας μιν ὁ, καλεῖται δὲ. Auctor fuit Angliæ Cancellarius sub rege Henrico Sexto, et ob turbulenta tempora cum alumno suo Principe Edwardo in Galliam fugit; ubi, cum esset summâ senectute, aureolum hunc Dialogum contexuit.*” He, also, engaged largely in a learned correspondence with H. A. Schultens, Professor of the Oriental languages at Leyden.

Hill, because it formerly lay contiguous to a forest which has since been cut down. The poet chose this place of retirement after his marriage; and he describes the beauties of his retreat, in that fine passage of his ‘L’Allegro:’

Sometime walking, not unseen,
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,

* * * *

While the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o’er the furrow’d land;
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his sithe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,

Whilst the landscape ’round it measures;

Russet lawns and fallows grey,

Where the nibbling flocks do stray;

Mountains, on whose barren breast

The labouring clouds do often rest;

Meadows trim with daisies pied,

Shallow brooks, and rivers wide;

Towers and battlements it sees,

Bosom’d high in tufted trees.

* * * *

Hard by a cottage-chimney smokes,

From betwixt two aged oaks, &c.

“It was neither the proper season of the year, nor the time of the day, to hear all the rural sounds, and see all the objects mentioned in this description: but by a pleasing concurrence of circumstances we were saluted, upon our approach to the village, with the music of the mower and his sithe; we saw the ploughman intent upon his labour, and the milkmaid returning from her country-employment.

“As we ascended the hill, the variety of beautiful objects, the agreeable stillness and natural simplicity.

of the whole scene gave us the greatest pleasure. We at length reached the spot, whence Milton undoubtedly took most of his images. It is on the top of the hill, from which there is a most extensive prospect on all sides: the distant mountains that seemed to support the clouds, the villages and turrets, partly shaded with trees of the finest verdure and partly raised above the groves that surrounded them, the dark plains and meadows of a grayish colour where the sheep were feeding at large—in short, the view of the streams and rivers convinced us, that there was not a single useless or idle word in the above-mentioned description, but that it was a most exact and lively representation of nature. Thus will this fine passage, which has always been admired for its elegance, receive an additional beauty from its exactness. After we had walked, with a kind of poetical enthusiasm, over this enchanted ground, we returned to the village.

“The poet’s house was close to the church: the greatest part of it has been pulled down, and what remains belongs to an adjacent farm. I am informed, that several papers in Milton’s own hand were found by the gentleman, who was last in possession of the estate.* The tradition of his having lived there is

* These, however, it appeared upon a subsequent investigation (by Mickle, the translator of Camoens, about 1769) were either letters to Mr. Powell, or short writings concerning his affairs. Of the letters, one was from the Bishop of Oxford, in 1636, to ‘thank him for the present of a buck;’ and another, about 1644, from the governor of that city (Sir Thomas Glemham) threatening, ‘if he did not thresh out his wheat and bring it to Oxford market, to send his troopers to fetch it.’ But no mention whatever of Milton, or of his wife, was discovered. It may be added,

current among the villagers : one of them showed us a ruinous wall, that made part of his chamber ; and I was much pleased with another, who had forgotten the name of Milton, but recollected him by the title of ‘ the Poet.’

“ It must not be omitted, that the groves near this village are famous for nightingales, which are so elegantly described in the ‘ Penseroso.’ Most of the cottage-windows are overgrown with sweetbriars, vines, and honeysuckles ; and that Milton’s habitation had the same rustic ornament, we may conclude from his description of the lark ‘ bidding him good morrow.’

Through the sweetbriar, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine :

for it is evident, he meant a sort of honeysuckle by the ‘ eglantine,’ though the word is commonly used for the sweetbriar, which he could not mention twice in the same couplet.

“ If ever I pass a month or six weeks at Oxford in the summer, I shall be inclined to hire and repair this venerable mansion, and to make a festival for a circle of friends in honour of Milton, the most perfect scholar as well as the sublimest poet that our country ever produced. Such an honour will be less splendid, but more sincere and respectful, than all the pomp and ceremony on the banks of the Avon.

“ I have the honour, &c.”

About the end of 1769, he again accompanied his noble pupil’s family to the Continent. Upon his

that there is no authority for supposing Milton ever to have had a habitation of his own in this village.

return, determined to commence a new plan of life, with a high spirit of independence and a noble ambition he finally fixed upon the profession of the law, and was admitted of the Temple, September 19, 1770.*

“ I have just begun (he observes, in a letter dated Oxford, June 3, 1771) to contemplate the stately edifice of the laws of England,

‘ The gather’d wisdom of a thousand years,’

if you will allow me to parody a line of Pope. I do not see, why the study of the law is called ‘ dry and unpleasant ;’ and I very much suspect that it seems so to those only, who would think any study unpleasant, which required a great application of the mind and exertion of the memory. I have read most attentively the first two volumes of Blackstone’s

* On this subject he writes to Reviczki, “ *Jam inde à reditu meo in Britanniam permagnâ curarum varietate sum quasi irretitus : circumstant amici, sodales, propinqui ; hortantur ut pœsin et literas Asiaticas aliquantisper in exilium ire jubeam, ut eloquentiæ et juris studio navem operam, ut in fori cancellis spatier, ut uno verbo actor causarum et ambitionis cultor fiam. Equidem iis haud ægrè morem gessi ; etenim solus per forenses occupationes ad primos patriæ meæ honores aperitur aditus. Mirum est, quàm sim φιλοδόξος και φιλοπνεύς. Ecce me adcò oratorem ! Erunt posthac literæ meæ πολιτικώτεραι, et si velit fortuna ut ad capessendam rempublicam aliquando aggrediar, tu mihi eris alter Atticus, tu mihi consiliorum omnium, tu mihi arcanorum particeps. Noli tamen putare me omninò mansuetiores literas negligere : pœmata quædam, patrio sermone scripta, in lucem propediem edere statui ; tragicædiam, ‘ Soliman’ dictam, in theatrum tunc adducam, cùm histriones invenero dignos qui eam agant ; prætercà pœma epicum ingentis argumenti (cui ‘ Britannicis’ nomen) contexere institui ; sed illud sanè còu-que differam donec mihi otii quiddam, cum aliquâ dignitate junctum, concedatur. Intercè bellissimos lego pœtas Persicos ; habeo codicum manuscriptorum lautam copiam, partim à me cœmptam, partim mihi comodatam ; inter eos, complures sunt historici, philosophi, et pœtæ magni apud Persas nominis.”*

Commentaries, and the two others will require much less attention. I am much pleased with the care he takes to quote his authorities in the margin, which not only give a sanction to what he asserts, but point out the sources to which the student may apply for more diffusive knowledge."

While he was a student at law, he wrote what he himself calls 'a little Philippic against an obscure coxcomb.' This was a French letter to one Anquetil du Perron, who had published a 'Life of Zoroaster' with some supposed works of that philosopher, to which he prefixed an idle account of his travels in India and elsewhere, while collecting information upon his subject. Oxford was one of the places, which he visited for this purpose; and he repaid the civilities of his academical hosts by some illiberal and ungrateful reflexions, for which he was severely chastised by Mr. Jones.

In 1772, he published his small volume of 'Poems,' consisting chiefly of translations from the Asiatic languages, together with two Essays; one 'on the Arts commonly called Imitative,' and the other 'on the Poetry of the Eastern nations.*' On the thirtieth of April, in the same year, he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society; and, in 1773, he took the degree of M. A.

In the same year, appeared his English translation of the 'Life of Nadir Shah;' in the preface to which he laments with equal clearness, strength, and dignity that "the profession of literature, by far the most laborious of any, leads to no real benefit or true glory whatsoever. Poetry, science, letters (he

* They were republished, in 1773, with the addition of some very elegant Latin Poems.

adds) when they are not made the sole business of life, may become it's ornament in prosperity, and it's most pleasing consolation in a change of fortune: but if a man addicts himself entirely to learning, and hopes by that either to raise a family or to acquire—what so many wish for, and so few ever attain—an honourable retirement in his declining age, he will find, when it is too late, that he has mistaken his path; that other labours, other studies, are necessary; and that, unless he can assert his own independence in active life, it will avail him little to be favoured by the learned, esteemed by the eminent, or flattered even by kings.” The volume was accompanied by an Introduction, and an Appendix; the former giving a description of Asia after the old geographers, and a short abstract of Persian History (both comprising the quintessence of numerous volumes, scarcely at any price or by any industry to be procured) and the latter containing a critical Essay on the Asiatic poetry, and the history of the Persian language.

The year following, he published his ‘Commentaries on Asiatic Poetry,’ which he had begun in 1766, and finished in 1769, when he was only in his twenty third year! This work was received with great applause by the Oriental scholars of Europe in general, as well as by the learned of his own country.

In January, 1774, he was called to the bar: and having remarked, that the law was a science, which would admit of no participation with the Eastern Muses, he for some years renounced them with the most virtuous and determined inflexibility.*

* Subjoined are the valedictory Iambics, attached to his ‘Limon,’ in which like Blackstone he bade ‘farewell to his

During the Encoenia at this time celebrated he composed a speech, partly in avowed imitation of the celebrated panegyric of Isocrates, with an intention (which, however, he did not execute) of delivering it in the Theatre. It was published ten years afterward, in an appendix to the second edition of his ‘Inquiry into the legal Mode of suppressing Riots,’ and exhibits a striking memorial of independent prin-

darling Muse.’ The wish, with which they conclude, we now know to have been prophetic.

*Vale, Camæna, blanda Cultrix Ingeni,
Virtutis Altrix, Mater Eloquentiæ :
Linquenda alumno est laurus et chelys tuo !
At, O Dearum dulcium dulcissima,
Seu Suada maxis sive Pitho dicier,
A te receptus in tuâ vivam fide :
Mihi sit, oro, non inutilis toga,
Nec indiserta lingua, nec turpis manus !*

IMITATED.

‘ Muse, thou who bidd’st young Genius sweep the shell,
And givest thy daughter Eloquence her spell,
Guardian and Nurse of Virtue, fare thee well. }
No more those smiles thy pupil must inspire :
Sad he resigns the laurel, and the lyre !
But O, of goddesses thou loveliest one,
Persuasion—would’st thou by that name be known—
Once thine profess’d in all sincerity,
Ne’er be I shameless renegade from thee :
Still o’er my pleadings shed thine influence bland,
Still guard this tongue from guile, from guilt this hand !”

F. W.

In November 1774, he writes to G. S. Michaëlis, “ *Quod quaeris, sermone Musas Asiaticas et politiores literas descriuerim, nihil scito esse verius, nec per viginti annos quidquam de his rebus aut scribam aut meditabor. Totus in foro sum, et in juri nostri studio Σπαρταν ελαχον. Tua tamen opera, teque ipsum, vir optime atque humanissime, plurimi semper faciam.*”

ciples and well-cultivated abilities; vindicating learning from the malevolent aspersion of being ruinous to manly spirit, unfavourable to freedom, and introductive to slavish obsequiousness. Part of it is quoted with deserved applause, in the notes to his Spital Sermon, by Dr. Parr: who likewise, in a letter to the all-accomplished author, characterises the ‘Commentaries on Asiatic Poetry’ as full of just and curious observations; equally free from indiscriminate approbation, licentious censure, and excessive refinement; and displaying in the purity, ease, and elegance of the stile an accurate and most perfect knowledge of the Latin tongue. The animation of his language, indeed, proves how near to his heart were, the love of liberty, an enthusiastic veneration for his University, and the memory of learned men who had devoted their talents and labours to the cause of religion, science, and freedom.

Well may we conceive and participate the delight of his fond parent, who with his sister now resided at Oxford, in contemplating his rising reputation. She had found her maternal anxiety repaid in a degree equal to her most sanguine expectations, and her affection rewarded by a full measure of filial gratitude. The progress of the virtues is not always in proportion to literary improvement: for learning, which ought to meliorate the affections and strengthen the principles of duty, has occasionally been known to distort the mind by pride, and to engender arrogance. But, in this instance, every moral principle was promoted and invigorated by his literary attainments. His filial duty is strongly characterised by the testimony of Professor Bjornshal, who visited Oxford

while Mr. Jones resided there, and concludes with expressing the pleasure he feels in "dwelling upon a character, that does such high honour to human nature."


Yet, though thus abundantly sensible of the necessity of devoting himself exclusively to his legal studies, he declined practice. That with such an enthusiastic fondness for Oriental literature, which he had cultivated with equal ardor and success, he could evince so much perseverance in forsaking his favourite pursuit, affords an example of the sacrifice of inclination to duty, of too great importance to be passed without particular observation.

About this period Lord Teignmouth inserts the 'Andrometer,' or Scale of human attainments and enjoyment, which (as he observes) though a mere sketch never intended for publication, affords a striking specimen of the extent of its author's views in the acquisition of intellectual excellence. The preliminary remarks of the illustrious biographer are so essential to the right understanding of the scheme, that I shall insert them without variation.

He assumes seventy years, as the limit of exertion or enjoyment; and with a view of progressive improvement, each year is appropriated to a particular study or occupation. The arrangement of what was to be learned or practised, during this period, admits of a four-fold division: the first, comprising thirty years, is assigned to the acquisition of knowledge, as preparatory to active occupation; the second, of twenty years, is dedicated principally to public and professional employment; of the third, which contains ten years, the first five are allotted to literary

and scientific composition, and the remainder to the continuation of former pursuits; the last ten, constituting the fourth division (which begins with the sixty first year) are devoted to the enjoyment of the fruits of his labours, and the conclusion of the whole is specified to be “a preparation for eternity.”

We are not hence, however, to conclude that this preparation was to be deferred until seventy: it is rather to be considered as the object, to which he was perpetually to look during the whole course of his life, and which was *exclusively* to engross the attention of his latter years. He was too well convinced of the precarious tenure of human existence, to allow himself to rest the momentous concern of his eternal welfare on the fallacious expectation of a protracted existence: he knew, moreover, too well the power of habit to admit a supposition, that it could be effectually resisted or changed at the close of life. Neither are we to suppose that ‘Moral and Religious Lessons,’ which constitute the occupation of the eighth year, are from that period to be discontinued, although they are not afterward mentioned: his meaning probably was, that they should be seriously and regularly inculcated at an age when the intellectual faculties had acquired strength and expansion by preceding exercises. That the order of arrangement in the ‘Andrometer’ could never be strictly adhered to in the application of our time, and the cultivation of our talents, is evident; but to those, who from their situation are enabled to avail themselves of the suggestions which it furnishes, it will supply useful hints for improvement, and serve as a standard of comparison for their progress. With respect to Mr. Jones himself, if his own acquisitions



in his thirtieth year (when he constructed the ‘Andrometer’) be compared with it, they will be found to rise to a higher degree in the scale.”



- | | |
|----|---|
| 70 | — Preparation for eternity.
{ Perfection of earthly happiness. |
| 65 | — Consciousness of a virtuous life.
— Universal respect.
— An amiable family.
— A glorious retirement.
— Fruits of his labours enjoyed. |
| 60 | { Continuation of former pursuits. |
| 55 | { <ul style="list-style-type: none"> — Mathematical works. — Political works. — Philosophical works. — Oratorical works. — Historical works. |
| 50 | — Virtue as a citizen.
— Firmness as a patriot.
— Vigilance as a magistrate.
— Education of his children.
— Government of his family. |
| 45 | — Fine arts patronised.
— Laws enacted and supported.
— Parliamentary affairs.
— Science improved.
— Compositions published. |
| 40 | — The virtuous assisted.
— The learned protected.
— National rights defended.
— Eloquence perfect.
— Civil knowledge mature. |

3 6 9 2

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|----|---|
| 35 | — Exertions in state and parliament.
— Orations published.
— Philosophy resumed at leisure.
— Habits of eloquence improved.
— Private and social virtues.
— Public life.
— Law and eloquence.
— Historical studies continued.
— State-affairs. |
| 25 | — Speeches at the bar, or in parliament.
— Travel and conversation.
— Ancient orators studied.
— Declamations continued.
— Compositions in his own language.
— Philosophy and politics. |
| 20 | — Rhetorical exercises.
— Logic and mathematics.
— History and law.
— Rhetoric and declamation.
— Compositions in verse and prose. |
| 15 | — Translations.
— French and Italian.
— Greek.
— Latin.
— History of his own country. |
| 10 | — Dancing, music, drawing, exercises.
— Natural history and experiments.
— Moral and religious lessons.
— Memory exercised.
— Grammar of his own language.
— Reading and repeating.
— Ideas retained in the memory.
— Letters and spelling.
— Speaking and pronunciation.
— Ideas received through the senses. |

In 1776, he was appointed, by Lord Chancellor Bathurst, a Commissioner of Bankrupts.

In 1777, the circumstance most deserving of record is a letter addressed to Lord Althorpe, in which with the keenest asperity of virtuous indignation he inveighs against the profligacy of sentiment expressed in a note of Diderot's* to Mr. Wilkes, as at once base, foolish, and brutal. His mind, indeed, was never tainted with vice, nor was the morality of his conduct ever impeached. He valued the pleasures of society, and enjoyed them as long as they were innocent; while he detested the principles and practice of the debauchee and sensualist, and like his favourite Hafez could amuse his leisure-hours with poetical compositions in praise of love or beauty, without sacrificing his health, his time, or his virtue.

In 1778, he published a 'Translation of the Speeches of Isæus in Causes concerning the Law of Succession to Property at Athens,' with a prefatory discourse, notes critical and historical, and a commentary. This valuable volume, in which the talents of the scholar, the critic, and the lawyer combine to elucidate a very important part of jurisprudence,

* There were moments however, adds Lord Teignmouth, in which this professed friend and admirer of Voltaire, notwithstanding his avowed impiety, seems to have been compelled by the force of truth to pay homage to the New Testament. An acquaintance found him one day explaining a chapter of it to his daughter, with all the apparent seriousness and energy of a believer. On expressing his surprise, Diderot replied, "I understand your meaning; but, after all, where is it possible to find better lessons for her instruction?" The devils believe, and tremble. It is even said, that previously to his death, he declared an intention of publicly recanting his errors; but the barbarity of his *philosophic* friends, with the view of stifling or of suppressing the *mischievousness* of such an illustrious repentance, removed him secretly into the country for change of air (as they pretended) and never left him until he expired, in July 1784.

may be recommended to universal attention. “There is indeed (as he remarks) no branch of learning, from which a student of the law may receive a more rational pleasure, or which seems more likely to prevent his being disgusted with the dry elements of a very complicated science, than the history of the rules and ordinances by which nations, eminent for wisdom and illustrious in arts, have regulated their civil polity. Nor is this the only fruit, that he may expect to reap from a general knowledge of foreign laws, both ancient and modern: for whilst he indulges the liberal curiosity of a scholar in examining the customs and institutions of men, whose works have yielded him the highest delight and whose actions have raised his admiration, he will feel the satisfaction of a patriot in observing the preference due in most instances to the laws of his own country above those of all other states; or, if his just prospects in life give him hopes of becoming a legislator, he may collect many useful hints for the improvement even of that fabric, which his ancestors have erected with infinite exertions of virtue and genius, but which like all human systems will ever advance nearer to perfection, and ever fall short of it.”

Lest it should be suspected, however, that these classical disquisitions are calculated to intercept the respect due to the more profitable instructions of the special pleader, or the quaint wisdom of the old reporters, the following passage from his commentary on the work in question is inserted to prove the contrary: “I am fully sensible that deep researches into the legal antiquities of Greece and Rome are of greater use to scholars and contemplative persons, than to lawyers and men of business; that Bracton

and Lyttelton, Coke and Rolle, are the proper objects of our study; and that if a client were to ask his counsel, ‘whether he had an estate for life or in tail?’ he would receive little satisfaction from being told that, ‘whatever estate he had, he might devise it by the law of Solon, provided the devisee took his daughter in marriage.’ But the ablest advocates, and the wisest judges, have frequently embellished their arguments with learned allusions to ancient cases: and such allusions, it must be allowed, are often useful, and always ornamental, and when they are introduced without pedantry, never fail to please.”

In this year, likewise, he solicited a Judgeship in India, as appears from the following letter to Lord Althorpe, dated October 13, 1778:—“The disappointment to which you allude, and concerning which you say so many friendly things to me, is not yet certain. My competitor is not yet nominated: many doubt, whether he will be; I think he will not, unless the Chancellor should press it strongly. It is still the opinion and wish of the bar, that I should be the man. I believe the minister hardly knows his own mind. I cannot legally be appointed till January, or next month at soonest, because I am not a barrister of five years standing till that time: now many believe that they keep the place open for me, till I am qualified. I certainly wish to have it, because I wish to have 20,000*l.* in my pocket before I am eight and thirty years old: and then I might contribute in some degree toward the service of my country in parliament, as well as at the bar, without selling my liberty to a patron, as too many of my profession are not ashamed of doing; and I might be a speaker in the House of Commons, in the full vi-

gour and maturity of my age : whereas in the slow career of Westminster Hall, I should not perhaps, even with the best success, acquire the same independent station till the age at which Cicero was killed. But be assured, my dear Lord, that if the minister be offended at the stile in which I have spoken, do speak, and will speak of public affairs, and on that account should refuse to give me the Judgeship, I shall not be at all mortified ; having already a very decent competence, without a debt or a care of any kind."

An interesting era in his life was formed by the year 1780 ; in which his occupations were diversified, his prospects extended, and his hopes invigorated. His views were now more particularly directed to the vacant seat on the bench at Fort-William in Bengal. In this state of suspense (observes Lord Teignmouth), the political events of the times received a more than ordinary share of his attention : he did not, however, enrol himself with any party ; but looking up to the constitution and the liberty of his country, as the objects of his political adoration, he cultivated an extensive acquaintance with men of all parties, and of the first rank and talents, without any sacrifice of principle or opinion. No man had ever more right to apply to himself the character of

Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri.

With respect to the American war, he early adopted sentiments upon it unfavourable to the justice of the British cause ; and this opinion, once formed, would naturally acquire strength from the protraction of the contest, which he lamented with the feelings of a true patriot and friend to humanity. During the course

of the same year, likewise, he aspired to represent the University of Oxford, but was unsuccessful.*

Of this contest, in which he had to oppose the very powerful interest of Sir William Dolben and the liberal adhesion of that University to those whom they have once chosen for their representatives, the issue cannot be regarded as ultimately unfavourable perhaps to Mr. Jones himself; and it certainly was of infinite benefit to many millions of his fellow-creatures, by leaving him at liberty for the Indian Judgeship, which he shortly afterward attained, and which for the honour of representing Oxford in parliament he would assuredly have relinquished.

Part of it's autumn he spent at Paris, whither he had likewise made a short excursion in the preceding summer. Before it's conclusion he lost his mother, in his own filial language 'the best of women.'

The ensuing winter he devoted to the finishing of a work which he published under the title of 'the Moallakat, or Seven Arabian Poems which were suspended on the Temple at Mecca, with a Translation and Arguments.†' The result of his professional

* He published about the same time, a small pamphlet entitled 'An Inquiry into the legal Method of suppressing Riots, with a constitutional Plan of future Defence.' To it's second and subsequent editions, beside the Oxford Oration above-mentioned, was attached 'a Speech on the Nomination of Candidates to represent the County of Middlesex, Sept. 9, 1780;' which however, as there was no debate upon the occasion, was never delivered. But it may be ranked among the most judicious and spirited of his political effusions, and discovers his ardent anxiety to promote the good of his country.

† He also consigned to the care of his brother-in-law, the Dean of St. Asaph, a little tract in manuscript entitled 'The Principles of Government, in a Dialogue between a Scholar and a Peasant,' for the subsequent publication of which the very re-

studies, during the same period, was ‘An Essay on the Law of Bailments.’

Of his professional writings it has been justly remarked that, though small in bulk, they are pregnant with sense and spirit. The learning of Lord Coke could not have produced sounder law; nor could more elegant and copious illustration have flowed from the pen of Cicero. With reference to this ingenious and rational Essay, in particular, the eloquent historian of the ‘Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire’ has said, “It’s author is perhaps the only lawyer, who is at once acquainted with the Year-Books of Westminster, the Commentaries of Ulpian, the Attic Pleadings of Isæus, and the Sentences of Persian and Arabian Cadhis.”

In 1782 he was elected, without solicitation, a member of the society for Constitutional Information.

verend editor incurred a prosecution, at the Shrewsbury assizes August 1784, for a libel! Of this tract, said Mr. Erskine in his defence of it, “every sentence (if the interpretation of words is to be settled, not according to fancy, but by the common rules of language) is to be found in the brightest pages of English literature, and in the most sacred volumes of English laws.” The Treasury (though vehemently pressed) declining to prosecute, an obscure individual brought the matter forward; when the jury gave in their verdict ‘Guilty of publishing only,’ which Mr. Erskine insisted, in opposition to Mr. Justice Buller, should be *literally* recorded. And though a new trial was refused by Earl Mansfield, the defendant was finally and completely discharged from the prosecution by his eloquent advocate’s motion in arrest of judgement; the court unanimously declaring, that ‘no libel was stated on the record.’

The right of juries, however, to give a verdict as well on the libellous tendency of the thing published, as on the fact of the publication, is now unequivocally established by an act of parliament passed in 1792, and well known by the name of ‘Mr. Fox’s Libel Bill.’

From portions of two letters addressed upon this occasion to it's Secretary, the reader will abundantly infer his political creed.

Speaking of the English constitution, he says: 'A form of government, so apparently conducive to the true happiness of the community, must be admired as soon as it is understood; and, if reason and virtue have any influence in human breasts, ought to be preserved by any exertion, and at any hazard. Care must now be taken lest, by reducing the regal power to it's just level, we raise the aristocratical to a dangerous height; since it is from the people, that we can deduce the obligation of our laws and the authority of magistrates.

'On the people depend the welfare, the security, and the permanence of every legal government: in the people must reside all substantial power; and to the people must all those, in whose ability and knowledge we sometimes wisely, often imprudently confide, be always accountable for the due exercise of that power with which they are for a time entrusted.

'If the properties of all good government be considered as duly distributed in the different parts of our limited republic, goodness ought to be the distinguished attribute of the crown, wisdom of the aristocracy, but power and fortitude of the people.'

In the second letter, written for the express purpose of confuting some dangerous doctrine contained in Fielding's Works, concerning the variableness of the constitution of England, he observes: 'Now of all words easy to be comprehended the easiest, in my humble opinion, is the word 'Constitution.' It is the great system of public, in contradiction to private and criminal law; and comprises all those articles, which

Blackstone arranges in his first volume under the ‘Rights of Persons,’ and of which he gives a perspicuous analysis. Whatever then relates to the rights of persons—either absolute rights, or the enjoyment of liberty, security, and property ; or relative, that is, in the public relations of magistrates and people—makes a part of that majestic whole, which we properly call ‘the Constitution.’ Of those magistrates some are subordinate, and some supreme : as the legislative, or Parliament, which ought to consist of delegates from every independent voice in the nation ; and the executive, or King, whose legal rights for the general good are called ‘Prerogative.’ The People are the aggregate body, or the community, and are in an ecclesiastical, civil, military, or maritime state.

‘The constitutional or public law is partly unwritten, and grounded upon immemorial usage, and partly written, or enacted by the legislative power. But the unwritten, or Common, Law contains the true spirit of our constitution. The written has often, most unjustifiably, altered the form of it. The Common Law is the collected wisdom of many centuries, having been used and approved by successive generations ; but the statutes frequently contain the whims of a few leading men, and sometimes of the mere individuals employed to draw them. Lastly, the unwritten law is eminently favourable, and the written generally hostile, to the absolute rights of persons.

‘But though this inestimable law be called ‘unwritten,’ yet the only evidence of it is in writing preserved in the Public Records, judicial, official, and parliamentary, and explained in works of acknowledged authority. Positive acts of the legislature may, indeed, change the form of the constitution :

but as, in the system of private law, the narrowness or rigour of our forensic rules may be enlarged or softened by the interposition of parliament (for our courts of equity are wholly of a different nature) so all legislative provisions, which oppose the spirit of the constitution, may be corrected agreeably to that very spirit by the people or nation at large, who form as it were the high court of appeal in cases of constitutional equity; and their sense must be collected from the petitions which they present, expressed with moderation and respect, yet with all the firmness which their cause justifies, and all the dignity which truly becomes them.'

In the summer of this year he again visited France, with an intention of proceeding thence to America on a professional business: but, this plan being given up, he returned to England through Normandy and Holland.

In his journey through life, says Lord Teignmouth, Mr. Jones seldom overlooked the opportunities of gathering the flowers which chance presented, or of displaying for the entertainment of his friends the store which he had collected. A variety of poetical compositions was produced by him during his circuits, to enliven the intervals of legal labour.*

* Of these a few have been preserved. The following elegant song, the offspring of innocent gayety, written when he was a very young man during one of his first circuits, for the express purpose of being sung at a kind of *fête champêtre* which the barristers held on the banks of the Wye, is inserted for the amusement of the youthful reader.

“ Fair Tivy, how sweet are thy waves gently flowing,
Thy wild oaken woods, and green eglantine bowers;

In the beginning of 1783, he published his ‘ Translation of the Seven Arabian Poems ; ’ a work (he re-

Thy banks with the blush-rose and amaranth glowing,
While friendship and mirth claim these labourless hours !
Yet weak is our vaunt, while something we want,
More sweet than the pleasure which *prospects* can give ;
Come, smile, damsels of Cardigan,
Love can alone make it blissful to live.

“ How sweet is the odour of jasmine and roses,
That Zephyr around us so lavishly flings
Perhaps for Bleanpant * fresh perfume he composes,
Or tidings from Broawith † auspiciously brings ;
Yet weak is our vaunt, while something we want,
More sweet than the pleasure which *odours* can give ;
Come, smile, damsels of Cardigan,
Love can alone make it blissful to live.

“ How sweet was the strain that enliven’d the spirit,
And cheer’d us with numbers so frolic and free !
The poet is absent ; be just to his merit,
Ah ! may he in love be more happy than we :
For weak is our vaunt, while something we want,
More sweet than the pleasure the *Muses* can give ;
Come, smile, damsels of Cardigan,
Love can alone make it blissful to live.

“ How gay is the circle of friends round a table,
Where stately Kilgarran ‡ o’erhangs the brown dale ;
Where none are unwilling, and few are unable,
To sing a wild song or repeat a wild tale !
Yet weak is our vaunt, while something we want,
More sweet than the pleasure that *friendship* can give :
Come, smile, damsels of Cardigan,
Love can alone make it blissful to live.

* The seat of W. Brigstocke, Esq.

† The seat of Thomas Lloyd, Esq.

‡ A ruin of a castle on the banks of the Tivy.

marks) which “ exhibits an exact picture of the virtues and vices of the Arabs in that age, their wisdom and their folly ; and shows what may be constantly expected from men of open hearts and boiling passions, with no law to control and little religion to restrain them.”

The period was now arrived, when Mr. Jones had the happiness to gain the accomplishment of his most anxious wishes. In March 1783, during the administra-

“ No longer then pore over dark gothic pages,
To cull a rude gibberish from Statham or Brooke ;
Leave year-books and parchments to gray-bearded sages,
Be nature, and love, and fair woman our book !
For weak is our vaunt, while something we want,
More sweet than the pleasure that *learning* can give ;
Come, smile, damsels of Cardigan,
Love can alone make it blissful to live.

“ Admit that our labours were crown'd with full measure,
And gold were the fruit of rhetorical flowers ;
That India supplied us with long-hoarded treasure,
That Dynevor,* Slebech,† and Coedsmor ‡ were ours :
Yet weak is our vaunt, while something we want,
More sweet than the pleasure that *riches* can give ;
Come, smile, damsels of Cardigan,
Love can alone make it blissful to live.

“ Or say that preferring fair Thames to fair Tivy,
We gain'd the bright ermine robes purple and red,
And peep'd through long perukes, like owlets through ivy ;
Or say that bright coronets blazed on our head :
Yet weak is our vaunt, while something we want,
More sweet than the pleasure that *honours* can give ;
Come, smile, damsels of Cardigan,
Love can alone make it blissful to live.”

* Seat of Lord Dynevor's near Landilo, in Carmarthen.

† Seat of — Philips, Esq. near Haverford-West.

‡ Seat of Thomas Lloyd, Esq. near Cardigan,

tion of Lord Shelburne, he was appointed * a Judge of the Supreme Court of Judicature at Fort-William, Bengal. On this occasion, the honour of knighthood was conferred upon him; and, in the April following, he married Anna Maria Shipley, the eldest daughter of the Bishop of St. Asaph. In the same month he left his native country, to which he was never to return! On his voyage to India, he sketched out a plan of studies and productions (recorded by Lord Teignmouth) which must appear extravagant even for his stupendous talents and industry.†

* For this long-coveted office, he was indebted to the friendship of Lord Ashburton. By Lord Bathurst's resignation of the seals, his hopes of success in this particular had been considerably diminished; more especially, as his political conduct had not been of a character likely to conciliate ministerial patronage. At last however, to adopt the words of Gibbon, the superiority of his pretensions as 'a lawyer, a scholar, and a man of genius' were acknowledged; and the seat in question, which had been kept vacant for several years, received immortal honour from the appointment of Sir William Jones.

† This is beautifully introduced, in the Introduction to his first Discourse on 'the Institution of the Asiatic Society,' as follows: "When I was at sea last August on my voyage to this country, which I had long and ardently desired to visit, I found one evening, on inspecting the observations of the day, that India lay before us and Persia on our left, whilst a breeze from Arabia blew nearly on our stern. A situation so pleasing in itself, and to me so new, could not fail to awaken a train of reflexions in a mind, which had early been accustomed to contemplate with delight the eventful histories and agreeable fictions of this eastern world. It gave me inexpressible pleasure to find myself in the midst of a noble amphitheatre, almost encircled by the vast regions of Asia, which has ever been esteemed the nurse of science, the inventress of delightful and useful arts, the scene of glorious actions, fertile in the productions of human genius, abounding in natural wonders, and infinitely diversified in the forms of religion

He landed at Calcutta in September 1783, where his fame had preceded him, and was received with general satisfaction. Finding, however, that the field of scientific research in India was too extensive for any individual, he immediately devised the plan of the Asiatic Literary Institution, which met for the first time in January, 1784.

In the capacity of President, he delivered, between the years 1784 and 1794, inclusively, eleven Anniversary Discourses; of which the first may be regarded as preliminary, and the second as general. In the former he had merely opened a distant prospect of the vast career upon which they were about to enter: the latter contains a slight but masterly sketch of the various discoveries in history, science, and art, which might justly be expected from their intended researches. The seven following, from the third to the ninth inclusive, are appropriated to the solution of an important problem; whether the five nations (viz. the Indians, Arabs, Tartars, Persians, and Chinese) who have divided among themselves, as a kind of inheritance, the vast continent of Asia, had a common origin or not; and whether, if they had, that origin was or was not that which is generally ascribed to them. To each of these nations a distinct essay is allotted, for the purpose of ascertaining who they were, whence and when they came, and where they are now settled. The genera' media, through which this extensive investigation is pursued, are—1. Their languages and letters; 2. Their philosophy; 3. The actual remains of their old sculpture and architecture; and, 4. The

and governments, in the laws, manners, customs, and languages, as well as in the features and complexions of men. I could not help remarking, &c. &c.”

written memorials of their sciences and arts. The eighth Discourse is allotted to the Borderers, the Mountaineers, and the Islanders of Asia; and the ninth, on the Origin and Families of Nations, gives the result of the whole inquiry. These are all admirably analysed in a long note by Lord Teignmouth, using as much as possible the language of Sir William Jones himself; and upon the ninth it is concluded, that “if the human race (as may confidently be affirmed) be of one natural species, they must all have proceeded from one pair; and the world, with respect to it's population, in the age of Mahomet, would exhibit the same appearances as were then actually observed upon it. At that period five races of men, peculiarly distinguished for their multitude and extent of dominion, were visible in Asia: but these have been reduced by inquiry to three, because no more can be discovered that essentially differ * in language, religion, manners, and known characteristics. These three races of men, the Hindus, Arabs, and Tartars (if the preceding conclusions be justly drawn) must have migrated originally from a central country, and all the phenomena tend to show that country to be Irân or Persia. It is there only, that the traces of the three primitive languages are discovered in the earliest historical age; and it's position with respect to Arabia, India, and Tartary gives a weight to the conclusion, which it would not have, if either of those countries were assumed as the central region of population. Thus it is proved that the inhabitants of Asia, and consequently of the whole earth, sprang from the three branches of one stem; and that these

* The Chinese and Hindus he concludes to be originally the same people.

branches have shot into their present state of luxuriance, in a period comparatively short, is apparent from a fact universally acknowledged—that we find no certain monument, nor even probable traditions of nations planted, empires and states raised, laws enacted, cities built, navigation improved, commerce encouraged, arts invented, or letters contrived above twelve (or, at most, above fifteen or sixteen) centuries before Christ.

“ Hence it seems to follow, that

1. The only family after the Flood established themselves in the northern part of Irân : that, as they multiplied, they divided into three distinct branches; each retaining little at first, and losing the whole by degress of their common primary language, but agreeing severally on new expressions* for new ideas : that the branch of YAFET was enlarged in many scattered shoots over the North of Europe and Asia, diffusing themselves as far as the Western and Eastern Seas, and at length in the infancy of navigation beyond them both : that they cultivated no liberal arts, and had no use of letters, but

* In the third Discourse, in particular it may be observed, he remarks the wonderful structure of the Sanscrit, “ more perfect than the Greek, more copious than the Latin, and more exquisitely refined than either ; yet bearing to both of them a stronger affinity, both in the roots of verbs and in the form of grammar, than could possibly have been produced by accident, though their common source may perhaps no longer exist. To the Devanagari characters he traces the square ones of Chaldeæ, in which most Hebrew books are copied : and he finds in the deities and doctrines of India not only the gods of old Greece and Italy, with the metaphysics of the Old Academy, the Stoa and the Lyceum, but also the Scythian and Hyperborean dogmas and mythology; and he identifies their Wod, or Odin, with the Budh of India and the Fo of China.

formed a variety of dialects as their tribes were variously ramified : that

2. The children of HAM, who founded in Irán itself the first monarchy of Chaldeans, invented letters, observed and named the luminaries of the firmament, calculated the known Indian period of 432,000 years,* or a hundred and twenty repetitions of the Saros : that they were dispersed at various intervals, and in various colonies, over land and ocean : that the tribes of Misr, Cush, and Rama (names † remaining unchanged in Sanscrit, and highly revered by the Hindus) settled in Africa and India ; while some of them, having improved the art of sailing, passed from Egypt, Phœnicia, and Phrygia into Italy and Greece ; and a swarm from the same hive moved by a northerly course into Scandinavia, and another by the head of the Oxus and through the passes of Imaus into Cashgar and Eighûr, Khata and Khoten, as far as the territories of Chin and Tancut (where letters have been immemorially used, and arts cultivated) ; nor is it unreasonable to believe, that some of them found their way from the eastern isles into Mexico and Peru, where traces were discovered of rude literature and mythology, analogous to those of Egypt and India : that

3. The old Chaldean empire, or Mahabadian dynasty, being overthrown by Cayumers (about eight or nine centuries before Christ) other migrations took place, especially into India ; while the rest of SHEM'S

* Founded apparently, as he elsewhere observes, on an astronomical calculation, purposely disguised by cyphers added or subtracted *ad libitum*. See his Discourse on the 'Chronology of the Hindu.'

† Gen. x. 6, 7.

progeny, some of whom had before settled on the Red Seas, peopled the whole Arabian peninsula, pressing closely on the nations of Syria and Phœnicia: and that

Lastly, From all the three families many adventurers were detached, who settled in distant isles or deserts and mountainous regions: that, on the whole, some colonies might have migrated before the death of Noah, but that states and empires could scarcely have assumed a regular form till fifteen or sixteen hundred years before the Christian epoch; and that for the first thousand years of that period we have no history unmixed with fable, except that of the turbulent and variable, but eminently distinguished nation descended from Abraham."

The tenth Discourse unfolds the particular advantages to be expected from the concurrent researches of the Society in Asia; and among the foremost, actually attained, is justly noticed the strong confirmation of the Mosaic accounts of the Christian world.

The eleventh, and last, delivered only about two months before his death, is on the Philosophy of the Asiatics, and in it's termination is expressed a hope (never, alas! to be realised) that at the beginning of the following year he should 'close these general disquisitions with topics measureless in extent.'

Beside these ingenious and elaborate Discourses, and the Dissertation on Indian Chronology quoted above, he drew up a dissertation specifically on the Literature, and another on the Musical Modes of the Hindus. He also, in an Essay on the Antiquity of the Indian Zodiac, maintained that their division of that astronomical circle was not borrowed from the Greek, or the Arabs; and wrote upon many other curious and interesting Oriental subjects.

He now divided the whole of his time between the laborious duties of his office, and the extension of his oriental knowledge; which he pursued with a degree of application * highly injurious to his health, but at the same time with a speed of progress so wonderful, that nothing but the most decisive proofs could render it credible.

The uniformity, which marked the remaining period of his allotted existence, admits of little variety of delineation. The largest portion of each year was devoted to his professional duties and studies; and all the time, that could be saved from these important avocations, was dedicated to the cultivation of science and literature.† Some periods were chequered by

* "Various are the causes, he observes (in a letter dated October 5, 1786) which oblige me to be an indifferent and slow correspondent: first, illness, which has confined me three months to my couch; next, the discharge of an important duty, which falls peculiarly heavy on the Indian Judges, who are forced to act as justices of the peace in a populous country, where the police is deplorably bad; then the difficult study of Hindu and Mahomedan laws in two copious languages, Sanscrit and Arabic, which studies are inseparably connected with my public duty, and may tend to establish by degrees among ten millions of our black subjects that security of descendable property, a want of which has prevented the people of Asia from improving their agriculture and improvable arts; lastly, I may add (though rather an amusement, than a duty) my pursuit of general literature, which I have here an opportunity of doing from the fountain-head, an opportunity which, if once lost, may never be recovered."

† Sept. 27, 1787. "I can only write in the long vacation, which I generally spend in a delightful cottage, about as far from Calcutta as Oxford is from London, and close to an ancient university of Brahmins, with whom I now converse familiarly in Sanscrit. You would be astonished at the resemblance between that language and both Greek and Latin. Sanscrit and Arabic will enable me to do this country more essential service than the

illness, the consequence of intense application; and others were embittered by the frequent, and severe, indisposition of the partner of his cares and object of his affections.

He at this time meditated an epic poem, on the subject which he had chosen in his twenty second year, ‘the Discovery of England by Brutus.’ He now, also, arranged the scheme of a great national work, more within the compass of his immediate pursuits and qualifications, a complete ‘Digest of Hindu and Mahommedan Laws’ (after the model of Justinian’s Pandects) to be compiled by the most learned of the native lawyers, and accompanied by a literal version into English. A Prospectus of this he laid before Lord Cornwallis; upon whose warm approval, he undertook the amazing labour of superintendence and translation.*

introduction of arts (even if I should be able to introduce them) by procuring an accurate Digest of Hindu and Mahommedan Laws, which the natives hold sacred, and by which both justice and policy require they should be governed.”

* Oct. 15, 1790. “If the whole legislature of Britain were to offer me a different station from that which I now fill, I should most gratefully and respectfully decline it. The character of an ambitious Judge is, in my opinion, very dangerous to public justice; and if I were a sole legislator, it should be enacted that every Judge, as well as every Bishop, should remain for life in the place which he first accepted. This is not the language of a cynic, but of a man who loves his friends, his country, and mankind; who knows the short duration of human life, recollects that he has lived four and forty years, and has learned to be contented. My private life is similar to that, which you remember: seven hours a day, on an average, are occupied by my duties as a magistrate, and one hour by the new Indian Digest; for one hour in the evening, I read aloud to Lady Jones.”

Without the aid of such a work he foresaw, previously to his departure from Europe, the benevolent intentions of Great Britain, in leaving to a certain extent their Eastern dependencies in possession of their own laws, could not be completely fulfilled: and his experience, after a short residence in India, confirmed what his sagacity had anticipated; that, without principles to refer to in a language familiar to the Judges of the Courts, adjudications among the natives must too often be subject to uncertain and erroneous exposition, or to wilful misrepresentation. "Perpetual references to native lawyers," as he himself observed, "must always be inconvenient and precarious, since the solidity of their answers must depend on their integrity as well as their learning; and at best, if they be neither influenced nor ignorant, the court will not in truth *hear and determine* the cause, but merely pronounce judgement on the report of other men." Most tenderly solicitous, indeed, he was to preserve from violation the peculiar laws and the inveterate prejudices of the millions entrusted to his protection, with a view of at once conciliating their affections, and promoting their industry and happiness; and, for this purpose, most anxiously did he scrutinise the forms of adjuration held obligatory by the consciences of Hindu witnesses. *His saltem accumulem donis.*

"My own health (he states, in 1788) by God's blessing, is firm, but my eyes are weak; and I am so intent upon seeing the Digest of Indian Laws completed, that I devote my leisure almost entirely to that object. The Natives are much pleased with the work: but it is only a preliminary to the security,

which I hope to see established among our Asiatic subjects."

Lady Jones, finding her constitution no longer able to endure the climate of India, embarked for England in December 1793. In a letter, written before her departure, he says, "I will follow Lady Jones as soon as I can; possibly at the beginning of 1795, but probably not till the season after that: for although I shall have more than enough to supply all the wants of a man, who would rather have been Cincinnatus with his plough than Lucullus with all his wealth, yet I wish to complete the System of Indian Laws while I remain in India, because I wish to perform whatever I promise with the least possible imperfection; and in so difficult a work doubts might arise, which the Pundits alone could remove."

In the beginning of 1794, he published a work, in which he had been long engaged, 'A Translation of the Ordinances of Menu, comprising the Indian system of Duties, Religious and Civil.' *

Of his religious opinions, the following testimony.

* To the study of the works of Menu, reputed by the Hindus to be the oldest and the holiest of legislators, he had been led by a view to the completing of his Digest; and he found them to comprise a system of religious and civil duties, and of law in all its branches, so comprehensive and minutely exact, that it might be considered as the Institutes of Hindu Jurisprudence. During the same period, deeming no labour excessive or superfluous that tended in any respect to promote the welfare or the happiness of mankind, he gave to the public an English version of the Arabic text of the *Sira jiyah*, or Mahommedan Law of Inheritance, with a Commentary. He had already published in England, in 1782, a translation of a tract on the same subject by another Mahommedan lawyer, containing (as his own words express) 'a lively and elegant epitome of the Law of Inheritance according to Zaid.'

copied from his own manuscript in his Bible, though frequently published, cannot be too often or too emphatically impressed :

“ I have carefully, and regularly, perused these Holy Scriptures ; and am of opinion that the Volume, independently of it's divine origin, contains more sublimity, purer morality, more important history, and finer strains of eloquence than can be collected from all other books, in whatever language they may have been written.”

This opinion is repeated, with little variation, in a Discourse addressed to the Asiatic Society in 1791, where however he adds ; “ The two parts, of which the Scriptures consist, are connected by a chain of compositions which bear no resemblance in form or style to any that can be produced from the stores of Grecian, Indian, Persian, or even Arabian learning. The antiquity of these compositions no man doubts ; and the unstrained application of them to events long subsequent to their publication is a solid ground of belief that they were genuine predictions, and consequently inspired.” Again, in the Discourse of the following year, having for the sake of the argument which he was discussing assumed that ‘ the Mosaic records had no higher authority than any other book of history,’ to avoid the possibility of any perverse misapplication of his sentiments on this awful subject, he subjoins ; “ but the *connexion* of the Mosaic history with that of the Gospel, by a chain of sublime predictions unquestionably ancient and apparently * fulfilled, must induce us to think the Hebrew

* The sense, in which the reasoning requires this term to be understood, is obviously that of ‘ manifestly ;’ a word, which he

narrative more than human in it's origin, and consequently true in every substantial part of it." In the Discourse of 1793, he farther observes, " We cannot surely deem it an inconsiderable advantage, that all our historical researches have confirmed the Mosaic accounts of the primitive world; and our testimony on that subject ought to have the greater weight, because if the result of our observations had been totally different, we should nevertheless have published them—not indeed with equal pleasure, but with equal confidence; for *truth is mighty*, and whatever be it's consequences, *must always prevail*." That he was, indeed, devoted to the investigation and propagation of truth, is proved as well by the spirit of these and many other reflexions (which, though they would naturally occur to a believer in the Scriptures, are not necessarily called for by the subjects under discussion) as by his own elegant couplets, written in Berkeley's Siris : *

‘ Before thy mystic altar, heavenly Truth,
I kneel in manhood, as I knelt in youth.
Thus let me kneel, till this dull form decay,
And life's last shade be brighten'd by thy ray :
Then shall my soul, now lost in clouds below,
Soar without bound, without consuming glow.’

He elsewhere declares, that “ in order to enlighten the minds of the ignorant, and to enforce the obedi-

had previously used, in discussing the same topic. *Apparently*, indeed, in it's vulgar acceptation, seems to imply a less degree of conviction than he actually possessed.

* They are a beautiful version of the last sentence of the Siris, amplified and adapted to himself: “ He, that would make a real progress in knowledge, must dedicate his age as well as youth, the latter growth as well as the first-fruits, at the altar of Truth.”

ence of the perverse, it is evident *à priori* that a revealed religion was necessary in the great system of Providence." Convinced of the supreme importance of the inquiry, he sat down to scrutinise it's evidences without prejudice, and rose from his researches with a conviction which the studies of his subsequent life invigorated and confirmed. The completion of the Prophecies relating to our Saviour had impressed upon his youthful mind the invaluable conclusion, that the language of Isaiah and of the Prophets was inspired; and in this belief, to which fresh proofs were progressively added, he closed his life.

At the risk of appearing to some readers too copious, I must insert Lord Teignmouth's appended remarks. "In matters of eternal concern, the authority of the highest human opinions has no claim to be admitted as a ground of belief; but it may, with the strictest propriety, be opposed to that of men of inferior learning and penetration: and, while the pious derive satisfaction from the perusal of sentiments according with their own, those who doubt or disbelieve should be induced to weigh with candor and impartiality arguments, which have produced conviction in the minds of the best, the wisest, and the most learned of mankind.

"Among such, as have professed a steady belief in the doctrine of Christianity, where shall greater names be found than Bacon and Newton? Of the former, and of Locke, it may be observed, that they were both innovators in science: disdaining to follow the sages of antiquity through the beaten paths of error, they broke through prejudices which had long obstructed the progress of sound knowledge, and laid the foundation of science on solid ground; while the genius of

Newton carried him—*extra flammantia mœnia mundi*. These men to their great praise, and we may hope to their eternal happiness, devoted much of their time to the study of the Scriptures. If the evidence of Revelation had been weak, who were better qualified to expose it's unsoundness? If our national faith were a mere fable, a political superstition, why were minds, which boldly destroyed prejudices in Science, blind to those in Religion? They read, examined, weighed, and believed; and the same vigorous intellect, that dispersed the mists which concealed the temple of human knowledge, was itself illuminated with the radiant truths of Divine Revelation.

“Such authorities, and let me now add to them that of Sir William Jones, are deservedly entitled to great weight. Let those, who superciliously reject them, compare their intellectual powers, their scientific attainments and vigour of application, with those of the men whom I have named! The comparison may, perhaps, lead them to suspect, that their incredulities (to adopt the idea of a profound scholar) may be the result of a little smattering in learning, and great self-conceit; and that by harder study, and a humbled mind, they may regain the religion which they have left.” *

* Elsewhere it appears, that his Christianity more specifically implied resignation to the will of his Maker, and dependence on the merits of his Redeemer: sentiments expressed in the following prayer, which he drew up during his indisposition in September, 1784;

‘O Thou Bestower of all good! if it please thee to continue my easy tasks in this life, grant me strength to perform them as a faithful servant: but if thy wisdom hath willed to end them by this thy visitation, admit me, not weighing my unworthiness, but through thy mercy declared in Christ, into thy heavenly

At length we arrive at the close of this invaluable life. The few months allotted to his existence, after the departure of Lady Jones, were devoted to his usual occupations, and more particularly to the discharge of that duty which alone detained him in India, the completion of the Digest of Hindu and Mahommedan Law.* But neither the consciousness

mansions, that I may continually advance in happiness by advancing in true knowledge and awful love of thee. Thy will be done !'

In his Dissertation likewise on the Gods of Greece, Italy, and Rome, he expressly affirms that 'he cannot help believing *the divinity of the MESSIAH* from the undisputed antiquity and manifest completion of many prophecies (especially, those of Isaiah) in the only person recorded by history, to whom they are applicable.'

As minute circumstances frequently tend to mark and develop character, the following lines are added from a small scrap of paper in his hand-writing :

Sir EDWARD COKE.

Six hours in sleep, in law's grave study six,
Four spend in prayer—the rest on nature fix.

Rather,

Seven hours to law, to soothing slumber seven,
Ten to the world allot—and *all* to heaven.

How high is the gratification of thus witnessing the union of true genius with sincere Christianity! Science without piety (as his noble biographer observes) whatever admiration it may excite, will never be entitled to an equal degree of respect and esteem with the humble knowledge, which *makes us wise unto salvation*.

* After tracing the plan of this great work, he prescribed it's arrangement and mode of execution, and selected from the most learned Hindus and Mahommedans fit persons for the task of compiling it. Flattered by his attention, and encouraged by his applause, the Pundits prosecuted their labours with cheerful zeal to a satisfactory conclusion. The Molavees, also, nearly finished their portion of the work; but it must ever be regretted that the

of acquitting himself of an obligation, which he had voluntarily contracted, nor his incessant assiduity, could fill the vacuity occasioned by the absence of her, whose society had sweetened the toil of study and cheered his hours of relaxation. Their habits were congenial, and their pursuits in some respects similar: his botanical researches were facilitated by the eyes of Lady Jones, and by her talents in drawing; and their evenings were generally passed together, in the perusal of the best modern authors in the different languages of Europe. After her departure, he mixed more in promiscuous society; but his affections were transported with her to his native country.

On the evening of the twentieth of April, or nearly about that date, after prolonging his walk to a late hour, during which he had imprudently remained conversing in an unwholesome situation, he called upon Lord Teignmouth, and complained of aguish symptoms; mentioning his intention to take some medicine, and repeating jocularly an old proverb, that

‘ An ague in the spring
Is a medicine for a King.’

He had no suspicion, at the time, of the real nature of his indisposition, which proved to be a complaint common in Bengal, an inflammation in the liver. The disorder was, however, soon discovered by the penetration of the physician, who after two or three days was called in to his assistance;

promised translation, as well as the meditated preliminary Dissertation, has been frustrated by that decree, which so often intercepts the performance of human purposes.

but it had then advanced too far, to yield to the efficacy of the medicines usually prescribed. The progress of the complaint was uncommonly rapid, and terminated fatally on the twenty seventh of April, 1794. He expired without a pang, or a groan. His bodily sufferings were, it is believed, inconsiderable; and his mind must have derived consolation from those sources, where he had been in the habit of seeking it, and where alone in our last moments it can ever be found.*

* As one proof (out of many, that might be produced) of the estimation in which he was held by the learned natives, I subjoin the translation of a Sanscrit note addressed to him by a venerable Pundit :

“ Trivédî Servorû Sarman, who depends on you alone for support, presents his humble duty with a hundred benedictions.

VERSES.

1. To you there are many like me; yet to me there is none like you, but yourself: there are numerous groves of night-flowers; yet the night-flower sees nothing like the moon, but the moon.

2. A hundred chiefs rule the world; but thou art an ocean, and they are mere wells: many luminaries are awake in the sky; but which of them can be compared to the sun?

Many words are needless to inform those, who know all things. The law-tract of Atri will be delivered by the hand of the footman despatched by your Excellence. Prosperity attend you!”

Well, indeed, might the inhabitants of that populous peninsula exclaim in his own words, “It is happy for us, that this man was born.”

The following lines were written, by the late Duchess of Devonshire, on the death of Sir William Jones :

Unbounded learning, thoughts by genius framed,
To guide the bounteous labours of his pen,
Distinguish'd him, whom kindred sages named
‘The most enlighten'd of the sons of men.’

In the delineation of the characters of men of genius, the difficulty is frequently increased by the

Upright through life, as in his death resign'd,
His actions spoke a pure and ardent breast ;
Faithful to God, and friendly to mankind,
His friends revered him, and his country blest.

Admired and valued in a distant land,
His gentle manners all affection won :
The prostrate Hindu own'd his fostering hand,
And Science mark'd him for her favourite son.

Regret and praise the general voice bestows,
And public sorrows with domestic blend ;
But deeper yet must be the grief of those,
Who while the sage they honour'd, loved the friend."

With respect indeed to his talents in general, it may truly be affirmed, in the very words used by himself to characterise Demosthenes, that he attained a degree of excellence not to be equalled, "until the same habits of industry and solidity of judgement shall be found united, in one person, with the same fire of imagination and energy of language."

To those who, admiring his enthusiastic pursuit of science, have been induced peculiarly to lament that he died in the prime of manhood, it may be observed in consolation, that the loss of such an individual would at any period of life have been justly thought premature; but that, in the great system of the universe, there are doubtless other and superior opportunities for the exertion of that sublime intellect, which it would be folly to suppose bestowed merely for the transient purposes of present existence.

The subjoined epitaph, evidently intended for himself, was written by him only a short time before his decease. It displays at once his resignation to the will of his Creator, his modest dignity of character, and his love and good-will toward all his fellow-creatures :

Here was deposited
the mortal part of a man,
who feared God, but not death ;
and maintained independence,

paucity of materials: in the present case, it is augmented by their multiplicity. The almost incredible extent of Sir William Jones' acquirements demands a stretch of thought to comprehend, much more to describe them. From a paper of his own writing it appears, that he understood something of eight and twenty languages; "eight, critically; eight less perfectly, but intelligible with a dictionary; twelve least perfectly, but all attainable.*

but sought not riches:
 who thought
 none below him, but the base and unjust;
 none above him, but the wise and virtuous:
 who loved
 his parents, kindred, friends, country
 with an ardor,
 which was the chief source of
 all his pleasures and all his pains;
 and who, having devoted
 his life to their service
 and to
 the improvement of his mind,
 resigned it calmly,
 giving glory to his Creator,
 wishing peace on earth,
 and with good-will to all creatures,
 on the [*twenty-seventh*] day of [*April*]
 in the year of our Blessed Redeemer,
 One Thousand Seven Hundred [*and Ninety Four*].

A monument has been erected to his honour in St. Paul's Cathedral.

* The first eight were—the English, Latin, French, Italian, Greek, Arabic, Persian, and Sanscrit: the next eight—the Spanish, Portuguese, German, Runic, Hebrew, Bengali, Hindi, and Turkish: and the last twelve—the Tibetan, Pāli, Pahlavi, Deri, Russian, Syriac, Ethiopic, Coptic, Welsh, Swedish, Dutch, and Chinese!

Another paper, found after his death, may be considered as exhibiting his astonishing Oriental projects in literature.

DESIDERATA.

INDIA.

1. The Ancient Geography of India, &c. from the Puránas.
2. A Botanical Description of Indian Plants from the Coshás, &c.
3. A Grammar of the Sanscrit Language from Pànini, &c.
4. A Dictionary of the Sanscrit Language from thirty two original Vocabularies and Niructi.
5. On the Ancient Music of the Indians.
6. On the Medical Substances of India, and the Indian Art of Medicine.
7. On the Philosophy of the Ancient Indians.
8. A Translation of the Vêda.
9. On Ancient Indian Geometry, Astronomy, and Algebra.
10. A Translation of the Puránas.
11. A Translation of the Mahábharat and Rámáyan.
12. On the Indian Theatre, &c. &c.
13. On the Indian Constellations, with their Mythology, from the Puránas.
14. The History of India before the Mahommedan Conquest, from the Sanscrit Cashmir Histories.

ARABIA.

15. The History of Arabia before Mahommed.
16. A Translation of the Hamása.
17. A Translation of Hariri.
18. A Translation of the Fácalatál Khulafá. Of the Cálíah.

PERSIA.

19. The History of Persia, from authorities in Sanscrit, Arabic, Greek, Turkish, Persian, ancient and modern.
20. The Five Poems of Nizámi, translated in prose.
- A Dictionary of pure Persian—Jehangiri.

CHINA.

21. A Translation of the Shí-cing.
22. The Text of Con-fu-tsu verbally translated.

TARTARY.

23. A History of the Tartar Nations, chiefly of the Moguls and Othmans, from the Turkish and Persian.*

In the Eleven Discourses, which he addressed to the Asiatic Society, on the History Civil and Natural, the Antiquities, Arts, Sciences, Philosophy, and Literature of Asia, and on the Origin and Families of Nations, he has written with a perspicuity which delights and instructs, and in a stile which never ceases to please even where his arguments may not always convince: and it is much to be lamented, that he did not live to revise and improve them in England, with the advantages* of accumulated knowledge and undisturbed leisure.

It cannot be deemed useless or superfluous to inquire, by what arts or method he was enabled to attain this extraordinary degree of knowledge. The faculties of his mind, naturally vigorous, were improved by constant exercise: and his memory,

* We are not authorised to conclude," says Lord Teignmouth (in a Discourse delivered before the Asiatic Society soon after the death of his lamented friend) that he had himself formed a determination to complete the works, which his genius and knowledge had thus sketched. The task seems to require a period beyond the probable duration of any human life: but we, who had the happiness to know Sir William Jones, who were witnesses of his indefatigable perseverance in the pursuit of knowledge, and of his ardor to accomplish whatever he deemed important; who saw the extent of his intellectual powers, his wonderful attainments in literature and sciences, and the facility with which all his compositions were made; cannot doubt, if it had pleased Providence to protract the date of his existence, that he would have ably executed much of what he had so extensively planned." But, to do justice at once to both the writer and his subject, the whole Discourse ought to be transcribed.

through habitual practice, had acquired a capacity of retaining whatever had once been impressed upon it. In his early years, he seems to have commenced his career of study with the conviction, 'that whatever had been attained, was attainable by him;' and it has been remarked, that he never neglected nor overlooked any opportunity of improving his intellectual faculties, or of acquiring esteemed accomplishments.

To an unextinguished ardor for universal knowledge he joined a perseverance in the pursuit of it, which subdued all obstacles. His studies in India began with the dawn; and, during the intermissions of professional duties, were continued throughout the day. Reflexion and meditation confirmed what industry and investigation had accumulated. It was also a fixed principle with him, from which he never voluntarily deviated, not to be deterred by any surmountable difficulties from prosecuting to a successful termination whatever he had once deliberately undertaken.

But what appears more especially to have enabled him to employ himself so much to his own and the public advantage was, the regular allotment of his time to particular occupations, and a scrupulous adherence to the distribution when he had once made it: hence, all his studies were pursued without interruption, or confusion. Neither ought the candor and complacency, with which he gave his attention to all persons of whatever quality, talents, or education, to be omitted. Wherever, in short, information was to be obtained, he invariably sought and seized it with avidity.

Of his benevolence every living creature, which

came within it's wide sphere, largely participated. " Could the figure (to quote his own words), instincts, and qualities of birds, beasts, insects, reptiles, and fish be ascertained, either on the plan of Buffon or on that of Linnæus, without giving pain to the objects of our examination, few studies would afford us more solid instruction or more exquisite delight. But I never could learn by what right, nor conceive with what feelings, a naturalist can occasion the misery of an innocent bird, and leave it's young perhaps to perish in a cold nest, because it has gay plumage and has never been accurately delineated; or deprive even a butterfly of it's natural enjoyments, because it has the misfortune to be rare or beautiful: nor shall I ever forget the couplet of Ferdusi, for which Sadi, who cites it with applause, pours blessings on his departed spirit;

Ah! spare you cornet, rich in hoarded grain:
He lives with pleasure, and he dies with pain.

This may be only a confession of weakness, and it certainly is not meant as a boast of peculiar sensibility: but whatever name may be given to my opinion, it has such an effect on my conduct that I never would suffer the *cocila*, whose wild native wood-notes announce the approach of spring, to be caught in my garden for the sake of comparing it with Buffon's description; though I have often examined the domestic and engaging *mayana*, which ' bids us good-morrow ' at our windows and expects as it's reward little more than security. Even when a fine young *manis* or *pangolin* was brought to me against my wish from the mountains, I solicited his restoration to his beloved rocks, because I found it

impossible to preserve him in comfort at a distance from them."

To the ability and conscientious integrity, with which he discharged the functions of a magistrate and the duties of a Judge, the public voice and public regret bore ample and most merited testimony. The same penetration, which marked his scientific researches, distinguished his legal investigations and decisions: and he deemed no inquiries burthensome, which had for their object substantial justice under the rule of law. His addresses to the Jurors are not less distinguished for philanthropy and liberality of sentiment, than for just expositions of that law, for perspicuity, and elegance of diction; and his oratory was as captivating, as his arguments were convincing.

In private life, his manners were most affable, and his deportment in the highest degree modest and unassuming. Totally free from pedantry of all kinds, as well as from that arrogance and self-sufficiency which occasionally accompany and disgrace the greatest abilities, he delighted every society by his presence, and exhilarated and improved it by his conversation.

As a poet, he is rather to be considered for his translations, than for original composition: but the tasks he undertook, he executed with uncommon spirit and splendor; and they were such as would have confounded one of less brilliant endowments by their "excess of light."

Of his powers in the composition of Hebrew and Arabic Verse his 'Commentaries on Asiatic poetry' contain specimens, as also of his talent in imitating Anacreon, Theocritus, the Greek ele-

giasts, and the Roman Catullus, Tibullus, Phædrus, Virgil, and Horace. The ‘Limon’ likewise, which in the collection of his works is printed in the same volume with his ‘Commentaries,’ exhibits the Soliloquy of Henry IV. in Æschylean, of Cato in Sophoclean, and of Hamlet in Euripidean Iambics; beside translations from the Adelphi of Terence and Shakspeare’s Seven Ages in the metres of Aristophanes, and various other admirable imitations of ancient poetry. Of these shall only be inserted his elegiac Version of an Arabic pastoral by Ebno’l Faredh,* which it is subsequently attempted to convey to the English reader in Jonesian verse.

*FULGUR an è densâ vibratum nube coruscat,
 An roseas nudat Leila pudica genas?
 Bacciferumne celer frutictum devorat ignis,
 Siderea an Solimæ lumina dulcè micant?
 Nardus an Hageri, an spirant violaria Meccæ,
 Suavis odoriferis an venit Azza comis?
 [Quàm juvat, ah! patrios memori tenuisse recessus
 Mente, per ignotos dum vagor exul agros!]
 Falle sub umbrosâ, pallens ubi luget amator,
 Num colit assuetos mollis amica lares?
 Jamne cident raucum præjuncta tonitrua murmur
 Montibus, effusus quos rigat imber aquæ?
 An tua, dum fundit primum lux alma ruborem,
 Lympha, Azibe, meam pellet ut antè sitim?
 Quot mea felices vidistis gaudia, campi,
 Gaudia, væ! miscro non renovanda mihi!
 Equis apud Nagedi lucos, aut pascua Tudeæ,
 Pastor amatorum spesque metusque canit?
 Equis ait, gelidâ Salæ dum valle recumbit,
 “Heu! quid Cademeo in monte sodalis agit!”*

* The seventh and eighth lines are not found in the Arabic; and the equivalents of the four English couplets printed in Italics he has omitted.

Num gracilis rident hyemalia frigora myrti?
Num viret in solitis lotos amata locis?
Num vernant humiles in aprico colle myricæ?
Ne malus has oculus, ne mala lædat hyenis?
An mea Alegiades, dulcissima turba, puellæ
Curant, an Zephyris irrita vota dabunt?
An viridem saliunt, nullo venante, per hortum
Himuleique cili, capreolique leves?
Visamne umbriferos, loca dilectissima, saltus,
Ducit ubi facilem læta Noama chorum?
Num Daregi ripas patulâ tegit arbutus umbrâ—
Ah! quoties lacrymis humida facta meis?
Grata quis antra colit, nobis absentibus, Amri:
Antra, puellarum quàm benè nota gregi?
 * * * * *
Forsan amatores Meccanâ in valle reductos
Absentis Solimæ commemorasse juvat!
Tempus erit, lexibus quo pervigilata cachinni.
Nox dabit unanimi gaudia plena choro;
Quo dulces juvenum spirabit cœtus amores,
Et lætos avidâ combibet unæ sonos.

IMITATED.

Bursts from yon valley's side the lightning's gleam,
 Or breaks from *Leila's* cheek unveil'd the beam?
 Flames the bright fire in *Gadha's* spicy grove,
 Or darts young *Solima* her glance of love?
Khozam's nard, or *Mecca's* violets bloom,
 Or *Azza's* sighs th' ambrosial breeze perfume!

O say, still dwells she in that lonely vale,
 Where her sad lover told the stars his tale?
 Grooms the dark cloud o'er steep *Lalao's* brow?
 Down his glad side do showers refreshing flow?
 And shall I e'er, as once kind Fortune gave,
 With morn's first blush quaff *Azib's* cooling wave?
 Swells still midst *Argan's* sands the knoll of green,
 And shall I hail once more the happy scene;
 Once more on pastoral pipe, in *Naid's* grove,
 Carol the simple notes of rural love?

On *Salai's* slope does some dear comrade say,
 "Where now does *Kadhem's* love-lorn wanderer stray?"

Still sheds the myrtle bough it's silvery shower?
 Still glows the peach in *Hegia's* blushing bower?
 Scathed in it's growth by no malignant eye,
 Blooms yet the tamarisk's humble progeny?
 And true, or false—if false so fair can be—
 Are *Alija's* soft train to love and me?
 In lightsome gambols fearless bounds the fawn,
 Cropping by turns and coursing o'er the lawn?
 And will some maid, who knows the dear retreat,
 Conduct me to *Noama's* vernal seat?
 Spreads *Dharija's* wild lotus still it's shade—
 Ah! lotus, by my tears luxuriant made?
 Is *Ameri's* vale still haunted by the swain,
 And shall I trace it's verdant glades again?
 In *Mecca's* dome do youthful Arabs bow?—
 Arabs, whose gifts awake my heart's warm glow?
 Dismounted, bend *Chaldæa's* horseman race?
 Finds in the tent Mahommed's tome it's place?
 Frisks the young camel in her pilgrim track,
 And shakes the ivory castle on her back?
 The well-remembered stone does *Azza* bless,
 And with soft palm our love's pure altar press?
 Haply my friends, in *Mecca's* pleasant bower,
 To absent Soliman devote the hour—
 Return, return, ye moments of delight,
 The evening revel and the rapturous night;
 When Love shall breathe around his amorous strain,
 And these light numbers sooth the listening swain!

F. W.

Of the various poetical tributes to his memory the Compiler of this brief biographical sketch may be excused for inserting two, the first from Mr. Grant's, and the second from his own, Verses on 'The Restoration of Learning in the East,' without intending any second competition.

"Accomplish'd JONES! whose hand to every art
 Could unknown charms and nameless grace impart.
 His was the soul by fear nor interest sway'd,
 The purest passions and the wisest head:

The heart so tender and the wit so true,
 Yet this no malice, that no weakness knew;
 The song to Virtue as the Muses dear,
 Though glowing chaste, and lovely though severe,
 What gorgeous trophies crown his youthful bloom,
 The spoils august of Athens and of Rome!
 And lo! untouch'd by British views before,
 Yet nobler trophies wait on Asia's shore:
 There, at his magic voice, what wonders rise!
 Th' astonish'd East unfolds her mysteries:
 Round her dark shrines a sudden blaze he showers,
 And all unveil'd the proud Pantheon towers.
 Where, half-unheard, Time's formless billows glide,
 Alone he stems the dim-discover'd tide.
 Wide o'er th' expanse as darts his radiant sight,
 At once the vanish'd ages roll in light.
 Old India's Genius, bursting from repose,
 Bids all his tombs their mighty dead disclose;
 Immortal names! though long immersed in shade,
 Long lost to song, yet destined not to fade.
 O'er all, the master of the spell presides,
 Their march arranges, and their order guides;
 Bids here or there their ranks or gleam, or blaze,
 With hues of elder or of later days.
 See where in British robes sage Menu shines,
 And willing Science opes her Sanscrit mines!
 His are the triumphs of her ancient lyres,
 Her tragic sorrows and her epic fires;
 Her earliest arts, and learning's sacred store,
 And strains sublime of philosophic lore:
 Bright in his view their gather'd pomp appears,
 The treasured wisdom of a thousand years.
 Oh! could my verse in characters of day
 The living colours of thy mind portray,
 And on the sceptic 'midst his impious dreams
 Flash all the brightness of their living beams:
 Then should he know how talents various, bright,
 With pure Devotion's holy thoughts unite;
 And blush (if yet a blush survive) to see
 What genius, honour, virtue ought to be.
 . Philosopher, yet to no system tied;
 . Patriot, yet friend to all the world beside;

Ardent with temper, and with judgement bold,
 Firm though not stern, and though correct not cold;
 Profound to reason, and to charm us gay;
 Learn'd without pride, and not too wise to pray."

——" JONES, high-gifted to fulfil her plan;
 The friend of learning, freedom, truth, and man.
 His were the stores of letter'd time, comprest
 The mind of ages in a single breast;
 The glance to catch, the patience to inquire,
 The sage's temper and the poet's fire.
 In him the wealth of Greece and Latium shone,
 Their Themis, Clio, Erato his own;
 And his, reveal'd in all their dazzling hues,
 The luscious charms of Asia's florid Muse.
 With her o'er Schiraz' roseate plain he roved,
 Where Hafiz revell'd, and where Sadi loved;
 On Rocnabad's green maze delighted stray'd,
 Heard her soft lute in Mosellay's sweet shade:
 Then pierced the mazy depths of Sanscrit lore;
 While Brahmins own'd a light unseen before,
 Bow'd to their master-pupil, and confest
 With humbled brow the genius of the West.

But nobler cares are his: for human kind
 He plies his restless energies of mind.
 Strung by that orb, beneath whose flaming ray
 Inferior natures crumble to decay,
 With growing speed he presses to the goal,
 And his fleet axles kindle as they roll.

'Twas his to bid admiring India see
 In Law, pure reason's ripen'd progeny:
 Law, which in heaven and earth holds sovereign sway,
 Whose rule the bad endure, the good obey;
 Whose giant grasp o'er whirling spheres extends,
 Whose tender hand the insect-speck befriends;
 Her voice, of quiring worlds th' harmonious mode,
 And her high throne the bosom of her God.

Ah! short the blessing: of ethereal fire
 One vivid burst, to lighten and expire!
 In vain the Christian crown'd the learned name,
 And boundless knowledge form'd his meaner fame:
 He falls.——

It has been observed, that this eminent man employed his faculties rather in acquiring and arranging his materials, than in building structures of his own with them. Perhaps, wonderful as they were, they were best adapted to that purpose. Be that as it may, we ought not to regret the mode, in which he applied them: he now stands the first of his order, and that a very high order, and on this account deserves one of the most conspicuous places in the temple of Fame.*

* To adopt his own criterion of moral elevation, as stated in the Proem to his 'Commentaries on Asiatic Poetry'—who, if we look at what he not only meditated but accomplished with respect to the melioration of the condition of sixty or seventy millions of our Eastern subjects, shall stand higher than Sir William Jones? *Si enim quæritur, æquis hominum sit maximus? "Ille (inquam) qui optimus:" si rursus interroget, Quis optimus hominum sit? respondeam," Is, qui de humano genere sit optimè meritis.* The deep regret, which he expresses in the paragraph, immediately following, at the prospect of leaving his 'most beloved academic bowers,' will excite congenial feelings in every bosom, which has throbbed under similar circumstances with the joint impulses of youthful friendship and of honourable ambition.

VISCOUNT NELSON.*

[1758—1805.]

OF great statesmen recently deceased it is not, in many instances, practicable to give a detailed and faithful account. Their private history cannot be laid open without deeper injury to individual feelings, than the public has any right for the mere gratification of its curiosity to inflict: and of the national transactions, in which they may have been engaged, their views and projects cannot perhaps be exposed with certainty or with prudence; while it would imply little less than a spirit of vaticination, to predict their distant and collateral consequences without mistake. But to statesmen this delicacy may, usually, be confined: the eulogium of warriors, whether we regard the consolation of their surviving relatives, or (what they themselves may be supposed to have had ever in view) the public good, cannot too speedily follow their decease.

The best eulogium of Horatio Viscount Nelson is the history of his actions; the best history of his actions, that which shall relate them most perspicuously. He was born September 29, 1758, in the parsonage-house

* AUTHORITY. *Quarterly Review*, and the various biographies of Viscount Nelson.

of Burnham Thorpe, Norfolk ; of which parish Edmund, his father, was rector : his mother was descended from the Walpole family. He was first sent to the High School at Norwich, then to North Walsham. During the Christmas holidays of the year 1770, he read in the newspaper that his mother's brother, Capt. Maurice Suckling, was appointed to the *Raisonnable* of 64 guns. Young as he was, he knew that eight children were a heavier burthen than his father's income could well support, and he had often expressed a wish to remove his part of the weight. It was the thought of providing for himself, which now actuated him. " Do, brother William," said he, " write to my father, and tell him I should like to go to sea with my uncle Maurice." Mr. Nelson, who was then at Bath, understood the generous nature of the boy's feelings, but did not oppose his resolution. Accordingly, he wrote to his brother-in-law. Captain Suckling had promised to provide for one of the children in his own profession ; but this was not the one, whom he would have chosen, because of the delicacy of his constitution. " What," said he, in his answer, " has poor Horace done, who is so weak, that he above all the rest should be sent to rough it out at sea ? But let him come ; and the first time we go into action, a cannon-ball may knock off his head, and provide for him at once." Yet Horace had already given such indications of a noble spirit, that had the uncle known them, he would have perceived the boy was choosing the course, in which his heart and temper qualified him to run a glorious career.

In the spring of 1771, his father sent him to join the ship, then lying in the Medway. At the end of

the journey, he was put down with the other passengers, and left to find his way as he could. After wandering about in the cold, he was at last observed by an officer, who asked him a few questions, and happening to know his uncle, took him home and gave him some refreshments. When he got on board, Captain Suckling had not joined, and he paced the deck the remainder of the day without being noticed by any one. The pain, which is felt when we are first transplanted from our native soil, is one of the most poignant that we have to endure through life. There are after-griefs, which leave behind them deeper scars, bruising the spirit and sometimes breaking the heart: but never do we feel so poignantly the want of love, the necessity of being loved, the sense of utter desertion, as when we first quit the haven of home, and are as it were pushed off upon the stream of life. Added to this, the sea-boy has to encounter physical hardships, and the privation of almost every comfort, even of sleep. Nelson had a feeble body, and an affectionate heart; and he remembered, through life, his first days of wretchedness in the service.

The *Raisonné* did not remain long in commission. The dispute with Spain respecting the Falkland Islands being adjusted, she was paid off, and Captain Suckling was appointed to a guard-ship in the Medway. This he considered as too inactive a life for his nephew; and he, therefore, sent him in a merchant-vessel to the West Indies, under a Mr. Rathbone, who had formerly been master's mate with him in the *Dreadnought*. "I came back," observed Nelson, "a practical seaman, with a horror of the Royal Navy, and with a saying then constant among the sea-

men, ‘aft the most honour, forward the better man.’” So strongly was he possessed with this prejudice, that when upon his return Captain Suckling received him on board, it was many weeks before he was in the least reconciled to a man of war. His uncle, who seems to have rightly appreciated the boy’s character, held out to him as his reward, that ‘if he attended well to navigation, he should go in the cutter and decked long-boat, which was attached to the commanding officer’s ship:’ and thus he became confident of himself, as a pilot, among rocks and sands, which was ‘afterward of great comfort to him.’


In the ensuing year, an expedition of discovery toward the North Pole was despatched under Captain Phipps, in consequence of an application from the Royal Society; and though, on account of the severity of the service, effective men were entered instead of the usual number of boys, Horatio used all his influence to be permitted to go with Captain Lutwidge in the *Carcass* as his cockswain. One night, when the ice was all around them, the young cockswain, and a shipmate of his own standing stole from the vessel to hunt a bear. It was not long, before they were missed: a thick fog had come on, and their Captain became exceedingly anxious for their safety. Between three and four in the morning the mist cleared off, and they were seen at a considerable distance in pursuit of their game. The signal was made for their return, but Nelson was too intent upon his object to obey it. A chasm in the ice luckily separated him from the beast: his musket flashed in the pan. “Never mind,” said he, “do but let me get a blow at this devil with the butt-end, and we shall have him.” A gun from the ship terrified the

animal, and Nelson was obliged to come back disappointed, and expecting a reprimand. Lutwidge reproved him somewhat sternly, and asked him, "What reason he could have for hunting a bear?" "Sir," he replied, pouting his lip, as he was wont to do when agitated, "I wished to get the skin for my father."

The situation of the ships had now become so alarming, that Captain Phipps thought it necessary to prepare the boat, for going away. They were accordingly hoisted out, and hauled over the ice, and Nelson had the command of a four-oared cutter with twelve men: this was at his own solicitation, and he prided himself in fancying that he could navigate her better than any other boat in the ship.

Soon after his return, his uncle recommended him to Captain Farmer of the *Sea-Horse*, 20 guns, then going out to India in the squadron under Sir Edward Hughes. He was stationed in the foretop at watch and watch. The master (subsequently Captain Surridge) quickly perceiving how anxious he was to make himself acquainted with the minutest part of a seaman's duty, he was placed on the quarter-deck, and rated as midshipman. The service, which he went through, had strengthened his constitution; his countenance at this time was florid, and he seemed rather stout and athletic: but in India he caught one of the malignant diseases of that climate, so fatal to European habits, which totally deprived him for a time of the use of his limbs, and nearly brought him to the grave. In consequence of this, he returned to Europe with Captain Pigot in the *Dolphin* in 1776, in so perilous a state of weakness, that he attributed the preservation of his life to that

officer's kind attentions. During the voyage, his mind was heavily depressed. He had formed an acquaintance with the present Sir Charles Pole, Sir Thomas Troubridge, and other distinguished officers, then like himself beginning their career; and while they were pursuing it in full enjoyment of health and hope, he was returning with a body broken down by sickness, and spirits that had sunk with his strength. Long afterward, when the fame of Nelson was known as widely as that of England itself, he spoke of what he at that time endured: "I felt impressed," said he, "with an idea, that I should never rise in my profession. My mind was staggered with a view of the difficulties I had to surmount, and the little interest I possessed. I could discover no means of reaching the object of my ambition. After a long and gloomy reverie, in which I almost wished myself overboard, a sudden glow of patriotism was kindled within me, and presented my King and Country as my patrons. 'Well then,' I exclaimed, 'I will be a hero, and confiding in Providence, I will brave every danger.'" From that hour, as he often declared to Captain Hardy, a 'radiant orb was suspended before his mind's eye, which urged him onward to renown.' No person has ever looked to the attainment of any great object without experiencing similar fluctuations. Nelson spoke of these aspirations of his youth, as if they had in them a character of divinity; as if 'the light, which led him on, was light from heaven.' His previous fits of dejection, indeed, were altogether causeless. His prospects were fair, and his progress almost as rapid as it could have been. When he reached England, he found his uncle Comptroller of the Navy, and was immediately appointed to act as



fourth lieutenant of the Worcester, 64 guns, Captain Mark Robinson, then on the point of sailing to Gibraltar. His age might have been a sufficient cause for not entrusting him with the charge of a watch; yet the Captain used to say, 'he felt as easy when Nelson was upon deck, as any other officer in the ship.' He passed his examination, April 8, 1777; * and on the following day received his commission as Second Lieutenant of the Lowestoffe frigate, Captain William Locker, then fitting out for Jamaica. After a year's active service, he was removed to the Bristol, the flag-ship of Sir Peter Parker, to whom Captain Locker had warmly recommended him. Lord Collingwood, who took the command so many years afterward upon his glorious death at Trafalgar, succeeded him in the Lowestoffe, and again in the flag-ship, when he was made Commander into the Badger brig at the age of one and twenty. Six months afterward, he acquired the last step, being made post into the Hinchinbrook, 28 guns.

A plan had been formed by General Dalling, and approved by the government at home, for taking Fort San Juan upon the river of that name, which flows from Lake Nicaragua into the Atlantic. The force appointed for this expedition, amounting to about 500 men, were conveyed by Nelson from Jamaica to the Spanish main; and here his services

* Captain Suckling sat at the head of the table, and when it had ended in a manner highly honourable to the young aspirant, introduced him as his nephew. The examining Captains expressed their surprise, that 'he had not told them of this relationship before.' "No," replied the Comptroller, "I did not wish the youngster to be favoured. I felt convinced, that he would pass a good examination, and you see I have not been disappointed."

were to have ended. But no one of the party had ever been up the river San Juan; he therefore manned the Mosquito-shore craft, and two of the Hinchinbrook's boats, and resolved to carry them up himself. Of all the services, in which he had been engaged, this was the most perilous. It was the latter end of the dry season: the river was low, full of shoals and sandy beaches; and the men were often obliged to quit the boats, and drag them through shallow channels, which the Indians went before them to explore. This labour, and that of forcing their way up the rapids, was chiefly sustained by the sailors; men accustomed at all times to rely upon their own exertions, and at all times sure to do their duty. Seven or eight hours during the day they were exposed to a burning sun, rendered more intolerable by being reflected from dry shoals of white sand; at night, they suffered equally from heavy dews. On the ninth of April they arrived at a small island called St. Bartholomew, which commanded the river in a difficult part, and was defended by a battery mounting nine or ten swivels. Nelson according to his own phrase, best expressive of a seaman's feeling, resolved to 'board' this out-post. Putting himself at the head of a few sailors, he leaped upon the beach. Captain Despard* gallantly supported him, and they stormed the battery. Two days afterward, they came in sight of the castle of San Juan, and began to besiege it on the thirteenth: it surrendered on the twenty fourth. Before that time, the bad weather had set in. Sailors, soldiers, and Indians sunk alike under it; the latter from unwonted exertions, the Europeans from the

* Subsequently, so unhappily noted

deadly effects of a climate allotted by the distribution of nature to a race of different colour. All, that victory procured them, was a cessation from toil: no supplies were found, and the castle itself was worse than a prison. The hovels, used as an hospital, were surrounded with putrescent hides; and when orders were obtained from the Commander in Chief to build one, the sickness had become so general, that there were no hands to work at it. The rains continued, with few intervals, from April till October, when they abandoned their baneful conquest. Of 1800 men, who had been sent to different posts upon this ill-fated scheme, only 380 returned. Nelson narrowly escaped. His advice had been, to 'carry the castle by assault,' instead of which eleven days were spent in the formalities of a siege: he returned to Bluefield a day before its surrender, exhausted with fatigue, and suffering under a dysentery. There he received an appointment to the *Janus* of 44 guns, vacant by the death of Captain Clever.* This providential promotion removed him from the fatal station just in time: he reached Jamaica so much enfeebled by sickness, that he was carried ashore in his cot. The careful attendance of a good old negress, and afterward of Sir Peter Parker, saved his life; but his health had suffered so severely, that he was quickly compelled to return to England.

Not long after his recovery, he was appointed to the *Albemarle*, 28 guns, and sent to the North Seas. During this voyage, he gained a considerable knowledge of the Danish coast and its soundings; knowledge, which at the celebrated battle of Copenha-

* Son to the author of '*Leonidas*.'

gen, proved of great importance to his country. On his return, he was ordered to Quebec. Here he became acquainted with Mr. Alexander Davison, who saved him from an imprudent marriage. Nelson was about to quit the station, had taken leave of his friends, and fallen down the river to the place where men of war usually anchor: yet, the next morning, as Mr. Davison was walking on the beach, he saw him coming back in his boat. 'He could not,' he said, 'leave Quebec without offering himself and his fortune to the woman whom he loved.' Davison told him, 'his utter ruin, situated as he was, must inevitably follow.' "Then let it follow," was his reply; "for I am resolved to do it." His friend, however, was equally resolute, that he should not; and after some dispute Nelson, with no very good grace, suffered himself to be led back to his boat.*

Peace was now concluded, and the Albemarle returned to England, and was paid off. Nelson took this opportunity to pass a few months in France: he

* Shortly after this, he became acquainted with Prince William Henry, the present Duke of Clarence, then serving as Midshipman in the *Barfleur* under Lord Hood. "I had the watch on deck," said his Royal Highness, "when Captain Nelson came in his barge along-side, who appeared to be the merest boy of a captain I ever beheld; and his dress was worthy of attention. He had on a full-laced uniform: his lank unpowdered hair was tied in a stiff Hessian tail of an extraordinary length: the old-fashioned flaps of his waistcoat added to the general quaintness of his figure, and produced an appearance which particularly attracted my notice; for I had never seen any thing like it before, nor could I imagine who he was, or what he came about. There was a something, however, irresistibly pleasing in his address and conversation; and an enthusiasm, when speaking on professional subjects, which showed that he was no common being."

was then appointed to the *Boreas*, 28 guns, going to the Leeward Islands as a cruiser on the peace-establishment. While the vessel was at anchor in Nevis Road, a French frigate passed to leeward close along shore. Nelson had received information, that 'this frigate was sent from Martinico for the purpose of making a survey of our West India islands.' This he determined to prevent. Accordingly, he followed her to St. Eustatia; and being invited by the Dutch governor to meet the French officers at dinner, he seized an occasion of assuring the Captain, that 'understanding it was his intention to honour the British possessions with a visit, he meant to accompany him, in order that such attention might be paid to him, as every Englishman in the island would be proud to show!' The French, with equal courtesy, protested against 'giving him this trouble;' but Nelson with the utmost politeness insisted upon paying them the compliment, followed them close in spite of all their attempts to elude his vigilance, and never lost sight of them; till finding it impossible either to deceive or to escape him, they abandoned their intention in despair, and beat up for Martinico.

The Americans at this time, taking advantage of the registers of the vessels issued while they were British subjects, carried on a great trade with our West India islands. Nelson, knowing that this was in direct breach of the Navigation Act, resolved to put an end to it. "If once," said he, "the Americans are admitted to any kind of intercourse with these islands, the views of the loyalists in settling Nova Scotia are entirely done away; and, when we are again embroiled in a French war, the Americans will first become the carriers of these colonies, and

finally gain possession of them." The Commander in Chief was disposed to gratify the planters by winking at this illicit trade. The Governor of the Leeward Islands, Sir Thomas Shirley, when Nelson addressed him upon the subject, told him that 'old Generals were not in the habit of taking advice from young gentlemen.' Resolved to do his duty however, the 'young gentleman' ordered all American vessels to 'quit the islands in eight and forty hours;' declaring that 'if they refused, or presumed to land their cargoes, he would seize them.' The Americans resisted these orders. The planters were, to a man, against him. The Governors and Presidents of the islands gave him no support; and the Admiral was, at first, afraid to act on either side. Yet after a while he issued an order, requiring the officers under his command 'not to hinder the Americans from having free ingress and egress, if the Governor chose to allow them.' General Shirley and others sent him letters, little different from orders in their stile. "These persons," says he, "I soon trimmed up, and silenced. Sir Richard Hughes' was a more delicate business. I must either disobey my orders, or disobey acts of parliament. I determined upon the former, trusting to the uprightness of my intentions, and believing that my country would not allow me to be ruined by protecting her commerce." Accordingly, in a letter to the Admiral, he respectfully told him, he should 'decline obeying his orders, till he had an opportunity of seeing and talking to him.' For this Sir Richard, in his first feeling of irritation, was about to supersede him; but on previously consulting his Captain, he found that all the squadron were of Nelson's opinion upon the subject. Though he wanted vigour of mind

to decide upon what was right, he fortunately was not obstinate in wrong; and he, afterward, thanked Nelson for having shown him his error.

At Nevis, the *Boreas* found four American vessels deeply laden, with the island-colours flying: these were ordered to 'hoist their proper flag, and depart in eight and forty hours.' At first, they denied their country, and refused to obey; but, upon being examined before the Judge of the Admiralty, they confessed that 'their vessels and cargoes were wholly American property.' Upon this, Nelson seized them. The Governor, the Custom-House, and the Planters, were all his enemies: the Admiral, though his flag was then in the roads, stood neutral; and subscriptions were raised to carry on the causes against him. But this was not all: the marines, whom he had sent on board the vessels, prevented some of the masters from going on shore. Instigated by an attorney, they declared, that 'they had been put in bodily fear while the depositions were taking, for that a man with a drawn sword stood over them the whole time.' This was the sentry at the cabin-door; but the exaggeration served their purpose: suits were taken out against Nelson, and damages laid to the enormous amount of 40,000*l*. At the trial, he was protected by the Judge for the day. The Marshal was called upon to arrest him, and the Merchants promised to indemnify him for so doing. The Judge, however, did his duty, and threatened to 'send that officer to prison, if he attempted to violate the protection of the court.' The President of Nevis, Mr. Herbert, behaved with singular generosity upon the occasion. Though no man had suffered more by Nelson's proceedings, he offered to become his bail for 10,000*l*, if

he chose to suffer the arrest. His lawyer proved an able, as well as an honest, man; and notwithstanding the opinions of the counsel of the different islands, that ‘ships of war were not authorised to seize American traders without a deputation from the Customs,’ from the plainness of the law and the clearness of the case Nelson maintained his cause so well, that the four ships with their cargoes were condemned. During this affair, he sent a memorial to the King, in consequence of which orders were forwarded to defend him at the expense of the crown; and upon the representation, which he made at the same time to the Secretary of State, the ‘Register-Act’ was framed. Yet the Treasury Board transmitted their thanks to Sir Richard Hughes, and the officers under him, for their activity and zeal in protecting the commerce of Great Britain! *

At Nevis, Nelson became acquainted with Mrs. Nisbet, a widow in her eighteenth year; and married her March 11. 1787: Prince William Henry, at his own desire, giving away the bride. Some part of his stay in the West Indies was employed in detecting public frauds, and in endeavouring to obtain justice. But the peculators were too powerful; and they succeeded not only in impeding inquiry, but in raising against him, at the Board of Admiralty, prejudices which prevailed for many years. He returned to England a few months after his marriage. By a

* “I feel much hurt,” said Nelson, “that after the loss of health and risk of fortune, another should be thanked for what I did, and did against his orders. I either deserved to be sent out of the service, or at least to have had some little notice taken of what I had done. They have thought it worthy of notice, and yet have neglected me.”

cruel neglect, the *Boreas* was kept from the end of June till the end of November at the *Nore*, as a receiving-ship. This unworthy treatment, occasioned probably by the influence of the speculators, excited in Nelson the strongest indignation. During the whole four months he seldom quitted the ship, carrying on the duty with strict and sullen attention. When orders, however, were received to prepare her for being paid off, he expressed his joy to the senior officer in the *Medway*: "It will release me for ever from an ungrateful service, as it is my firm and unalterable determination never again to set my foot on board a king's ship. Immediately after my arrival in town, I shall wait on the First Lord of the Admiralty, and resign my commission." The officer, finding it in vain to reason with him against this resolution in his present state of feeling, used his secret interference with the First Lord of the Admiralty to save him from adopting so injurious a measure; little foreseeing, how deeply the welfare and honour of England depended upon his decision. This friendly representation produced a letter from Lord Howe, intimating 'a wish to see the disgusted hero on his arrival in town.' Pleased with his conversation, and perfectly convinced of the propriety of his conduct, he desired to present him to the King on the first levee-day; and the gracious manner, in which Nelson was received, effectually removed his resentment.

The affair of the American captains was not yet over. Nelson had retired to his father's parsonage, where he amused himself with rural occupations and rural sports. It was his great ambition, at this time, to possess a poney. While he was gone to purchase one at a neighbouring fair, two men left with Mrs.

Nelson a notification on the part of the American captains, who now laid their damages at 20,000*l*. On Nelson's return in high glee with his poney, the paper was presented to him. His indignation, and astonishment, may well be imagined. He immediately wrote to the Treasury Board, that 'if a satisfactory answer were not sent down to him upon the subject by return of post, he should take refuge in France.' He was assured, in reply, that 'he was a very good officer, and need be under no apprehension, as he would certainly be supported.'

Notwithstanding the expenses of a ship in time of peace, he repeatedly requested of the Admiralty, that 'he might not be left to rust in indolence.' *

During the Nootka armament in particular, he applied for employment, and his disappointment in not succeeding induced him again to resolve upon retiring from the service; a resolution, from which he was dissuaded only by the urgent remonstrances of Lord Hood. Hearing that the *Raisonné*, in which he had commenced his career, was to be commissioned, he asked her of Lord Chatham; but his application proved ineffectual. By the influence of the Duke of Clarence, however, and his steady friend Lord Hood, he was appointed January 30, 1793, to the *Agamemnon* of 64 guns.

* "I must still," he says in one of his letters, "buffet the waves in search of—what? Alas! that thing, called 'honour,' is now thought of no more. My integrity cannot, I hope, be amended: but my fortune, God knows, has grown worse for the service:—so much for serving my country!—I have invariably laid down, and followed close, a plan of what ought to be uppermost in the breast of an officer, that 'it is much better to serve an ungrateful country, than to give up his own fame.' Posterity will do him justice."

The temper, with which Nelson engaged in this war, is manifested in his instructions to one of his midshipmen; "There are three things, young gentleman, which you are constantly to bear in mind: first, you must always implicitly obey orders, without attempting to form any opinion of your own respecting their propriety; secondly, you must consider every man as your enemy, who speaks ill of your King; and thirdly, you must hate a Frenchman, as you do the devil." Joshua Nisbet, his son-in-law (very young, of course, for his mother was now only twenty four) went out with him as a midshipman. The *Agamemnon* was ordered to the Mediterranean under Lord Hood; and there Nelson commenced a career, at first of unexampled exertion, and finally of unequalled glory.

His first services were rather of a military, than a naval character. After St. Fiorenzo had surrendered, Lord Hood laid before General Dundas a plan for the reduction of Bastia. The General declined co-operating. In this opinion D'Aubert, who succeeded to the command of the army, coincided. His Lordship obtained only a few artillery-men, and ordering on board that part of the troops who, having embarked as marines, were borne on the ship's books as part of their respective complements, began the siege with 1,183 soldiers, artillery-men, and marines, and 250 sailors. "We are but few," said Nelson, "but of the right sort;—our General, at St. Fiorenzo, not giving us one of the five regiments he has there lying idle."

They were landed on the fourth of April, under Lieutenant Colonel Villettes and Nelson, who had obtained from the army the title of Brigadier. The

sailors dragged the guns up the heights; a work of the greatest difficulty, and which 'would never have been accomplished by any but British seamen.' The soldiers behaved with equal spirit. "Their zeal," he observed, "is, I believe, almost unexampled. There is not a man, but considers himself as personally interested in the event, and deserted by the General; it has, I am persuaded, made them equal to double their numbers." This is one of many proofs that, to render our soldiers equivalent to our seamen, it is only necessary that they should be equally well commanded. They have the same heart and soul, as well as the same flesh and blood. Too much may, indeed, be exacted from them in a retreat; but with their face toward a foe, there is nothing within the reach of human achievement which they cannot perform. The siege continued nearly seven weeks. On the nineteenth of May, a treaty of capitulation was begun: that same evening, the troops made their first appearance on the hills; and, on the following morning, General D'Aubert arrived with the whole army to take Bastia! The event of the siege had justified the opinion of the sailors; but they themselves excused the judgement of the Generals, when they saw their conquest.*

The enemy were supposed to be far inferior in number, when it was resolved to attack the place;

* "I am all astonishment," says Nelson, "when I reflect on what we have achieved; 1,000 regulars, 1,500 national guards, and a large body of Corsican troops laying down their arms to 1,000 soldiers and marines, and 200 seamen."—"I always was of opinion, have ever acted up to it, and never have had any reason to repent it, that 'one Englishman was equal to three Frenchmen.' Had this been an English town, I am sure it would not have been taken."

and it was not till the whole had been arranged, that Nelson received certain information of their great superiority. This intelligence he kept secret, fearing that the attempt would be abandoned, if so fair a pretext were afforded. "My own honour," said he to Mrs. Nelson, "Lord Hood's honour, and the honour of our country must all have been sacrificed, had I mentioned what I knew. Therefore you will believe what must have been my feelings during the whole siege, when I had often proposals made to me to write to Lord Hood to raise it." The very persons, who had given him this advice, were rewarded for their conduct : Nelson received no reward !

The siege of Calvi was carried on by General Stuart ; an officer who, unfortunately for his country, never had an adequate field allotted him for his very eminent talents. Nelson incurred less responsibility here than at Bastia, but the service was not less hard. More than four months he was thus employed on shore, till he felt almost qualified to pass his examination as a besieging General. Yet his services upon the occasion were, by an unpardonable omission, altogether overlooked : even his name did not appear in the list of the wounded, though he had lost an eye. "One hundred and ten days," said he, "I have been actually engaged at sea and on shore against the enemy : three actions against ships, two against Bastia in my own ship, four boat-actions, and two villages taken, and twelve sail of vessels burnt. I do not know, that any one has done more : I have had the comfort to be always applauded by my Commanders in Chief, but never to be rewarded ; and what is more mortifying, for service in which I have been wounded others have been praised, who at the time were ac-

tually in bed far from the scene of action. They have not done me justice; but never mind—I'll have a gazette of my own." How amply was this second-sight of glory realised!

The same prophetic feeling broke out in a letter written after Admiral Hotham's action in the Mediterranean. In that action, Nelson had borne a splendid part. During the first day, when there was no ship of the line within several miles to support him, he engaged the *Ca Ira* of 84 guns, which having carried away her main and fore-topmasts, was taken in tow by a frigate. This ship he engaged for two hours and a half, during which time 110 of her men were killed and wounded; and, on the following day, he came up with her again in tow of the *Censeur*, a seventy four: a partial action ensued, till the French judged it more prudent to abandon those two, than to risk the loss of more.

It was not long, before a colonelcy of marines was conferred upon him; a thing, which he had hoped for, rather than expected. It came in good time, when his mind was considerably oppressed by the feeling, that his services were not adequately acknowledged.

The *Agamemnon* now entered upon a new line of service, being appointed with a small squadron of frigates to co-operate with General Devins. He began in high spirits; but the want of activity and decision in the Austrian Generals quickly gave him melancholy forebodings of what was to follow. His own exertions were unremitted: but he was crippled for want of means. Weak as his force was, it was still farther reduced by Sir Hyde Parker, who left him only one frigate and a brig, at a time when he had demanded two seventy fours and eight or ten frigates or sloops,

in order to insure safety to the army. That army received a defeat, from which it never recovered : the Generals, of course, imputed it to the want of naval co-operation ; asserting, that ‘ if their left wing had not been exposed to the fire of the French gun-boats, it would not have happened.’* Vado, and every other place in the Riviera of Genoa, fell into the enemy’s hands ; and Buonaparte, who now arrived to take the command of the French army, began his destructive career.

To follow Nelson throughout his subsequent services in the Mediterranean, till the fate of Italy was decided, would far exceed the limits of this memoir. In the whole of his conduct he displayed the same ardent zeal, the same indefatigable energy, the same intuitive judgement, and the same rapid decision, which formed his striking characteristics. While his name was hardly known to the English public, it was feared and respected throughout Italy.

His mind irritated and depressed by the apprehension that a general action would take place before he joined the fleet, he at length sailed from the Mediterranean with a convoy for Gibraltar, whence he proceeded to the westward in search of the Admiral. Off the mouth of the Straits, he fell in with the Spanish fleet, and on the thirteenth of February communicated the intelligence to Sir John Jervis. Nelson, now Commodore, was directed to shift his broad pendant on board

* The left wing was, however, the only part of the army, which retreated in good order. “ I pretend not to say,” observed Nelson, “ that the Austrians would not have been beaten, had not the gun-boats harassed them : for, in my conscience, I believe they would : but I believe the French could not have attacked, had we destroyed all their vessels of war.”

the Captain, and before sunset the signal was made to prepare for action. At day-break, the enemy were in sight. The British force consisted of two ships of 100 guns, two of 98, two of 90, eight of 74, and one of 64; with four frigates, a sloop, and a cutter. The Spaniards had one four-decker of 136 guns, six three-deckers of 112, two of 84, and eighteen of 74, with ten frigates and a brig. Their Admiral, Don Joseph de Cordova, having learnt from an American, that the English had only nine ships (which was indeed the case, when he had fallen in with them) instead of going to Cadiz, as had previously been his intention, determined to seek an engagement; and relying with fatal confidence upon his informant's accuracy, suffered his ships to remain too far dispersed, when the morning of the fourteenth broke, and he came in sight. A fog, for some time, concealed their numbers. The look-out ship, believing that her first signal was disregarded, intimated by another, that 'the English force consisted of forty sail of the line.' This, which* as the Captain afterward said, he did "to rouse the Admiral," had the effect of perplexing him, and alarming the whole fleet; * and before they could form a regular order of battle, Sir John Jervis by carrying a press of sail came up with them, passed through, tacked, and cut off nine of their ships from the main body. These, however, attempted to form on their

* The absurdity of this conduct shows, what was the state of the Spanish navy: in fact, the general incapacity of its officers was so well known, that in a Madrid pasquinade of this date advertising the different orders of the state for sale, the greater part of the naval officers with all their equipments were offered as 'a gift'; and it was added, that 'any person, who would be pleased to take them, should receive a handsome gratuity!'

larboard tack ; either with a design of passing through the British line, or to leeward of it, and thus re-joining their friends : but only one of them succeeded. The others were so warmly received, that they fled, and did not again make their appearance till the close of the action. The Admiral, now at liberty to direct his attention to the enemy's main body, which was still superior in number to his whole squadron, made signal to tack in succession. Nelson, whose station was in the rear of the British line, perceiving that the Spanish fleet was bearing up before the wind with an intention of forming their line, joining their separated ships, or flying, without a moment's hesitation disobeyed the signal and ordered his ship to be wore. This at once brought him into action with the Santissima Trinidad 136, the San Joseph 112, Salvador del Mundo 112, San Nicolas 80, San Isidro 74, another 74, and another first-rate. Troubridge, in the Culloden, nobly supported him. The Blenheim, next, came to their assistance. The Salvador del Mundo and San Isidro dropped astern, and were fired into by the Excellent, Captain Collingwood, who made the latter strike ; “ but Collingwood,” said Nelson, “ disdaining the parade of taking possession of beaten enemies, most gallantly pushed up with every sail set to save his old friend and messmate, who was to appearance in a critical situation.” The Captain was now actually fired upon by three first-rates, the San Nicolas, and a seventy four, within pistol-shot. The Blenheim was a-head and the Culloden crippled and a-stern. Collingwood ranged up, passed within ten feet of the San Nicolas, giving her a most awful and tremendous fire ; and then pushed on for the Santissima Trinidad. At the same time, the Captain hav-

ing lost her fore-topmast, not a sail, shroud, or rope left, her wheel shot away, and incapable of farther service in the line or in chace, Nelson directed Captain Miller to put the helm a-starboard, and called for the boarders. The first man, who leaped into the enemy's mizen chains, was Captain Berry. He was supported from the spritsail yard, which locked in the San Nicolas' mizen-rigging. A soldier of the sixty ninth broke the upper quarter-gallery window, and jumped in, followed by the Commodore himself and others as fast as possible. The cabin-doors were fastened, and the Spanish officers fired their pistols at them through the window. The doors were soon burst. Nelson rushed forward, and found Berry in possession of the poop, and the Spanish ensign down. The English were at this time masters of every part of the ship; and a fire of musketry opened upon them from the stern gallery of the San Joseph. Nelson, therefore, having placed centinels at the different ladders, and ordered Captain Miller to 'send more men into his prize,' gave orders for boarding the San Joseph. This was done in an instant; he himself leading the way, and exclaiming, "Westminster Abbey or Victory!" It was not long before he was on the quarter-deck, where the Spanish Captain presented to him his sword, and informed him 'the Admiral was dying of his wounds below.' One of his sailors came up, and with an Englishman's feeling took him by the hand, saying, 'he might not soon have such another place to do it in, and that he was heartily glad to see him there.' Nelson received only a few bruises.

The Spaniards had still eighteen or nineteen ships, which had suffered little or no injury: those, which had been separated from the main body in the morn-

ing, were now coming up, and Sir John Jervis made signal to bring to. The Captain was lying a perfect wreck on board her two prizes, and many of the other vessels were wholly unmanageable. The Spanish Admiral in the mean time, according to his official account, inquired of his Captains, ‘Whether it was proper to renew the action?’ Nine of them answered explicitly, that “it was not:” others replied, that “it was expedient to delay the business*,” two only were for fighting.

As soon as the action was discontinued, Nelson went on board the Admiral’s ship, who received him on the quarter-deck, took him in his arms, and said ‘he could not sufficiently thank him.’ In his official letter, however, no individual was named: Sir John Jervis had seen an instance of the ill consequence of selections in the example of Lord Howe; and he, therefore, thought it advisable to speak to the public in terms of general approbation. †

Before the action was known in England, Nelson had been advanced to the rank of Rear Admiral. The Order of the Bath was now conferred upon him. ‡

* *Que convenia retardar la función.*

† His private letter to the First Lord of the Admiralty was for the first time made public, with his consent, in Mr. Harrison’s work. Here it is said, that “Commodore Nelson, who was in the rear on the starboard-tack, took the lead on the larboard, and contributed very much to the fortune of the day.” It is stated, also, that ‘he boarded the two Spanish ships successively;’ but the fact that Nelson wore without orders, and thus planned as well as accomplished the victory, is not mentioned. Perhaps, it was thought proper to pass over this part of his conduct in silence, as a ‘splendid fault:’ but the example is not dangerous.

‡ Among the numerous congratulations, which he received, none could have affected him with deeper delight than a letter from his venerable father: “I thank God,” says this excellent

His next appointment was, to the command of the inner squadron at the blockade of Cadiz. During this service occurred the most perilous action, in which he was ever engaged. In a skirmish with the Spanish gun-boats, he was attacked by an armed launch containing 26 men under Don Miguel Tregoyia, commander of the gun-boats. Nelson had with him only his ten barge-men, Captain Freemantle, and his coxswain John Sykes.* The whole of the Spaniards were killed or wounded, and Nelson brought off the launch.

In an attempt upon Teneriffe, he was less fortunate. Earl St. Vincent, having received intelligence that 'a homeward-bound Manilla ship had reached Santa Cruz, and that its treasure was landed there for security,' determined upon an expedition against that island. Nelson was pitched upon for the service, and allowed to select such ships and officers as he thought proper. Four ships of the line, three frigates, and the Fox cutter formed the squadron. His orders were, to 'make a vigorous attack, but on no account

man, "with all the fervor of a grateful soul, for the mercies he has most graciously bestowed on me in preserving you amidst the imminent perils, which so lately threatened your life at every moment. The height of glory to which your professional judgment, united with a proper degree of bravery guarded by Providence, has raised you, few sons, my dear child, attain to, and fewer fathers live to see. Tears of joy have involuntarily trickled down my furrowed cheek. Who could stand the force of such general congratulation? The name and services of Nelson have sounded throughout the city of Bath, from the common ballad-singer to the public theatre."

* An old and faithful follower, who twice saved the life of his Admiral by parrying the blows aimed at him, and at last actually interposed his own head to receive the stroke of a sabre, which he could not by any other means avert.

to land in person with the forces, unless his presence should be absolutely necessary.' The plan which he formed was, that the boats should land in the night between the fort on the north-east side of Santa Cruz bay and the town, and after making themselves masters of it send a summons to the Governor. By midnight, the frigates had approached within three miles of the place ; but owing to a stiff gale of wind in the offing, and a strong current against them in-shore, they were not able to get within a mile of the landing before day-break, when the Spaniards discovered their intention. Troubridge and Bowen, with Captain Oldfield of the marines, consulting the Admiral what was to be done, it was resolved that they should attempt to get possession of the heights above the fort. The frigates accordingly landed their men, and Nelson stood in with the line-of-battle ships, meaning to batter the fort for the purpose of distracting the attention of the garrison. Contrary currents, however, hindering him from getting within three miles of the shore, the heights were by this time so secured as to be judged impracticable. Foiled in his original plan, he still considered it necessary for the honour of his King and country not to abandon the attempt. He re-embarked his men, anchored the ships on the twenty fourth about two miles north of the town, and made show as if he still designed to attack the heights. At six in the evening, a signal having been made for the boats to prepare, as previously ordered ; he observed, in a letter addressed to his Commander in Chief, " this night I command the whole destined to land under the batteries of the town, and to-morrow my head will probably be crowned either with laurel or cypress."

At eleven o'clock, the boats proceeded in six divisions toward the town, conducted by all the Captains except Freemantle and Bowen, who attended with the Admiral to regulate and lead the way to the attack. They were not discovered till past one o'clock, when being within half gunshot of the landing-place, Nelson directed the boats to 'cast off from each other, and push for the shore.' But the Spaniards were admirably prepared; the alarm-bells answered their huzza, and a fire of thirty or forty pieces of cannon, with musquetry from one end of the town to the other, opened upon the invaders. Nothing, however, could check their intrepidity. The night was exceedingly dark; and, the greatest part of the boats went on shore through a raging surf which stove all to the left of it. By the Admiral, Freemantle, Thompson, Bowen, and four or five others, the Mole was found, and instantly stormed and carried, though defended by four or five hundred men: but such a heavy fire of musquetry and grape-shot was kept up from the citadel and the houses at it's head, that the invaders were unable to advance, and nearly all of them were killed or wounded.

Nelson, when in the act of stepping ashore, received a shot through the right elbow, and fell. His son-in-law, Nisbet, who had insisted upon accompanying him, and was close to him, placed him in the bottom of the boat. He then examined the wound, and taking some silk-handkerchiefs from his neck, bound them above the lacerated vessels. Had it not been for this presence of mind, Nelson afterward declared, 'he must have perished.' One of his barge-men tore his shirt into shreds, and made a sling for the wounded arm. They then collected five other sea-

men, and at length succeeded in getting the boat afloat, which had grounded with the falling tide. Nisbet seized one of the oars, and ordered the steersman to 'go close under the guns of the battery, that they might escape the fury of their tremendous fire.' Hearing his voice, Sir Horatio roused himself, and desired to be lifted up, that he 'might look a little about him.' Nisbet raised him in his arms. In a few minutes, a general shriek was heard from the crew of the Fox, which had received a shot under water, and gone down. Of ninety seven men who sank with her, eighty three were saved, many by Nelson himself! His exertions upon this occasion, materially increased the pain and the danger of his wound. The first ship, which the boat could reach, happened to be the Sea-Horse; but nothing could induce him to go on board, though he was assured that 'the attempt to row to another ship would be at the risk of his life.' "I had rather suffer death," he replied, "than alarm Mrs. Freemantle by letting her see me in this state, when I can give her no tidings whatever of her husband." They pushed on for the Theseus. Here he peremptorily refused all assistance in getting on board, so impatient was he that the boat should return, with the hope of saving a few more men from the Fox. He desired to have only a single rope thrown over the side; which he twisted round his left hand. "Let me alone," said he, "I have yet my legs left, and one arm. Tell the surgeon to make haste, and get his instruments; I know I must lose my right arm, so the sooner it is off the better."*

* During the peace of Amiens, when Nelson was at Salisbury, in the midst of those popular acclamations that followed him every where, he recognised amidst the nuzzling crowd a man, who

Freemantle, who had been severely wounded in the right arm soon after the Admiral, was fortunate enough to find a boat on the beach, and got instantly to the Sea-Horse. Thompson was wounded, and Bowen (to the great regret of Nelson) killed. Troubridge, meanwhile, reached the shore under the batteries, close to the southward of the citadel. Captain Waller, of the Emerald, landed at the same instant, and two or three other boats. Having collected a few men, they pushed on to the great square, hoping to find the Admiral and the rest of the force. As the ladders were all lost, they could make no attempt on the citadel; but they sent a serjeant, with two of the townspeople, to summon it. The messenger never returned; and Troubridge, after waiting an hour in painful expectation of his friends, marched to join Captains Hood and Miller, who had effected their landing to the north-west. Here they endeavoured to procure some intelligence of the Admiral and the rest of the officers, but without success. By day-break they had collected about 80 marines, 80 pikemen, and 180 small-armed seamen; all, that had made good their landing. Having obtained some ammunition from the prisoners whom they had taken, they marched to try what could be done at the citadel without ladders. They found all the streets, however, commanded by field-pieces; and above 8000

had assisted at the amputation and attended him afterward. He beckoned him up the stairs of the Council-House, shook hands with him, and made him a present in remembrance of his services at the time. The man took from his bosom a piece of lace, which he had torn from the sleeve of the amputated arm, saying; 'he had preserved, and would to the last moment of his life preserve it, in memory of his old commander, whom he should always deem it the honour of his life to have served.'

Spaniards with 100 French, under arms, approaching by every avenue: upon which Troubridge with great presence of mind sent Captain Hood with a flag of truce to the Governor, to say he would instantly set fire to the town, if the Spaniards approached one inch nearer: that he had no wish to injure the inhabitants, and that he was ready to treat, on condition 'that the troops should re-embark with their arms, and take their own boats if they were saved, or be provided with such others as might be necessary; they agreeing, on their part, that the squadron should not molest the town, nor any of the Canary Islands.' The Governor replied, that 'the English ought to surrender as prisoners of war.' The Envoy's answer was, that 'if the terms were not accepted in five minutes, Captain Troubridge would set the town on fire, and attack the Spaniards at the point of the bayonet.' Satisfied with his success, which was indeed sufficiently complete, and respecting like a brave man the gallantry of his enemy, the Spaniard acceded to the proposal. "And here," observed Nelson in his Journal, "it is right we should notice the noble and generous conduct of Don Juan Antonio Gutierrez, the Spanish Governor. The moment the terms were agreed to, he directed our wounded men to be received into the hospitals, and all our people to be supplied with the best provisions that could be procured; and made it known, that the ships were at liberty to send on shore, and purchase whatever refreshments they were in want of during the time they might lie off the island." A youth, by name Don Bernardo Collagon, even stripped himself of his shirt to make bandages for one of those Englishmen, against whom not an hour before he had been en-

gaged in battle. Nelson wrote to thank the Governor for the humanity, which he had displayed : presents were interchanged between them ; and the Admiral, by taking charge of his despatches for the Spanish Court, actually became the first messenger of his own defeat.

The loss of the English amounted to 250. Nelson, in his official despatches, made no mention of his own wound ; but in a private letter to Lord St. Vincent, the first which he penned with his left hand, he shows himself to have been deeply affected by the failure of this enterprise. " I am become," says he, " a burthen to my friends, and useless to my country ; but by my last letter you will perceive my anxiety for the promotion of my son-in-law, Josiah Nisbet. When I leave your command, I become dead to the world : *I go hence, and am no more seen.* If, from poor Bowen's loss, you think proper to oblige me, I rest confident you will do it. The boy is under obligations to me, but he repaid me by bringing me from the Mole of Santa Cruz. I hope you will be able to give me a frigate to convey the remains of my carcase to England."

Such honours, however, awaited him in England, as sufficed to recover his wounded spirit. A letter was instantly addressed to him by the First Lord of the Admiralty, to congratulate him on his return. The freedom of the cities of Bristol and London was transmitted to him ; he was invested with the Order of the Bath, and received a pension of 1000*l.* *per ann.* Not having been in England since he lost his eye, he went to receive a year's pay as smart-money ; but he could not obtain it, because he had not brought a certificate from a surgeon that the sight was actually

destroyed! A little irritated that this formality should be insisted upon, as the fact was sufficiently notorious, he procured a certificate at the same time for the loss of his arm, saying, "they might just as well doubt one as the other." On his return to the office the clerk, finding it was only the annual pay of a captain, observed 'he thought it had been more:' "Oh," replied Nelson, "this is only for an eye: in a few days, I shall come for an arm; and in a little time longer, God knows, most probably for a leg." Accordingly he soon afterward went, and with perfect good humour exhibited the certificate of the loss of his arm.

Early in the ensuing year, his flag was hoisted in the Vanguard, and he was ordered to rejoin Earl St. Vincent. A gloomy foreboding, it is said, hung on the spirits of Lady Nelson at their parting. This, of course, can only have been a fear of losing him by the chance of war: no apprehension of losing his affection could possibly have existed; for all his letters to this time evince, that he considered himself happy in his marriage, and his private character had hitherto been as spotless as his public one. One of the last things he said to her, was, that 'his own ambition was satisfied; but that he went to raise her to the rank, in which he had long wished to see her.'

Upon rejoining his Admiral, he was despatched with a small squadron to the Mediterranean on the ninth of May, in order to ascertain if possible the object of the great expedition fitting out at Toulon. On the twenty second, a sudden storm in the Gulf of Lyons carried away all his topmasts, the foremast went in three pieces, and the bowsprit was sprung. Captain (afterward Sir Alexander) Ball took the ship

in tow, to carry her into St. Pietros, Sardinia. Apprehensive that this attempt might endanger both vessels, Nelson ordered him to 'cast off;' but that excellent officer, with a spirit like his commander's, replied, 'he was confident he could save the Vanguard, and by God's help he would do it.' There had been a previous coolness between these great men; but, from this time, a sincere friendship took place between them during the remainder of their lives. "I ought not," says the Admiral, writing to his wife, "to call what has happened to the Vanguard by the cold name of accident: I believe, firmly, it was the Almighty's goodness to check my consummate vanity. Figure to yourself, on Sunday evening at sunset, a vain man walking in his cabin, with a squadron around him, who looked up to their chief to lead them to glory; and in whom their chief placed the firmest reliance, that the proudest ships of equal numbers belonging to France would have bowed their flags—figure to yourself, on Monday morning when the sun rose, this proud man, his ship dismasted, his fleet dispersed, and himself in such distress that the meanest frigate out of France would have been an unwelcome guest." Nelson had, indeed, more reason to refuse the 'cold name of accident' to this tempest, than he was then aware of; for on that very day the French fleet sailed from Toulon, and must have passed within a few leagues of his squadron. Being compelled to refit, the day enabled him to secure his junction with the reinforcement, which Lord St. Vincent had despatched under Commodore Troubridge.

That officer brought with him no instructions to Nelson as to the course he was to steer, for any

positive account of the enemy's destination: every thing was left to his own judgement. The first news was, that 'they had surprised Malta.' He formed a plan for attacking them while at anchor at Gozo; when intelligence reached him, that they had left that island the day after their arrival. Their course was eastward, and as Nelson thought, for Egypt: toward Egypt, therefore, he made all sail. Only three vessels were spoken with on the way, two from Alexandria and one from the Archipelago; and by none of these had the French been seen. He reached Alexandria. The enemy was not there. He then shaped his course for the coast of Caramania, and steered thence along the southern side of Candia, carrying a press of sail both night and day with a contrary wind. Irritated beyond measure that they should have eluded his vigilance, he could hardly bear the tediousness of the night; and the officer of the watch was repeatedly called upon to convince him, that 'it was not yet day-break.' "It would have been my delight," said he, "to have tried Buonaparte on a wind."*

* It would have been the delight of Europe too, and the blessing of the world, if that fleet had been overtaken with its General on board. But of the millions of human beings, who would most probably have been preserved by that day's victory, there is not one to whom such essential benefit would have resulted as to Buonaparte himself. It would have spared him his subsequent disasters and disgraces; for so to have been defeated, would not have been ignominious; it would have spared him Moscow, and Leipsic, and Waterloo. History would have represented him as a soldier of fortune, whose career had been distinguished by a series of successes unexampled in modern times. A romantic obscurity would have hung over his Egyptian expedition, and he would have escaped the perpetration of those crimes, which have 'incarnadined' his soul with a deeper dye than that of the purple for which he committed them; those acts of perfidy,

Baffled in his pursuit Nelson returned to Sicily, took in stores at Syracuse, then made for the Morea, and there on the twenty eighth of July learnt, that 'the French had been seen about four weeks before steering to the south-east from Candia.' He immediately determined to return, and with every sail set stood again for the coast of Egypt. On the first of August they came in sight of Alexandria, and at four in the afternoon Captain Hood in the *Zealous* made the signal for the French fleet.* For many preceding days, Nelson had scarcely taken either sleep or food: he now ordered his dinner to be served, while preparations were making for battle; and when his officers rose from table, and were about to proceed to their separate stations, he said to them, "Before this time to-morrow I shall have gained a peerage, or Westminster Abbey."

Admiral Brueys, not being able to enter the port of Alexandria, had moored his fleet in Aboukir Bay, in a compact line of battle: the headmost vessel, according to his own account, being as close as possible to a shoal on the north-west, and the rest of the fleet forming a kind of curve along the line of deep water, so as not to admit of being turned by any means in the south-west.†

murder, usurpation, and tyranny, which have consigned his name to universal execration.

* Why Buonaparte, having effected his landing, should not have ordered his fleet to return, is a mystery which has never yet been explained. It was, certainly, detained by his command; though with his accustomed falsehood, after the death of Brueys, he accused him of having 'lingered there contrary to his received orders!'

† "This position," said he, "is the strongest we could possibly take in an open road." "We are moored in such a man-

During the whole cruise it had been Nelson's practice, whenever circumstances would permit, to have his Captains on board the Vanguard, and fully explain to them his own ideas of the best modes of attack in every imaginable situation of the enemy. His officers, therefore, were well acquainted with his principles of tactics; and such was his confidence in their abilities, that the only plan arranged, in the event of finding the French at anchor, was that the ships should form as most convenient for their mutual support, and anchor by the stern: "First gain the victory," he said, "and then make the best use of it you can." The plan of doubling on the enemy's ships Lord Hood had projected, when he intended to attack the French fleet at their anchorage in Gourjean Road. He found it impossible, indeed, to carry it into effect; but the idea was not lost upon Nelson, who acknowledged himself upon this occasion indebted for it to his old and excellent commander. Captain Berry, when he comprehended the scope of the design, exclaimed with transport, "If we succeed, what will the world say!" "There is no 'If' in the case," replied the Admiral: "that we shall succeed, is certain; who may live to tell the story, is a very different question."

ner," observed the commissary of the fleet, "as to bid defiance to a force more than double our own." In fact Admiral Barrington, when moored in a similar manner in 1778, off St. Lucia, beat off the Comte d'Estaing in three several attacks, though his force was inferior by one-third to that which assailed it. Here the advantage of numbers, both in ships, guns, and men, was in favour of the French. They had thirteen ships of the line and four frigates, carrying 1,196 guns, and 11,230 men. The English had the same number of ships of the line, and one fifty gun ship, carrying 1,012 guns, and 8,068 men.

As the squadron advanced, the enemy opened a steady fire from the starboard side of their whole line full into the bows of our van ships. It was received in silence. On board of every ship the crew were employed aloft in furling sails, and below in tending the braces, and making ready for anchoring: a miserable sight for the French, who with all their advantages were on that element upon which, when the hour of trial comes, a Frenchman has no hope. Admiral Brueys was a brave and an able man; yet the indelible character of his country broke out in one of his letters, in which he said the English had missed him, 'because, not finding themselves superior in numbers, they did not think it prudent to try their strength with him!' The moment was now come, in which he was to be fatally undeceived.

Captain Foley led the fleet in the Goliath. He had long thought that, if the enemy were moored in line of battle in with the land, the best plan of attack would be to lead between them and the shore, as the French guns on that side were less likely to be manned. Intending, therefore, to fix himself on the inner bow of the Guerrier, he kept as near the edge of the bank as the depth of water would admit: but his anchor hung, and having opened his fire, he drifted to the second ship, the Conquerant, before it was clear; then anchored by the stern, within her, and in ten minutes shot away her masts. Captain Hood in the Zealous, perceiving this, took the station which the Goliath intended to have occupied, and totally disabled the Guerrier. The Orion, Sir James Saumarez, the third which doubled the enemy's van, passed to windward of the Zealous, and opened her larboard guns as long as they bore on the Guerrier; then sunk

a frigate which annoyed her, hauled round toward the French line, and anchoring between the fifth and sixth ships from the *Guerrier*, took her station on the larboard-bow of the *Franklin* and the quarter of the *Peuple Souverain*, receiving and returning the fire of both. The sun was now nearly down.* The Audacious, Captain Gould, pouring a heavy fire into the *Guerrier* and the *Conquerant*, fixed herself on the larboard-bow of the latter; and, when that ship struck, passed on to the *Peuple Souverain*. Captain Miller in the *Theseus* followed, brought down the *Guerrier*'s remaining masts, and then anchored inside of the *Spartiate*, the third in the French line.

While these advanced ships doubled the French line, the *Vanguard* was the first that anchored on the outer side of the enemy, within half pistol-shot of the *Spartiate*. Nelson had six colours flying in different parts of his rigging, lest they should be shot away—that they should be struck, no British Admiral considers as a possibility. He instantly opened a tremendous fire, under cover of which the other ships of his division, the *Minotaur*, *Bellerophon*, *Defence*, and *Majestic* shot a-head of him. Captain Louis, in the first of these, took off the fire of the *Aquilon*. The *Bellerophon*, Captain Darby, dropped her stern anchor on the starboard-bow of the *L'Orient*, Brueys' own ship of 120 guns, whose difference of force was above seven to three, and the weight of whose ball from the lower deck alone exceeded that from the whole broadside of the *Bellerophon*. Captain Peyton, in the *Defence*, took his station a-head of the *Minotaur*, and engaged the *Franklin*, by which judicious

* The action began at half past six o'clock, P. M.

movement the British line remained unbroken. The *Majestic*, getting entangled with the main rigging of one of the French ships a-stern of the *L'Orient*, suffered dreadfully from her fire; till she swung clear, and closely engaging the *Heureux*, on the starboard-bow, received also the fire of the *Tonnant*. The other four ships of our fleet, having been detached previously to the discovery of the French, were at a considerable distance. *Troubridge* in the *Culloden*, though the foremost, was two leagues a-stern. He came on, sounding as the others had done. It was growing dark, and suddenly after finding eleven fathoms water, before the lead could be hove again, he was fast a-ground; nor could all his exertions, joined to those of the *Leander* and the *Mutine* brig, which came to his assistance, get him off in time to enter the action. His ship, however, served as a beacon to the *Alexander* and *Swiftsure*, which entered the bay, and took their stations in a manner still mentioned with admiration by all who remember it. Captain *Hallowell*, as he was bearing down in the latter, fell in with what seemed to be a strange sail; with great judgement, however, he ordered his men to forbear firing: "If she was an enemy," he said, "her disabled state would prevent escape; but from her sails being loose, and the way in which her head was, it was probable she might be an English ship." It proved to be the *Bellerophon*, overpowered by the huge *L'Orient*. All her masts and cables were shot away, and she was drifting out of the line toward the lee-side of the bay. Her station at this important time was occupied by the *Swiftsure*, which opened a steady fire on the quarter of the *Franklin*, and the bows of the French Admiral. At the same instant,

Captain Ball passed under her stern, and anchored within side on his larboard-quarter, raking him, and keeping up a severe fire of musquetry upon his decks. The last ship, which arrived to complete the destruction of the enemy, was the *Leander*.

The two first ships of the French line had been dismasted within a quarter of an hour after the action began, and the others had suffered so severely, that victory was already certain; the third, fourth, and fifth were taken possession of at half past eight. Meantime Nelson received a severe wound on the head from a piece of langridge shot: Captain Berry caught him in his arms, as he was falling. The great effusion of blood occasioned an apprehension, that the wound was mortal. Nelson himself thought so: a large portion of the skin of the forehead, cut from the bone, had fallen over one eye; and, the other being blind, he was in total darkness. Desiring the chaplain, therefore, to deliver what he supposed to be his dying remembrance to Lady Nelson, he sent for Captain Louis to thank him personally for the assistance he had rendered to the *Vanguard*; and, ever mindful of those who deserved to be his friends, appointed Captain Hardy from the *Mutine* brig to the command of his own ship. When the surgeon had examined the wound, he assured him that 'there was no immediate danger,' and desired him to remain quiet. Nelson could not rest. His secretary, who had himself received a wound, being so much affected by the blind and suffering state of the Admiral that he could not write the despatches, the chaplain was summoned: before he arrived, however, the characteristic eagerness of the hero made him seize the pen himself; and he contrived to trace some words, mark-

ing his devout sense of the success which had just been obtained. He was now left alone, when suddenly a cry was heard, that ‘the L’Orient was on fire :’ in the confusion, to the astonishment of every one, he suddenly appeared on the quarter-deck, and immediately gave orders that ‘boats should be sent to the relief of the enemy.’

It was soon after nine, that the fire on board the L’Orient broke out. Brueys was dead. He had received three different wounds, yet would not leave his post : a fourth cut him almost in two ; he desired ‘not to be carried below, but to be left to die upon deck.’ The flames soon mastered the ship. By the prodigious light of this conflagration, the situation of the two fleets could now be perceived, the colours being clearly distinguishable. About ten o’clock, the L’Orient blew up. The tremendous explosion was followed by a silence not less awful—the firing instantly ceased, on both sides, for about three minutes ; and the first sound was the fall of her shattered masts and yards, which had been carried to an immense height. It is upon record, that ‘a battle between two armies was once broken off by an earthquake.’ Such a thing would be felt like a miracle : but no incident, produced in war by human means, has ever equalled the sublimity of this co-instantaneous pause and all its circumstances.

The firing recommenced with the ships to leeward of the centre, and continued till about three. At day-break, the two rear-ships of the enemy were the only ones of the French line, which had their colours flying : they cut their cables in the forenoon, and stood out to sea, and two frigates along with them. The Zealous pursued, but as there was no other ship

in a condition to support her, she was recalled. These could not have escaped, if the Culloden had got into action; and, if the frigates which had been appointed to join the squadron had arrived, not one of the French fleet would have left Aboukir Bay.* These, however, were all that escaped; and the triumph was the most complete, that has ever been recorded in the annals of naval history. "Victory," said Nelson, "is not a name strong enough for such a scene:" he, therefore, called it 'a conquest.' Of thirteen sail of the line, nine were taken and two burnt; of the four frigates, one sunk, and another burnt. Our loss in killed and wounded amounted to 895; 3,105 of the French, including the wounded, were sent on shore by cartel, and 5,225 perished.

Nelson was now at his height of glory: congratulations, rewards, and honours, were showered upon him by all the states, princes, and powers to whom this victory gave a respite. The Grand Signor and his brother, the Czar, the kings of Naples and Sardinia sent him jewels, and letters acknowledging his unequalled services to the common cause: and in England, he was created Baron Nelson of the Nile and of Burnham Thorpe, with a pension of 2,000*l.* for his own life, and those of his two immediate successors.†

* All the four fugitives, subsequently, fell into our hands.

† When this was moved in the House of Commons, General Walpole contended, that 'a higher degree of rank ought to be conferred.' Mr. Pitt replied, 'he thought it needless to enter into that question.' Admiral Nelson's fame would be co-equal with the British name, and it would be remembered that he had obtained the greatest naval victory on record, when no man would think of asking whether he had been created a baron, a viscount, or an earl.' True, indeed, whatever title had been bestowed, **he who received it** would have been Nelson still. That

We have no room to follow him through the subsequent transactions at Naples. The infatuated attachment, which he there suffered himself to form for Lady Hamilton, occasioned the only stain upon his public character, and destroyed his domestic happiness for ever.* In the autumn of 1800, he left the

name he had ennobled beyond all addition of nobility: it was the name by which England loved, France feared, and Italy, Egypt, and Turkey celebrated him, and by which he would continue to be known as long as the present kingdoms and languages of the world should endure. It depended upon the degree of rank, what should be the fashion of the coronet. That it concerned him no otherwise, might be conceded to Mr. Pitt and his colleagues. But the degree of rank was the measure of their gratitude, though not of his services. This Nelson felt, and this he expressed with indignation among his friends. Lords St. Vincent and Duncan had each, in addition, a pension of 1000*l.* from the Irish government: in consequence of the Union, this was not granted to Nelson; so that no naval victory during the war received so small a remuneration as this, the greatest that had ever been achieved!

* The transactions in the Bay of Naples are, indeed, in every respect most indefensible. Nothing, says a much injured officer (Captain Foote) can be more evident than the fact, that a solemn capitulation had been formally signed by the chief Commander of the forces of the King of Naples, by the Russian Commander, and by myself, all duly authorised to sign any capitulation in the absence of superior powers. This was not a treaty of peace, subject to ratification; it was not a truce, liable to be broken: it was a serious agreement for surrender, upon terms which involved the lives and properties of men, who might have chosen to fight for those lives and properties, had they not relied principally upon the faith of a British officer. Parts of the agreement were performed: and actual advantage was afterward taken of those parts of the capitulation that had been executed, to seize the unhappy men who, having been thus deceived by a sacred pledge, were sacrificed in a cruel and despotic manner. The facts are certain, and undeniable: they cannot by any sophistry be palliated; they cannot by any indulgence be excused. A

Mediterranean, and returned home by way of Vienna and Hamburgh, accompanied by Sir William and Lady Hamilton. Two very interesting instances of the enthusiastic admiration, with which he was regarded, occurred during his stay in the latter city. A wine-merchant, more than seventy years of age, requested to speak with him. He had some Rhenish wine of the vintage of 1625, which had been in his possession more than half a century : it had been preserved for some extraordinary occasion, and one had now arrived, far beyond any which he could ever have expected. He, therefore, requested Lord Nelson to accept six dozen of this incomparable liquor, part of which would thus have the honour to flow with the heart's blood of the hero. Nelson consented to receive six bottles. Twelve were sent ; and remarking that ' he hoped yet to have half-a-dozen more great victories,' Nelson declared he would keep the six additional bottles, purposely to drink one after each. The other anecdote is not less affecting : a German pastor, between seventy and eighty years of age, travelled forty miles with the Bible of his parish-church, to request that Nelson would insert his name in the first leaf of it. He called him, ' the Saviour of the Christian world.'

He arrived in England in November, and in the January following received orders to re-embark. During this interval, he separated from Lady Nelson. Some of his last words to her were, " I call God to

faithful historian has no alternative, but to relate them with the deepest sorrow and shame. They have been commented upon, with severe justice, by Miss Cullen in her novel, entitled ' Mornton,' where a reader would little expect to find such a disquisition.

witness, there is nothing in you or your conduct that I wish otherwise." But his attachment to Lady Hamilton was like infatuation, and it's baneful influence hung over him during the remainder of his life.*

The Addington administration had just formed, and Nelson was sent to the Baltic † under Sir Hyde Parker by Earl St. Vincent, then First Lord of the Admiralty. The battle of Copenhagen requires less detail than that of the Nile, though it rendered the talents of Nelson, if possible, still more conspicuous. The enemy were admirably prepared for defence. Upward of 100 pieces of cannon were mounted on the Crown-Batteries at the entrance of the harbour; and a line of 25 two-deckers, frigates, and floating-batteries was moored across it's mouth. A Dane, who came on board during the ineffectual negotiation which preceded hostilities, having occasion to express his proposals in writing, found the pen blunt, and holding it up sarcastically said; "if your guns are

* A most disgraceful publicity has recently been given to the particulars of this unfortunate passion, by the publishing of his Letters to that unworthy woman.

† When the fleet sailed, it was sufficiently known that it's destination was against Copenhagen. Some Danish sailors, who were on board the Amazon frigate, went to Captain Riou, and requested that 'he would get them exchanged into a ship bound on some other service: 'they had no wish,' they said, 'to quit the British navy; but they entreated, that they might not be led to fight against their own country.'" There was not in our whole navy a man, who had a more chivalrous sense of honour and duty than Riou. The tears came into his eyes, while the men were addressing him: he ordered his boat instantly, and did not return to the Amazon till he had procured their exchange. This anecdote is recorded in respect to the memory of as brave and honourable a man as ever died in battle.

not better pointed than your pens, you will make little impression on Copenhagen." He and his countrymen relied upon the fortifications of the Sound, as their out-posts; but the Swedish batteries were silent, and the fleet passed without damage. The soundings were made under Nelson's own eye: day and night he was in the boat, till his health nearly sunk through the fatigue. The action was fought on the second of April. Nelson had with him twelve ships of the line, and all the frigates and small craft: the remainder of the fleet was with the Commander in Chief, about four miles off. Three of his squadron grounded, and owing to the fears of the masters and pilots, the anchors were let go nearly a cable's length from the enemy. Had they proceeded, they would have deepened their water, and the victory would have been decided in half the time. Of all the engagements, in which Nelson had borne a part, "this (he said) "was the most terrible." It began at ten in the morning; and, at one, victory had not declared itself on either side. A shot through the main-mast knocked a few splinters about the Admiral: "It is warm work," he observed, "and this day may be the last to any of us at a moment. But mark you," said he, stopping short at the gangway, "I would not be elsewhere for thousands." Just at this time, Sir Hyde Parker made signal for the action to cease. This was reported to Nelson: he continued walking the deck, and appeared not to take any notice of it.* The signal-lieutenant meeting him at the next turn,

* "You know, Foley," said he to the Captain, "I have only one eye, I have a right to be blind sometimes. D——n the signal! Hoist mine for closer battle; that is the way I answer such signals. Nail mine to the mast!"

asked if 'he should repeat it?' "No," replied Nelson, "acknowledge it." Presently he called after him to know, 'if the signal for close action was still hoisted,' and being answered in the affirmative, added, "Mind you keep it so." He now walked the deck, moving the stump of his right arm in a manner which always denoted great agitation. Admiral Graves (whether intentionally, or by a fortunate mistake, has not been explained) disobeyed in like manner. The squadron of frigates hauled off. At the moment the Amazon showed her stern to the enemy, Riou was killed; and one of his dying expressions was, "What will Nelson think of us?"

About two, great part of the Danish line had ceased to fire, some of their lighter ships were adrift, and many had struck. It was, however, difficult to take possession of them; partly because they were protected by the batteries on Amak Island, and partly because an irregular fire was made on the English boats as they approached from the ships themselves, the Danes being continually able to recruit their crews from the shore. In this quarter, the victory was complete; but the three ships a-head were still engaged, and exposed to a superior force. Nelson, with a presence of mind peculiar to himself, seized this occasion to secure the advantage which he had already gained, and open a negotiation. He, therefore, wrote to the Crown Prince as follows: "Vice-Admiral Lord Nelson has directions to spare Denmark, when she no longer resists. The line of defence, which covered her shores, has struck to the British flag; but if the firing is continued on the part of Denmark, he must be obliged to set on fire

all the prizes that he has taken without having the power of saving the brave Danes who have defended them." A wafer was brought him for this letter: he ordered wax and a candle, saying, "This is no time to appear informal;" and he affixed a larger seal than usual. Captain Frederick Thesiger was sent in with it. During his absence, the remainder of the enemy's line eastward was silenced. The Crown-Batteries however continued to fire, till the Danish General Lindholm returned with a flag of truce, when the action after four hours' continuance closed. His message from the Prince was, to 'inquire the object of Nelson's note.' Nelson replied, 'It was humanity: he consented that hostilities should cease, and that the wounded Danes should be taken on shore: while he on his part would take his prisoners out of the vessels, and burn or carry off his prizes as he thought fit. He presented his humblest duty to the Prince, saying he should consider this the greatest victory he ever gained, if it might be the cause of a happy reconciliation between the two countries.' Then, referring Lindholm to the Commander in Chief, he proceeded to get his ships out of the intricate channel; from which, had hostilities continued, they could not have disengaged themselves till the Crown-Battery had been destroyed. In the course of the evening, a suspension of arms was agreed upon for four and twenty hours; during which it was resolved, that 'Nelson should himself negotiate in person with the Prince.' Accordingly, on the morning of the fourth he landed; a strong guard protecting him from the people, whose admiration would not otherwise perhaps have sufficed to restrain the impulses of rage and vengeance. This battle, so

dreadfully destructive to the Danes, was within sight of the city; the whole of the succeeding day had been employed in landing the wounded, and there was scarcely a house without it's cause for mourning. To the honour of Denmark, the populace suffered themselves to be restrained. Some difficulty occurred in adjusting the duration of the armistice. He required sixteen weeks, giving like a seaman the true reason, that 'he might have time to act against the Russian fleet and return.' This not being acceded to, a hint was thrown out by one of the Danish Commissioners of the renewal of hostilities. "Renew hostilities!" exclaimed he to one of his friends (for he understood French sufficiently to comprehend what was said, though not to answer it in the same language) tell him, We are ready at a moment! ready to bombard this very night!" Fourteen weeks were, at length, stipulated. The death of Paul intervened, and the Northern Confederacy was destroyed. For this signal service, in which Nelson appeared not less eminent as a Statesman than as an Admiral, he was raised to the rank of Viscount.*

When England was alarmed by the preparations at Boulogne, which it would have become her to have despised, Nelson was appointed to a squadron on that station. His attack upon the flotilla failed, because the divisions did not all arrive in time: the enemy's vessels were moored by the bottom to the shore, and to each other with chains; and it was not possible to retain possession of those which struck, because as

* There was some prudence, perhaps, in dealing out honours to him step by step: had he lived long enough, he would have fought his way to a Dukedom; as Arthur Wellesley has most nobly done since.

soon as this was attempted, the French with their characteristic cruelty regardless of their own men, instantly fired upon them.

Shortly afterward the ‘Truce of Amiens,’ as it has been justly called, was concluded; and when it was found equally incompatible with the honour and the safety of this country to remain at peace with Buonaparte, Nelson went out as Commander in Chief to the Mediterranean.

We reluctantly pass to the consummation of his labours and his glory in 1805. After having watched the Toulon fleet for nearly two years, ready at any time to give them battle with an inferior force, they at length eluded his vigilance, formed a junction with the Spaniards, and ran for the West Indies. With ten ships and three frigates, he pursued eighteen sail of the line and six frigates, having 12,000 troops aboard. “There is just a Frenchman a-piece,” he said to his Captains, “leaving me for the Spaniards; when I haul down my colours, I expect you to do the same, but not till then.” The mere terror of his name compelled them to fly before him: false intelligence, which he and he alone suspected to be false, misled him; and they secured their return to Europe—without however having accomplished any other part of their purpose than that of reinforcing their own islands: ours were preserved from pillage, invasion, and not improbable conquest by this pursuit, which is with all its circumstances unparalleled in naval history.

Having followed them to Europe, he delivered over his squadron to Admiral Cornwallis, lest they should make for Brest to liberate that fleet and place him between two fires, and returned himself to England,

meaning to enjoy a little leisure with his friends. But he had not been at Merton (his house in Surry) a month, when Captain Blackwood, on his way to the Admiralty with despatches, called at five in the morning, and found him already dressed. Upon seeing him, he exclaimed; "I am sure you bring me news of the French and Spanish fleets! I think I shall yet have to beat them!" It was, as he supposed: they had liberated the squadron from Ferrol, and being now thirty four sail of the line, got safely into Cadiz. "Depend upon it," he repeatedly said, "I shall yet give M. Villeneuve a drubbing." But, when Blackwood had left him, he wanted resolution to declare his wishes to his sister, and endeavoured to drive away the thought. He had done enough;

"Let the man trudge it,
Who has lost his budget." *

said he. His countenance belied his lips, and as he was pacing one of the walks in his garden, which he used to call 'the quarter-deck,' Lady Hamilton told him, 'she saw he was uneasy.' He smiled, and said; 'No, he was as happy as possible; he was surrounded by his family, his health was better since he came home, and he would not give sixpence to call the King his uncle.' 'She did not believe him,' she replied: 'he was longing to get at the combined fleet: he considered them as his own property, and would be miserable if any man but himself did the business; he must have them, as the price and reward of his two years' long watching.'

His services were accepted as willingly as they were offered: Lord Barham gave him the list of the

* *Ibi è, zonam qui perdidit.*—HOR.

navy, and bade him 'choose his own officers.' He reached Portsmouth only twenty five days after he had left it: numbers followed him to the shore: and many, when they saw him embark, knelt down and blessed him; a proof of public love, of which perhaps our annals afford no other example. The wind blew strong against him: nevertheless, such was his impatience to be upon the scene of action, that he worked down Channel, and after a rough passage arrived off Cadiz on his birth-day; upon which very day the French Admiral, Villeneuve, received orders to put to sea the first opportunity. From this time till the twenty first of October, when the battle of Trafalgar was fought, Nelson never came in sight of land: he feared, that if the enemy knew his force, notwithstanding their superiority, they would not venture out. And this was, actually, the case: on hearing that Nelson had taken the command, Villeneuve called a council of war; and their determination was, 'not to leave Cadiz, unless they had reason to believe themselves one-third stronger than the British force.' Into this opinion many circumstances tended to deceive them: an American in particular declared, that 'Nelson could not possibly be with the fleet, as he himself had seen him only a few days before in London.' Relying upon this, and upon their excess of strength (which was in truth sufficiently great, though they imagined it greater than it was) in an unhappy hour they sailed from Cadiz. On the nineteenth, the signal was made, that 'they were at sea.' In the afternoon of the next day, it was signified, that 'they seemed determined to go to the westward;' but "that," said

Nelson in his journal, "they shall not do, if it be in the power of Nelson and Bronté to prevent them."

He had previously arranged his plan of attack. The confidence, which he felt in his officers, was strikingly evinced by the manner in which he prefaced it: "the business of a Commander in Chief," he said, "being to lay his ships close on board the enemy as expeditiously as possible, and to continue them there till the business was concluded, his Admirals and Captains would supply any deficiency of signals, and act accordingly. The order of sailing was to be that of battle; the fleet in two lines of sixteen ships, with an advanced squadron of eight, the fastest sailing two-deckers. The second in command, having the entire direction of his line, was to break through the enemy. About the twelfth ship from the rear, he would lead through the centre, and the advanced squadron was to cut off three or four a-head of the centre. They were so to proportion this to the strength of the enemy; that they should always be one-fourth superior to those whom they cut off. The only deviation from this plan on the day of action was, that the fleet bore up by signal in two columns. The British force consisted of 27 sail of the line, and the enemy's of 33; but their superiority in size and weight of metal was far greater than in numbers: 4,000 troops were on board, and the best riflemen who could be selected were distributed throughout the fleet. Many of them were Tyrolese.* The plan of defence was as

* It is painful to hear of the Tyrolese and the Spaniards shedding their blood in the cause of France, and to remember the subsequent situation of Spain and the Tyrol.

original as that of attack: they were formed in a double line, every alternate ship being about a cable's length to windward of her second a-head and a-stern.

Nelson never went into a battle without a full sense of its danger, and always seems rather to have prepared his mind for death, than to have banished the thought of it. On the morning of the twenty first, he wrote a prayer in his Journal, followed by an extraordinary memoir, in which he solemnly bequeathed 'Lady Hamilton as a legacy to his King and country!' He left, also, to the beneficence of that country his adopted daughter, desiring she would use in future his name only. "These," said he, "are the only favours I ask of my King and country at this moment, when I am going to fight their battle." He had put on the coat, which he always wore in action, and kept for that purpose with a degree of veneration: it bore the insignia of all his orders. "In honour I gained them," he said, "and in honour I will die with them." When it was certain that the enemy could not avoid an engagement, he became highly animated, and exclaimed, "I shall not be content with less than twenty of them!" Of Captain Blackwood, who was walking with him on the poop, he inquired, 'Whether he did not think there was a signal wanting.' The Captain replied, he 'thought the whole of the fleet seemed very clearly to understand what they were about.' He had however scarcely spoken, before that signal was made, which will be remembered as long as the language and the name of England shall endure—NELSON'S last signal—ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN TO DO HIS DUTY.

It was received with a shout throughout the fleet, an answering acclamation made sublime by the feeling which it conveyed. "Now," said Nelson, "I can do no more. We must trust to the Great Disposer of all events, and the justice of our cause; I thank God for this great opportunity of doing *my* duty." Captain Blackwood, being about to return to his ship, took him by the hand, saying he 'hoped soon to return, and find him in possession of his twenty prizes.' He replied, 'God bless you, Blackwood, I shall never see you again.'

It having been represented so strongly to Nelson, both by Captain Blackwood and his own Captain, Hardy, how advantageous it would be to the fleet that he should keep out of action as long as possible: he consented at length to suffer the *Temeraire* then sailing abreast of the *Victory* and the *Leviathan*, to be ordered to pass a-head. This, however, they could not possibly do, while the *Victory* continued to carry all her sail; and so far was Nelson from shortening it, that he seemed to take pleasure in baffling the advice, to which he could not but give his apparent assent. As usual, he hoisted several flags, that they might not be shot away. The enemy showed no colours, till late in the action, when they began to feel the necessity of having them to strike. The *Santissima Trinidad*, Nelson's 'old acquaintance,' as he used to call her, was therefore only distinguished by her four decks: to the bow of this opponent he ordered the *Victory* to be steered. It was not possible to break the enemy's line without running on board one of their ships. Before this could be done, and before the *Victory* fired a shot, fifty of her men were killed and wounded, and her mizen top-mast

with all her studding-sails and their booms on both sides shot away. In this state she ran on board the *Redoutable*, which firing her broadsides into the English flag-ship, instantly let down her lower-deck ports from fear of being boarded. Captain Harvey, in the *Temeraire*, fell on board the *Redoutable* on the other side: another ship, in like manner, was on board the *Temeraire*; so that these four ships, in the heat of battle, formed as compact a tier as if they had been moored together, their heads lying all the same way. The Lieutenants of the *Victory* immediately depressed their guns, and fired with a diminished charge, lest the shot should pass through and injure the *Temeraire*; and, because there was cause to apprehend that the enemy's ship might take fire from the guns of the lower deck, whose muzzles touched her side when they were run out, the fireman of each gun stood ready with a bucket of water, which upon each successive discharge he dashed at the hole made in her sides by the shot. The *Victory* passed astern, so as to play upon the *Bucentaure* (Ville-neuve's ship) and the *Santissima Trinidad* with her larboard-guns, and upon the *Redoutable* from the other side.

In the prayer, which Nelson wrote before the action, he implores that 'humanity after victory might distinguish the British fleet.' Setting an example himself, he twice gave orders to cease firing upon the *Redoutable*, supposing that she had struck, because her great guns were silent: as she carried no flag, there was no means of ascertaining the fact. Alas! from this very ship, whose destruction was twice delayed by his wish to spare the enemy, he received his death! A ball, fired from her mizen-top,

struck the epaulette on his left shoulder: he fell with his face on the deck. "They have done for me at last, Hardy," said he, "my back-bone is shot through." Yet not for a moment losing his presence of mind he observed, as they were carrying him down the ladder, that the tiller-ropes which had been shot away were unreplaced, and ordered new ones to be rove immediately; and lest he should be seen by the crew, he took out his handkerchief, and covered with it his face and the insignia upon his coat. Had he but concealed them with equal care from the enemy, England perhaps would not have received with sorrow the tidings of the battle of Trafalgar! Certain by the sensation in his back, and the gush of blood which he felt every minute within his breast, that no human aid could avail him, after the wound had been probed he ordered the surgeon to return to the wounded, and assist those to whom his services could be useful; adding, "you can do nothing for me." The pain he suffered was so severe, that he wished himself dead. "Yet," said he in a lower tone, "one would like to live a little longer too:" doubtless, that he might hear the completion of the victory, which he had seen so gloriously begun. Upon inquiring how many ships had struck, and being told, "fourteen or fifteen certainly, but that it was impossible as yet to ascertain the number exactly;" "That's well," said he, "but I bargained for twenty:" and then he emphatically exclaimed, "Anchor! Hardy, anchor!" To this the Captain replied, that "he supposed Admiral Collingwood would now take upon himself the direction of affairs." "Not while I live, Hardy," cried the dying conqueror, ineffectually endeavouring to raise

himself from the bed; “no, do *you* anchor, Hardy.” He had foreseen the great importance of this; for, by the position in which the enemy had waited for the attack, the shoals of Trafalgar and St. Pedro were under their lee, and the port of Cadiz with the existing wind open to them; and upon this account he had, before the action, made signal to prepare to anchor. Presently calling Hardy back, he said to him in a low tone, “Don’t throw me overboard;” and desired that ‘he might be buried by his father and mother, unless it should please the King to order otherwise.’ “Kiss me, Hardy,” said he. Hardy knelt down, and kissed his cheek; upon which he observed, “Now I am satisfied. I have done my duty. Thank God! I have done my duty:” these words he repeatedly pronounced, and they were the last he uttered.*

The death of Nelson was felt in England, as something more than a public calamity. Her sens started at the intelligence, and turned pale, as if they had heard of the decease of a dear friend. An object of her admiration and affection, of her pride and of her hopes, was suddenly taken from her: and it seemed, as if she had never till then known how deeply she loved and revered him. What she lost in her great naval hero, the greatest of all times.

* Among other panegyrists of this almost unprecedented victory, Bishop Horsley preached his ingenious Discourse, from Dan. iv. 17., on the ‘Watchers and the Holy ones,’ and it was the last, which that very powerful theologian composed. In the course of it, he strenuously impugns the notion (though supported, from considerable antiquity, by several eminent Catholic and Protestant authorities) of Tutelar or Guardian Angels; stigmatising, as an ‘abominable doctrine,’ the tenet that angels thus participate in God’s government of the world.

was scarcely taken into the account of grief. So perfectly, indeed, had he performed his part, that the maritime war might from that day be considered at an end. The fleets of the enemy were not merely defeated, but destroyed: new navies must be built, and a new race of seamen reared for them, before the possibility of their invading her shores could again be contemplated. It was not, therefore, from any selfish reflexion upon her own loss, that she mourned for him: her sorrow was of a higher character. She grieved, that funeral ceremonies and public monuments were all she could now bestow upon him, whom the King, the legislature, and the nation would alike *have delighted to honour*; whom every tongue would have blessed; whose presence, in every village through which he should have passed, would have awakened the church-bells, have given school-boys a holiday, drawn children from their sports to gaze upon him, and seduced 'old men from the chimney corner' to see Nelson ere they died. The victory of Trafalgar was, indeed, celebrated with the usual forms of rejoicing; but they were without joy: for such was the glory of Nelson and of the British navy, in great measure through his genius, that they scarcely seemed to receive any addition from this triumph; that the most signal victory ever achieved upon the seas, and the destruction of so large a fleet, hardly appeared to add to his country's strength or her security! While Nelson was living to watch them, she felt herself as strong, and as secure, as when they were destroyed.

There was reason to suppose, from the appearances upon opening his body, that in the course of nature he might have attained, like his father, to a good old

age. Yet he cannot be said to have fallen prematurely, whose work was done; nor ought excessive and unmanly wailing to follow one, who died at the height of human fame. The most triumphant death is, that of the martyr; the most awful, that of the martyred patriot; the most splendid, that of the hero expiring in the hour of victory. He has left us, not indeed his mantle of inspiration, but a name and an example, which are at this hour inspiring hundreds of the youth of England; a name, which is our pride, and an example,* which will continue to

* Nelson seems however, as the Edinburgh Reviewers correctly observe, "to have been formed by nature, not only for the highest station—but for no other; and to have been alike incapable of occasionally falling into a subordinate part, and of contenting himself with a share of any joint operation."—"If every commanding officer," they justly add, "had acted so completely for himself, and with such disregard of orders or combined plans from home; nay, if only a very few officers had acted so—the speedy ruin of our affairs must have ensued; the army and navy would have become one scene of confusion. Possessing such a commander, the government could not do less than give him it's largest station, and an unlimited discretion in the employment of his forces: but nothing short of wielding all the forces, military as well as naval, wherever he went, would satisfy him: and this appears to have been his desire, as much when he was a Commodore with a few sail under him, as when he commanded the whole Mediterranean and Atlantic. Nay, we find him very frequently interfering in matters merely civil, in political negotiations, and in affairs connected with the relations of peace or war, and of treaties actually pending and wholly unknown to him: and sometimes against orders, and on notions of his own! His Letters (for he always appears to have been a great writer, whether in love or war) contained accounts of his motives, which were generally some vague feeling of his own, or some notion of what was fitting the national character: without the least regard to reason, order, or calculation, his contempt of which he pretty freely expresses: and he often talks of

be our shield and our strength. Thus it is, that the spirits of the great and the wise continue to live, and to act after them :

——Bursting through the gloom,
 With radiant glory from the trophied tomb,
 The sacred splendor of their deathless name
 Shall grace and guard their country's martial fame.
 Far seen shall blaze the unextinguish'd ray,
 A mighty beacon, lighting glory's way :
 With living lustre this proud land adorn,
 And shine, and save, through ages yet unborn !

His remains, upon their arrival in England, were interred with the utmost national solemnity in St. Paul's Cathedral: and a magnificent provision, both in additional rank and fortune, was made by parliament for his representatives. To enumerate the particular testimonies of veneration borne to the deceased by public bodies, and by distinguished individuals, would indeed be almost an endless labour. But the monument, erected by the grateful metropolis of his country in her Guildhall, is specified, for the sake of introducing it's inscription, which was composed by the late Right Honourable Richard Brinsley Sheridan :

TO

HORATIO, Viscount and Baron NELSON,
 Vice-Admiral of the White, and Knight of the most Honourable
 Order of the Bath.

A man among the few, who appear
 at different periods to have been created
 to promote the grandeur and add to the security of nations;
 inciting by their high example their fellow-mortals,
 through all succeeding times, to pursue the course
 that leads to the exaltation of our imperfect nature.

‘ throwing himself upon his country for his defence ’—as if the voice of the multitude, and not the order of the government, were the proper rule of an officer !” (xlvii. 405, 406.)

PROVIDENCE,

that implanted in Nelson's breast an ardent passion for
 renown,
 as bounteously endowed him with the transcendent talents
 necessary to the great purposes
 he was destined to accomplish.
 At an early period of life,
 he entered into the Naval Service of his Country;
 and early were the instances, which marked
 the fearless nature and enterprise of his character;
 uniting to the loftiest spirit, and the justest title to self-confidence,
 a strict and humble obedience to
 the sovereign rule of discipline and subordination.
 Rising by due gradation to command,
 he infused into the bosoms of those he led
 the valorous ardor and enthusiastic zeal
 for the service of his King and Country,
 which animated his own;
 and while he acquired the love of all
 by the sweetness and moderation of his temper,
 he inspired an universal confidence
 in the never-failing resources of his capacious mind.
 It will be for History to relate
 the many great exploits, through which,
 solicitous of peril and regardless of wounds,
 he became the glory of his profession!
 But it belongs to this brief record of his illustrious career
 to say, that he commanded and conquered
 at the Battles of the NILE and COPENHAGEN;
 Victories never before equalled,
 yet afterward surpassèd by his own last achievement,
 the BATTLE of TRAFALGAR:
 fought on the 21st of October, in the year 1805.
 On THAT DAY, before the conclusion of the action,
 he fell, mortally wounded;
 but the sources of life and sense failed not until it was known
 to him that, the destruction of the Enemy being completed,
 the glory of his Country and His Own had attained their
 summit.

Then laying his hand on his brave heart,
 with a look of exalted resignation to the will
 of the Supreme Disposer of the fate of man and nations.
 HE EXPIRED.

The Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Council of the
City of London

have caused this Monument to be erected ;
not in the presumptuous hope of sustaining the departed

Hero's memory,
but to manifest their estimation of the Man,
and their admiration of his Deeds.

This testimony of their gratitude,
they trust, will remain as long
as their own renowned City shall exist.

The period to
NELSON'S FAME
can only be
THE END OF TIME !



GENERAL INDEX

TO THE

SIX VOLUMES.

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ERRATA

VOL. I.

- Page 2, line 2 of note, read *hereticus*.
 — 336, — 5 of note, read *fables invented*.
 — 334, — 10, read *seven hundred*.

VOL. II.

- 310, — 6 from bottom, read *stores*.
 — 244, — 8, *del* "by that monarch."
 — 200, — 7 from bottom, read *discussus*.

VOL. III.

- 6, — 8 from bottom, read *popular eloquence*.
 — 37, — 9, read *legal*.
 — 220, — 18, read *more*.

VOL. IV.

- 282, between lines 1 and 2, insert "may be divided in the same proportion between Charles and Anne; and if I die, I would that what she leaves"
 — 469, line 18, read *stanzas*.

VOL. V.

- 153, — 24, for *vireu*, read *virum*.
 — 220, — 3, for the latter, read *Harley*.
 — 245, — 4 from bottom, read *force of the wind*.
 — 261, — 1, after previous put a break —
 — 272, — 7 from bottom, for *dernier*, read *deut*.
 — 413, — 1 of note, read *Trinity College*.
 — 421, — 6 of note, read *tracks*.
 — 476, — ult. of note, read *Mrs*.

VOL. VI.

- 11, line 3, read *latter*.
 — 99, — 4 from bottom of note, read *MECEXXIV*.
 — 162, — 3 from bottom of note, *del* the comma after *screw*.
 — 113, — 20, read *vincere*.
 — 191, — 14, for *Röme*, read *house*.
 — 218, — 4 from bottom, for *this*, read *his*.
 — 220, — note 7 for description, read *disposition*.

A few minor errors the reader will easily recognize and correct.

